Nov. 21, 1988

THE NEW YORKER

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John O'Brien

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Domingo and Rolex. Bravo.

He was born into a world of music. His parents were stars of Spanish light opera and founders of their own company. While still a youth, Placido was winning bravos in their productions.

When the young tenor auditioned for the New York City Opera, he was immediately signed. His performance in the American premiere of *Don Rodrigo* won universal acclaim.

An offer from the Metropolitan Opera followed. In a review of his debut, his voice was described as "one of the most beautiful to be heard anywhere."

Since then, the artist's astounding 80-role repertoire and lead performances in filmed productions of *Otello*, *Carmen* and *La Traviata* have not only been applauded by opera lovers, but have also won new fans for the art form.

In 1984, Domingo triumphed in still another debut at The Met, this time as a conductor.

Recently, opera's Renaissance man became Artistic Consultant to The Music Center Opera Association in Los Angeles, where he is helping to build a company composed of the world's finest conductors, directors and performers.

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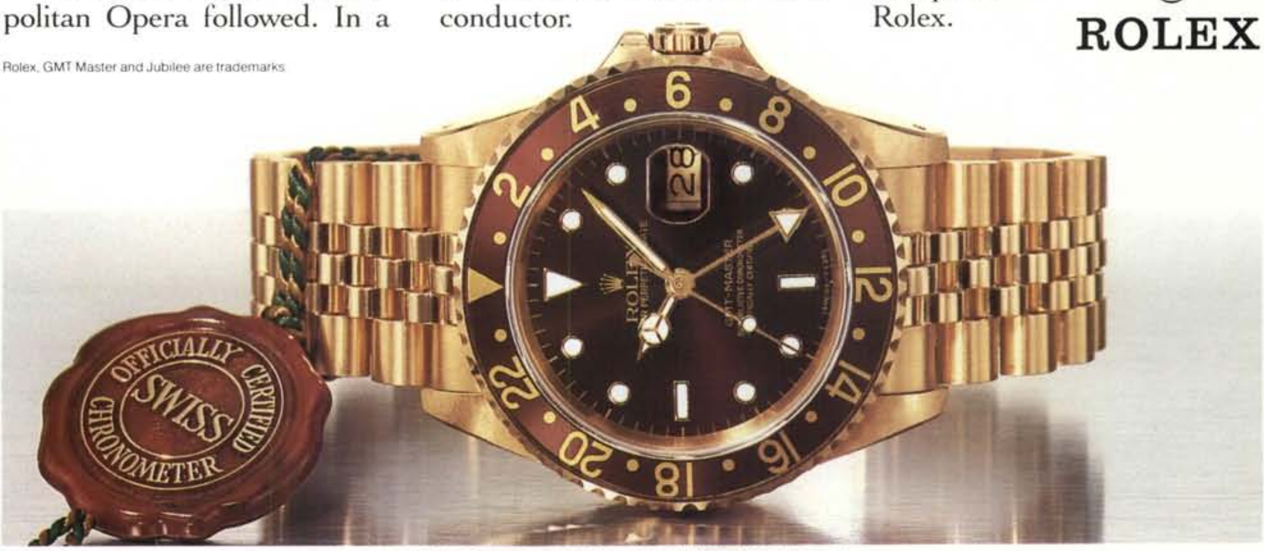

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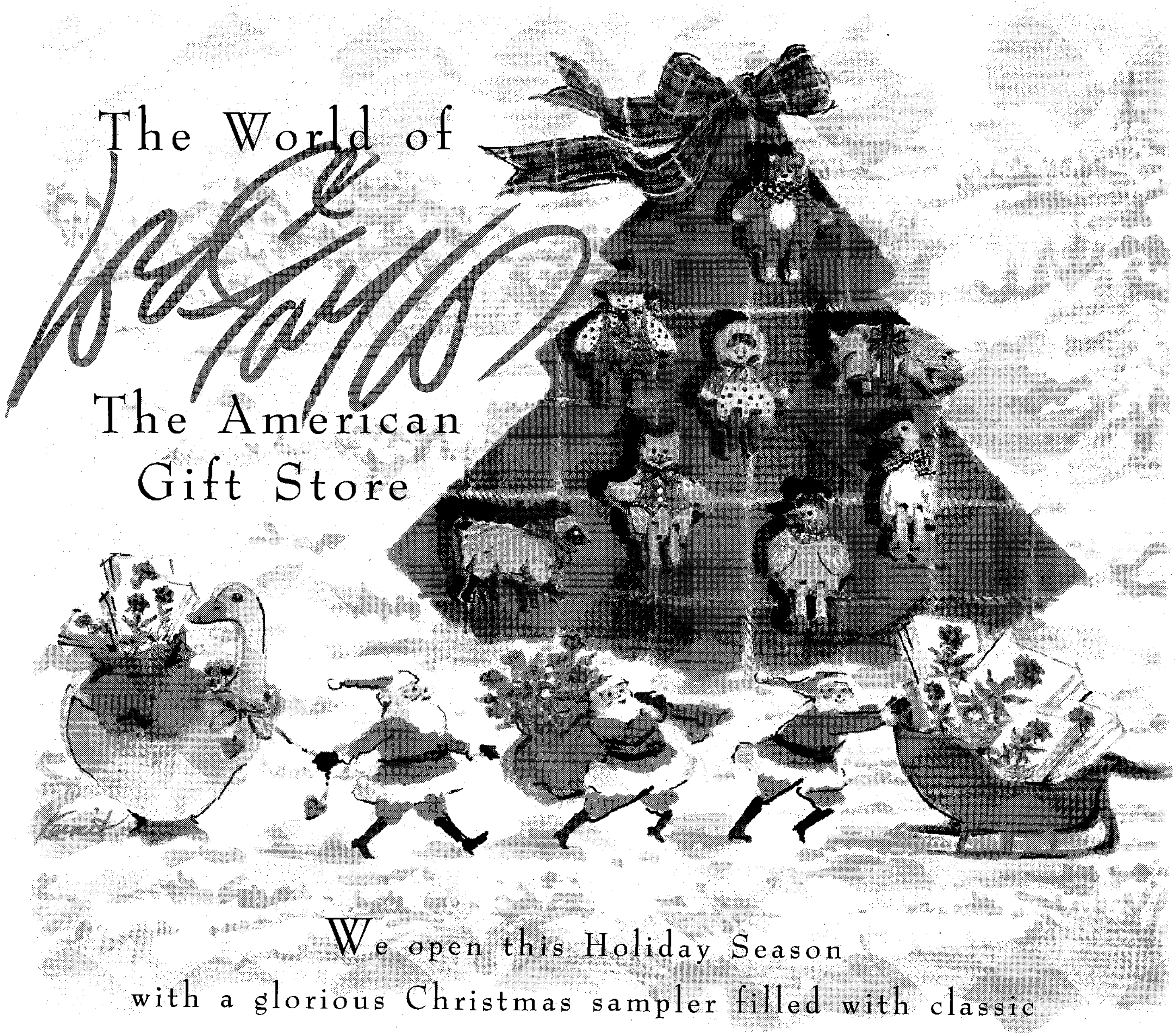

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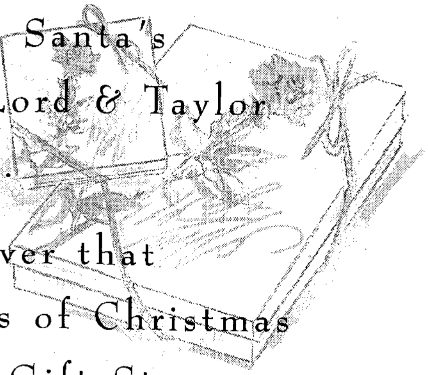

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At 12:30 P.M. On November 22, 1963, A President Was Killed And A Nation Was Wounded.

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Don't miss "JFK–A Time Remembered" on PBS.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. The members of the original company are present and just as dynamic as they were the first time around. They are Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Cafe Crown—A revival of the late Hy Kraft's mash note to the Café Royal, a onetime Mecca for Yiddish actors, writers, and intellectuals on the Lower East Side. The play, first produced in 1942, is filled with jokes, most of which pay off. Eli Wallach, as a former star, and Bob Dishy, as a busy, bossy waiter, play the leading roles in this agreeable production. Santo Loquasto designed the gorgeous setting. (11/14/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Checkmates—Ron Milner's "domestic comedy," about an older couple who lease the apartment above them to a recently married young couple, should be more entertaining than it is. There are some funny moments, though, and the performances are distinguished. The actors are Ruby Dee and Paul Winfield (downstairs) and Denzel Washington and Marsha Jackson (upstairs). Woodie King, Jr., directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—reckless, a new play by Craig Lucas, about a woman whose husband has taken a contract out on her life, has slightly absurdist tendencies and pretensions but nothing to say. Only the sprightly performances, from a cast led by Robin Bartlett, keep it from being unwatchable. (10/10/88) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more convincing or engaging. The play is as sensitive as it is funny, and the actors do it full justice, under Jack O'Brien's direction. Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 2.)

The Devil's Disciple—Philip Bosco and Victor Garber in a production of Shaw's 1897 play. Directed by Stephen Porter. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Eastern Standard—An imitation comedy that is as tedious as it is trendy. (11/14/88) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Special performance Monday, Nov. 21, at 8. Closes Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1959 musical **fiorello!** (book by Jerome Weidman and George Abbott, music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick) is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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20	21	22	23			

The Faithful Brethren of Pitt Street—A comedy by Philip Lamb. Opens Monday, Nov. 14, at 7:30. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays, except Nov. 15, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway 1988—The funniest show in town is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way, as conceived by Gerard Alessandrini, who directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Ghosts—Fionnula Flanagan and David McCallum in Ibsen's play. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesday, except Nov. 23, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Good Black . . .—A play by Rob Penny. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 869-3981. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Italian American Reconciliation—The latest offbeat comedy about love and loneliness in Little Italy from John Patrick Shanley, the author of "Moonstruck." The play, which marks Shanley's directorial début, is not as wise or as psychologically complex as some of his earlier plays have been—or as charmingly ingenious as its set, designed by Santo Loquasto—but it is full of eloquent laughs and provides the occasion for a masterly performance by John Turturro as the girl-shy young man who tries to do good by seducing his best friend's fierce ex-wife. (11/14/88) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Victor Herbert productions. Through Sunday, Nov. 20: **sweethearts.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Nov. 23: **babes in toyland.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case. A French diplomat takes as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they are both charged with being spies—discovers that "she" is a he. David Dukes is the diplomat; B. D. Wong is exceptional as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn and George N. Martin give them sound support. (4/4/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rameau's Nephew—Denis Diderot's posthumously published dialogue about happiness, morality, and the structure of civilization may be full of observations with contemporary relevance, but they are so obvious and so familiar as to raise questions about why the CSC bothered to stage this ill-conceived adaptation by Andrei Belgrader and Shelley Berc. The production, which Mr. Belgrader directed, boasts an unspeakably crude and vulgar performance by Tony Shalhoub, and the cheap theatrics it uses—childish business and aural and visual gags—are an insult to the audience's intelligence. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals, with Barry Williams and Alison Fraser in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Mondays through Wednesdays—except Tuesday, Nov. 22—and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rumors—A new comedy by Neil Simon, directed by Gene Saks. With Ron Leibman and Jessica Walter. Previews through Wednesday, Nov. 16. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 17. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Saved from Obscurity—A play written by and starring Tom Mardirosian. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 21, at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

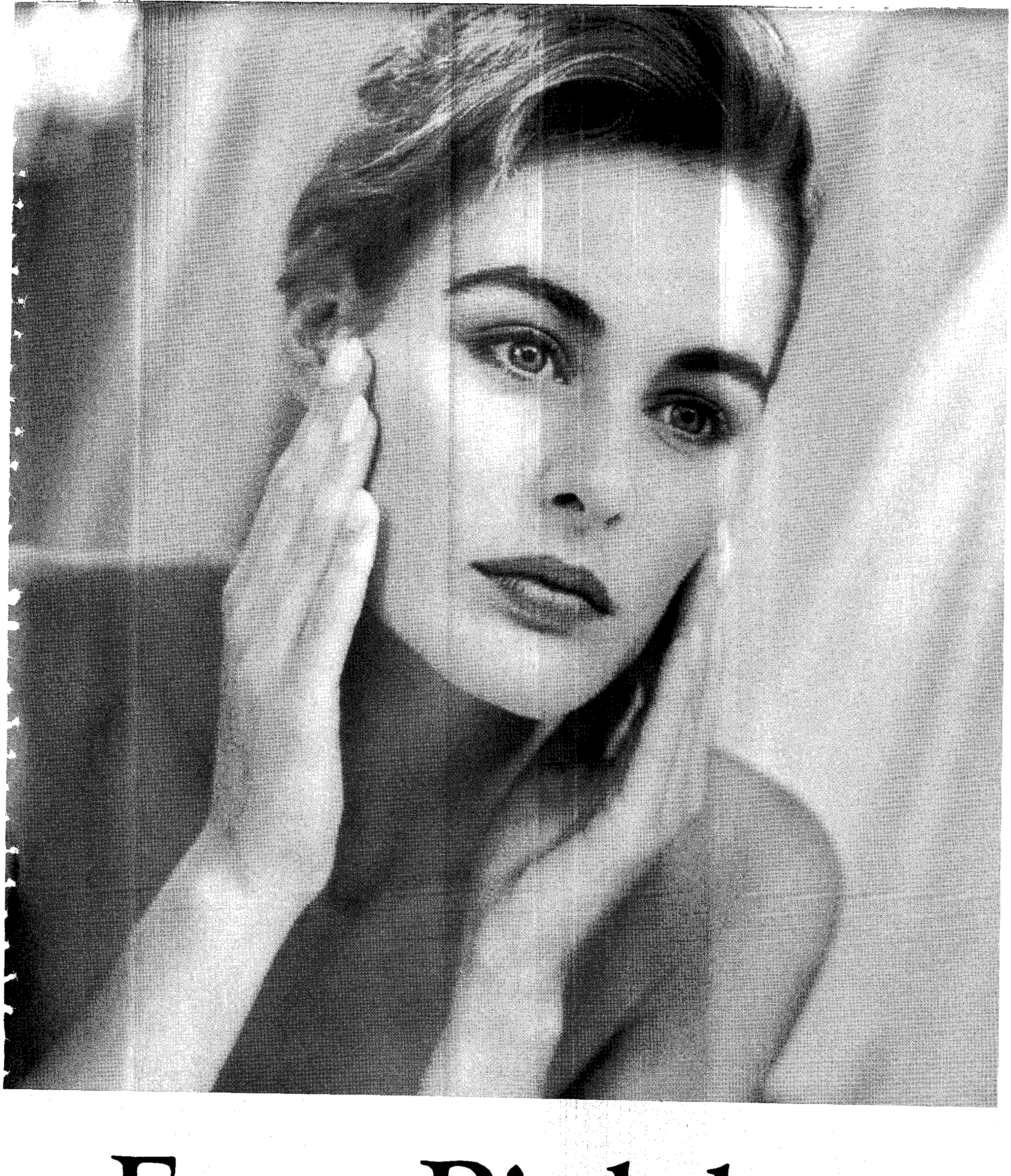
Shooting Stars—A play by Molly Newman. (Actors' Space, 250 W. 54th St., 10th floor. 757-5900. Monday, Nov. 14, and Thursday through Monday, Nov. 17-21, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 19-20, at 3. Closes Monday, Nov. 21.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. With David Rasche, Bob Balaban, and Felicity Huffman; directed by Gregory Mosher. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Spoils of War—Michael Weller's play about the efforts of a prep-school boy to reunite his divorced parents has been much revised since last season, but it is still scattered and tedious. Kate Nelligan and Jeffrey De Munn, two strong actors, appear in the leading roles. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2.)

Suds—This uninspired musical, set in a laundromat, uses the pop music of the early sixties to cash in on the nostalgia boom. (10/10/88) (Stage Left at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Taffetas—Four talented young women, impersonating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived by Rick Lewis as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

yet another trip down memory lane. Still, for what it is, it's very well done. A deadpan script pokes gentle fun at the Eisenhower era, and some very silly songs are perfectly performed. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—Mike Nichols' overhyped, oversold all-star production—with Steve Martin, Robin Williams, Bill Irwin, and F. Murray Abraham—turns out to be a big nothing. Tennis anyone? (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 21, at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

What Did He See?—A new play written and directed by Richard Foreman. With Will Patton, Rocco Sisto, and Lili Taylor. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at 8; and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

Long Runs—**ANYTHING GOES:** This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, and Patti LuPone, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays—except Tuesday, Nov. 22—and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest long run turned twenty-eight last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Bonnie Franklin and Tony Musante in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performance Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2,* and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—Juggler **MICHAEL MOSCHEN,** Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 16-19, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3. . . . ¶ Accordionist **GUY KLUCEVSEK,** Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Sunday, Dec. 18.)

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
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CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Monday, Jan. 2. For information about show times and tickets, call 391-0767.)

Radio City Music Hall—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular," with the Rockettes, of course. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4. For information about show times and tickets, call 757-3100.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Feb. 26. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C" (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5585). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Episodes," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Joffrey Ballet—Presenting "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Friday, Nov. 18, at 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 19-20, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7; and Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 1 and 7. Through Sunday, Dec. 4.)

Jamison Project—A new company founded by Judith Jamison, who will perform in a solo work and with the troupe. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 16-19, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Victoria Marks Performance Company—In a two-week engagement, which opens on Thursday, Nov. 17, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, and Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3.)

Kodály Ensemble Hungarian Dance Theatre—An eighteen-member group from Budapest. With Csaba Ökrös and his orchestra and vocalist Márta Sebestyén. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Lakshmi—Offering a program of classical dances of India. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-1715. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Sin Cha Hong's Laughing Stone—In two works: "Seraphim" and "Ashes." (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 19-20, at 8.)

Eleo Pomare Dance Company—New and repertory works. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-1715. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 7.)

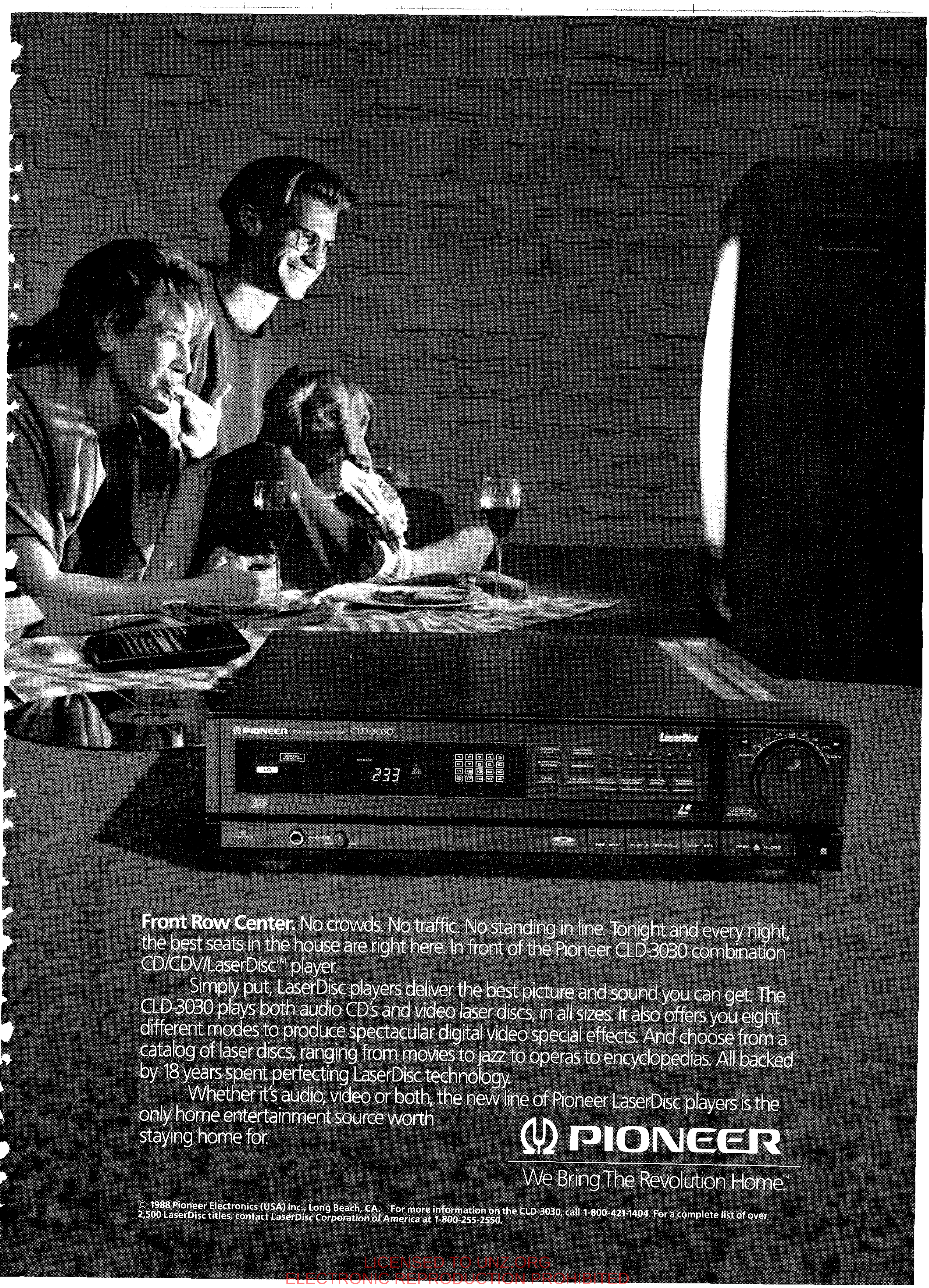
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH,** a one-man, two-woman vocal group, sing and patter in close harmony in the woody space known as the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **BLOSSOM DEARIE,** whose wee, feathery voice is just the right instrument for singing Dave Frishberg's "Peel Me a Grape" (a set of instructions—"skin me a peach, save the fuzz for my pillow"—issued by a princess to her man) or John Wallowitch's "Bruce" (advice to a transvestite with unusually bad taste in clothes), gives an early-bird show Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty. **BARBARA COOK,** whose ringing soprano was heard on Broadway for many years, sings at nine Tuesdays and Wednesdays and at nine and eleven Thursdays through Saturdays.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-



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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

2228)—A fledgling jazz operation that takes its name from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65). It's a cool person's kind of habitat: it has pastel walls, tile floors, a high ceiling, and is lightly forested. **CARLA WHITE** sings on Thursday, Nov. 17; saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** leads a quintet Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. Big bands are making all the noise now. **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** the frisky late-swing tenor saxophonist whose name alone suggests *coattails flying, will be here with his sixteen-piece* ensemble through Thursday, Nov. 17. The **AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** an expert repertory band founded by *Village Voice* critic Gary Giddins and directed by **JOHN LEWIS,** performs Friday through Sunday, Nov. 18-20. **MC COY TYNER,** a pianist who makes thunderous sounds on his own, comes in with a dozen assistants on Tuesday, Nov. 22. First set at nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On the east side of the building, behind a dusty display window, there's a New York *Post* review of a Santana concert that took place here circa 1978; curatorial neglect seems to have made it a permanent exhibit. Inside, it's Scottish folk-rocker Al Stewart on Tuesday, Nov. 15; Edie Brickell & the New Bohemians, a folk-rock heartthrob and her backup boys, on Friday, Nov. 18; and In Tua Nua, another in the new wave of Irish rock bands, on Monday, Nov. 21. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar, famous in this precinct and the wider world for its pianists and bassists; a barstool sometimes serves as a good viewing perch, and sometimes doesn't (standees abound on peak nights). **KENNY BARRON,** a pianist whose playing is crowded with intricate bebop lines and rhythmic change-ups, works with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** *through Saturday, Nov. 19. Music from nine-*forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—The "great savory *pot au feu* called New York" (in the words of the great romantic Duke Ellington) has loads of West Indian restaurants, but not too many that feature jazz bands led by Ellington alumni. A combo that includes **CLARK TERRY** (who joined Ellington in 1951 and stayed for nine years) and **JIMMY HAMILTON** (a clarinettist who joined in 1942 and stayed for a quarter century) performs Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 15-20. Drummer **LOUIS BELLSON,** who served with Ellington in the early fifties and re-upped in the mid-sixties, brings in a quintet on Tuesday, Nov. 22. Music from nine-thirty.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a small, well-upholstered room decorated with quaint Marcel Vertès murals (a nude at her easel, a leaping poodle), is a place where time pretty much stands still. **BOBBY SHORT,** who has come here for twenty years to sing from his collection of Porter and Gershwin and Ellington, takes his seat at the piano at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. **BEVERLY PEER** (bass) and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (drums) make it a trio. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, whose pillars and walls are decorated with the whimsical drawings of Ludwig Bemelmans, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Feet jitter, skirts twirl, and smiles break out everywhere. The New York Swing Dance Society organizes these gatherings, and on Nov. 20 it brings in an octet called the **HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND.** Its members include **GEORGE KELLY** (a tenor saxophonist who played with the Savoy Sultans in the forties), **AL CASEY** (a guitarist who worked with Fats Waller in the thirties and forties), and **BOBBY WILLIAMS** (a trumpeter who played with Fletcher Henderson and Don Redman). Music from eight to midnight.

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EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room, trimmed with seaworthy things, has bluegrass and other string-band music on Fridays and traditional Irish sounds on Saturdays. Walt Michael hammers a dulcimer, with two fiddlers and a bassist in support, on Friday, Nov. 18. Music from nine on both nights.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the *musicians sometimes make you forget all* about it. **BOBBY WATSON,** a hard-blowing alto saxophonist who graduated from Art Blakey's School of Hard Bop in 1980, leads a quintet Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 15-20. Bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** moves in with his foursome on Tuesday, Nov. 22. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its nightly tour of romantic Manhattan. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a young, wispy-looking California pianist who likes to play in the old Harlem stride style, leads a trio Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 15-20. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Fridays, from eight on Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side music room, one flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. **DICK HYMAN** will be at the piano on Mondays, Nov. 14 and 21; violinist **ANDY STEIN** leads a quartet on Thursday, Nov. 17; and trombonist **DICK GRIFFIN** brings in a foursome on Saturday, Nov. 19. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. The piano will be in the busy hands of **JOANNE BRACKEEN** (whose playing is probing and densely textured) Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 15-19; **CECIL MC BEE** is on bass. **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** a young New Orleans-born pianist and singer, flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, medicinal teas, medicinal beer, and space to think your thoughts in. Members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, the black-music collective founded in Chicago in the mid-sixties by the pianist Muhal Richard Abrams, take over the room for a week starting Thursday, Nov. 17. The schedule: Thursday and Friday, Nov. 17-18, the **ROSCOE MITCHELL** Sound Ensemble; Saturday, Nov. 19, keyboardist-singer **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS** and her band; Sunday, Nov. 20, trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE** and Spencer Barefield; Tuesday, Nov. 22, multi-instrumentalist **JOSEPH JARMAN** and company; and Wednesday, Nov. 23, **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS'** quartet. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is obscured by a cowboy or a structural element). The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 16, Young Neal & the Vipers, a blues-rock operation from Providence, R.I.; Friday, Nov. 18, the **PERSUASIONS,** a New York a-cappella group; and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 23-24, Chicago bluesman **JAMES COTTON.** Music after nine. Hot vittles.

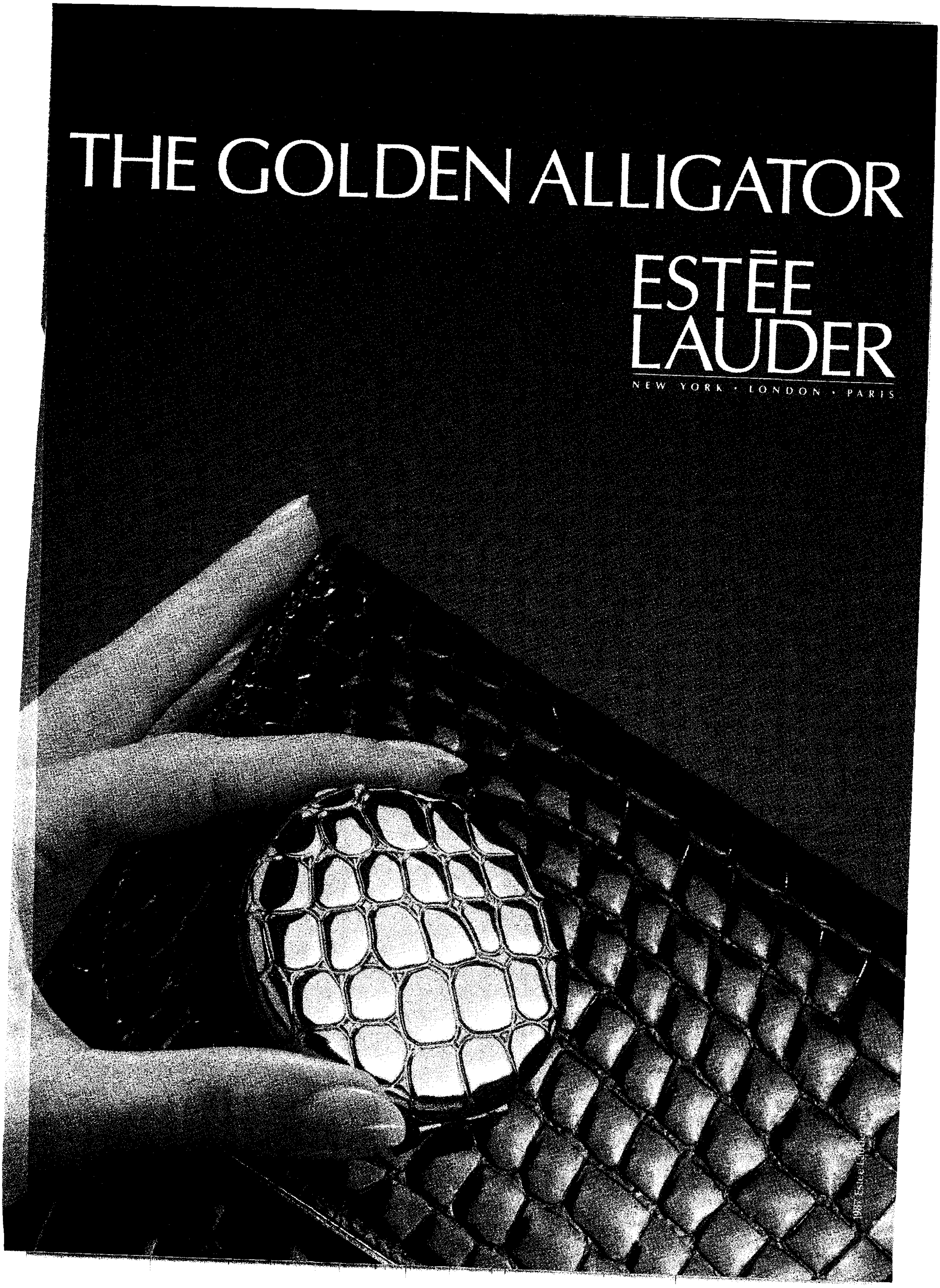
LONE STAR CAFÉ ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned establishment. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician cat tools around in. The inside features some stuff you probably wouldn't find in a county-line roadhouse—like a wallful of de-luxe Gibson guitars—and some you might expect to find: beer, neon beer signs, and men wearing dozer caps. **ELVIN BISHOP,** who has been pounding out workmanlike blues and rock for twenty-five years, will be here on Saturday, Nov. 19. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. **MARIA MULDAUR,** who started out singing in Greenwich Village jug bands and then (after a brush with pop stardom) branched out into jazz (Benny Carter served as her arranger) and gospel, sings here at nine and eleven Tuesdays *through Saturdays. She'll be assisted by New* Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN.** Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. **KASSAV',** a Paris-based band that plays a technologically with-it, French Caribbean brand of dance music called zouk, performs Thursday and Friday, Nov. 17-18. The **NEVILLE BROTHERS,** a New Orleans funk fraternity, hold forth on Wednesday, Nov. 23. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—A mid-Village lounge for folkies and others who practice low-decibel (but not necessarily low-voltage) music. **ERIC ANDERSEN,** a husky-voiced troubadour who has been roaming this neighborhood since the days when Bob was king and Joan was queen, performs on Saturday, Nov. 19. **EARL ROBINSON,** who wrote the labor-union anthem "Joe Hill" and many other topical and hortatory songs, will be here on Sunday, Nov. 20, with his son, clarinettist **PERRY ROBINSON.** The Robinsons start at six. Shows on other nights begin at around eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** and his band will be in this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) for six nights beginning Tuesday, Nov. 15. The **LEADERS,** six eminent modernists (**LESTER BOWIE, ARTHUR BLYTHE,** and **CHICO FREEMAN** make up the front line) who sometimes leaven their sets with a Fats Domino or Sam Cooke num-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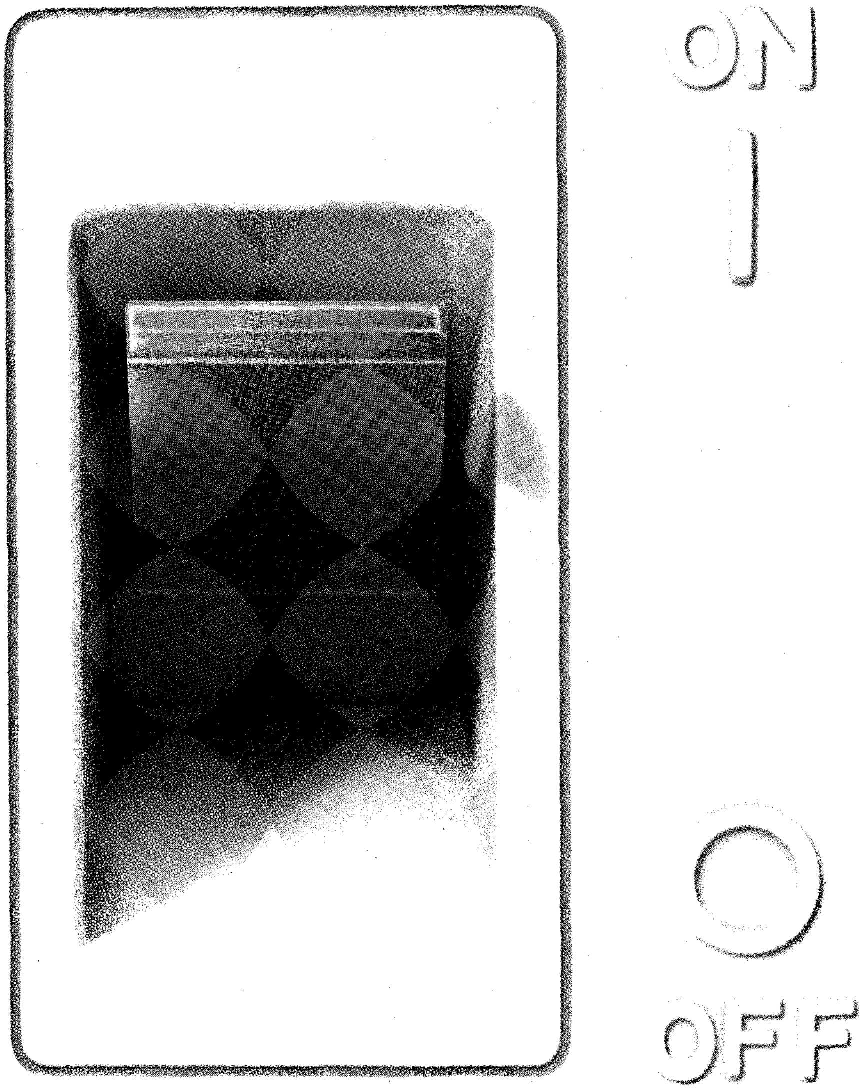

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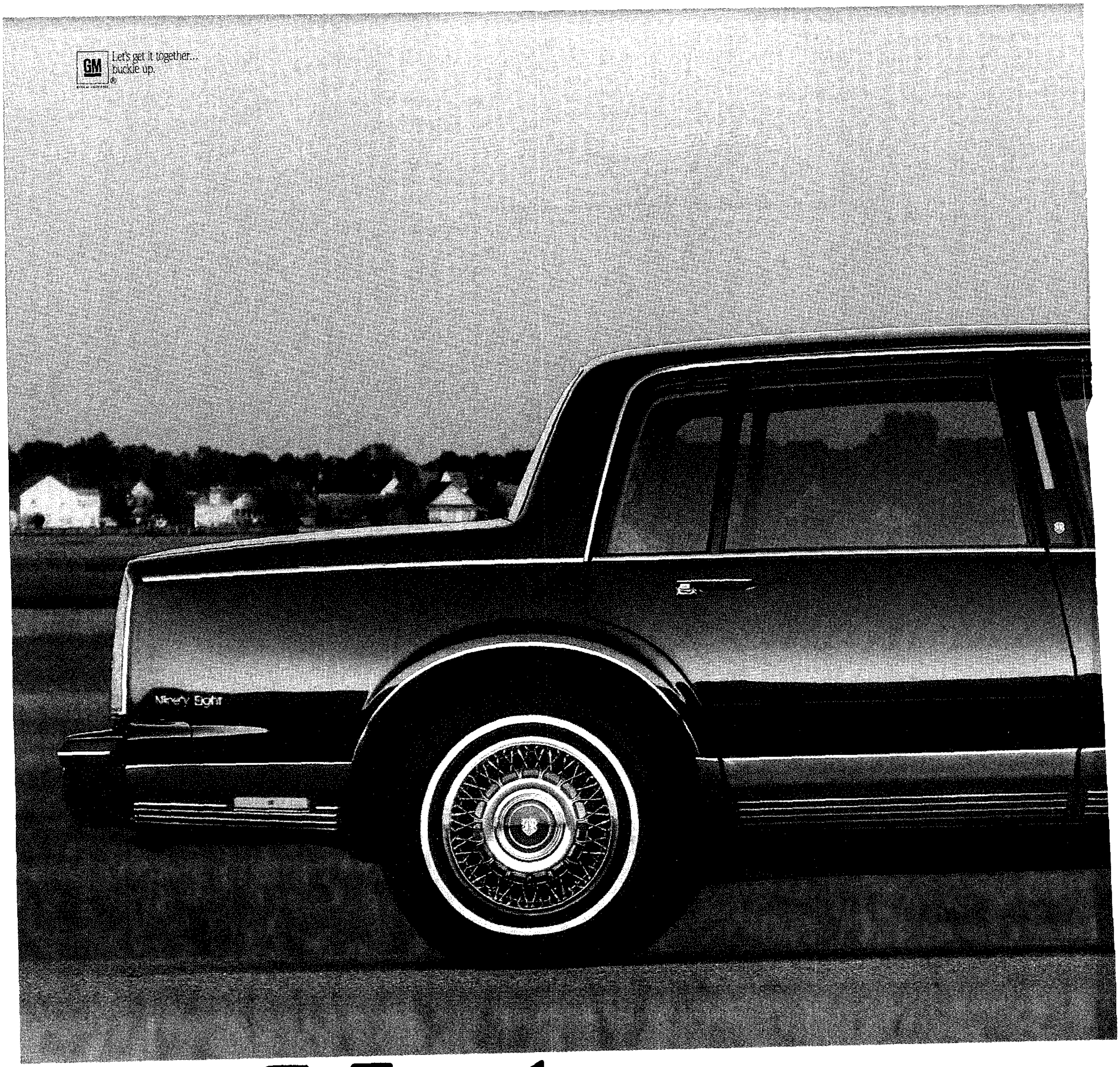

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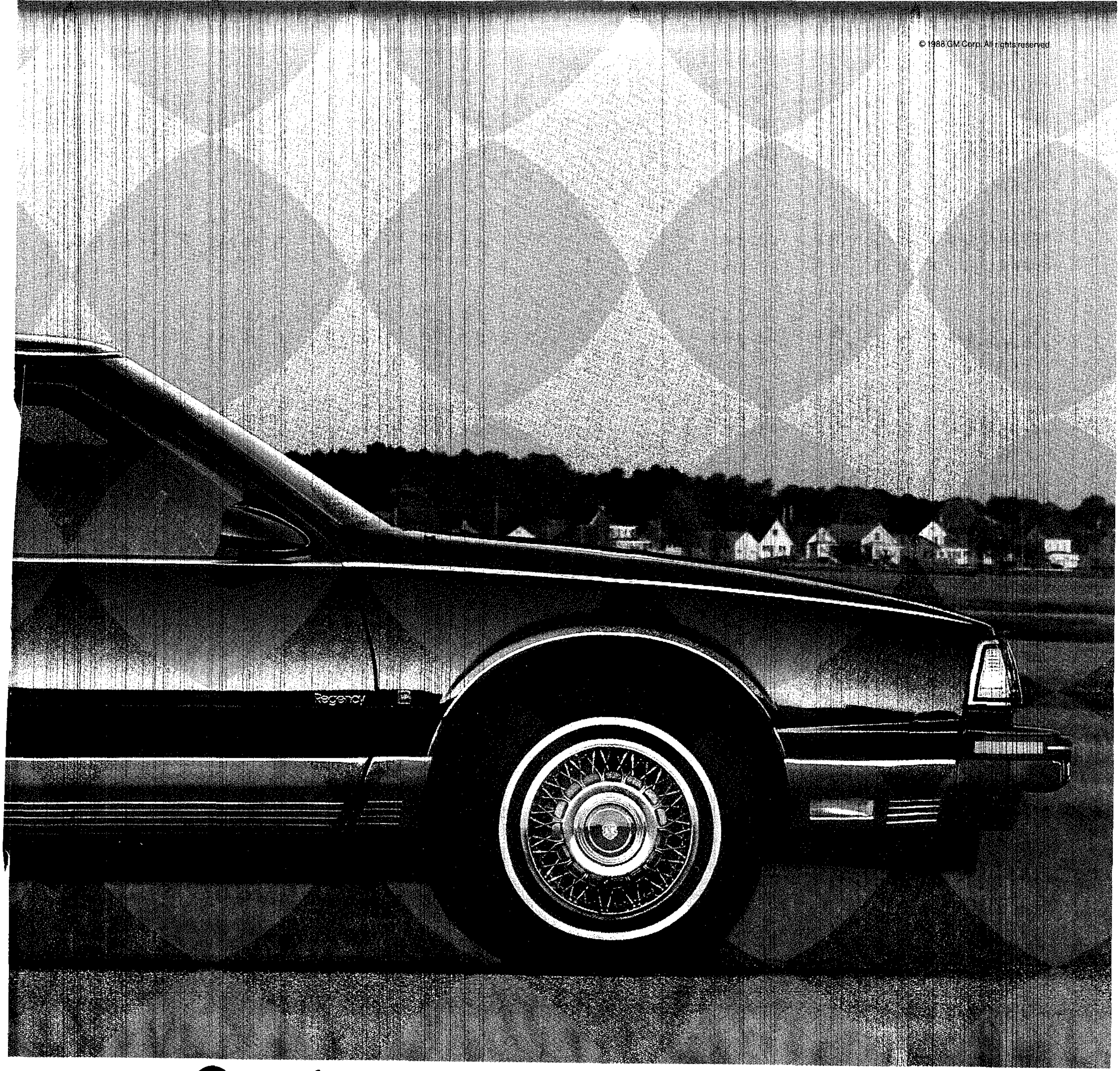

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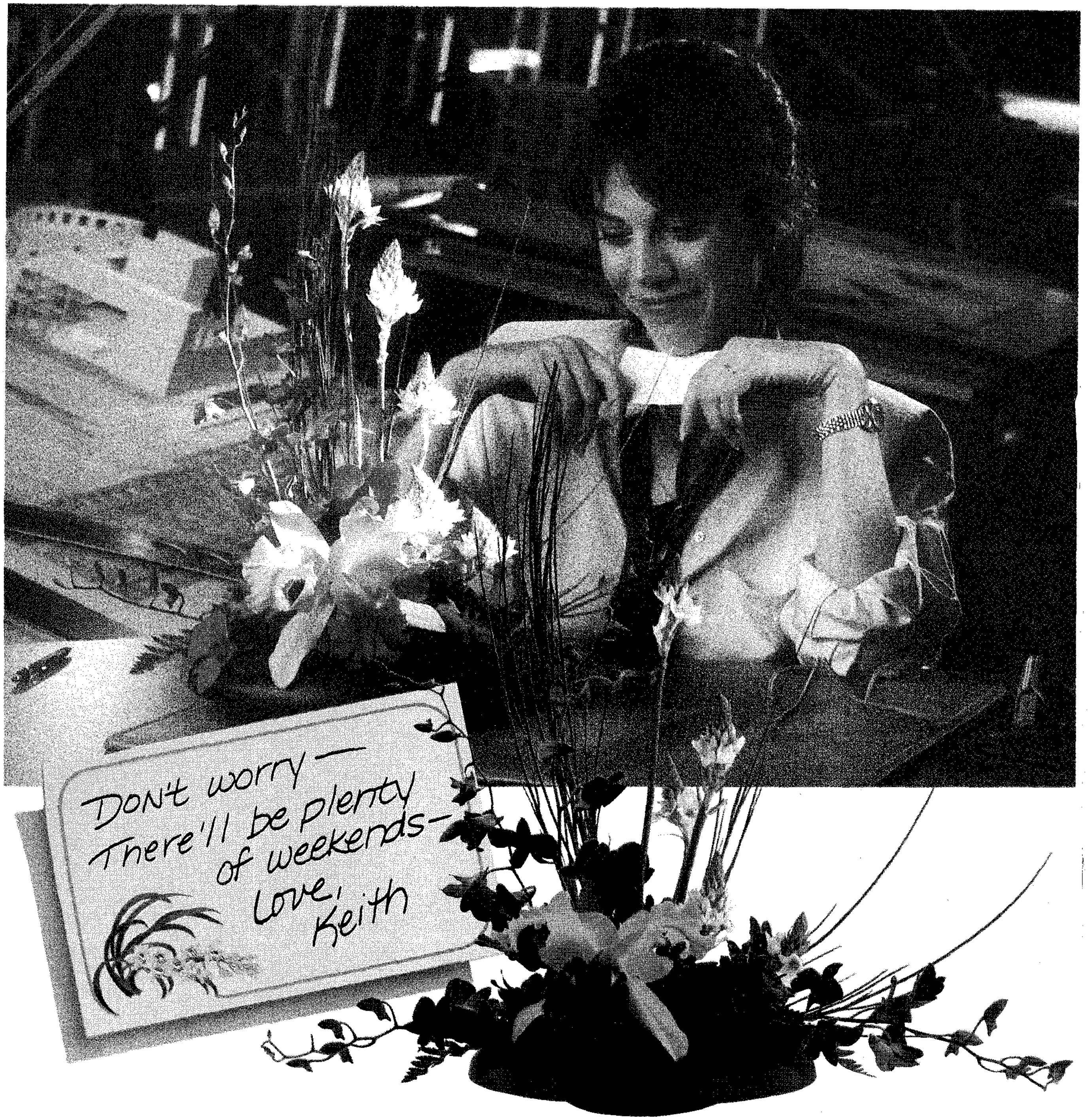

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

ber, commence a week-long run on Tuesday, Nov. 22. Shows from ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room, salsa bands play for enthusiastic crowds on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Nov. 21, the bands of singers **OSCAR D'LEON** and **JOSÉ ALBERTO** share the stage. **YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO,** the Soviet poet, novelist, and cultural-figure-most-often-consulted-by-Western-journalists-seeking-insights-into-the-Russian-soul, reads and expounds at eight and ten-thirty on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, and at four and eight on Sunday, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR,** who has most of Ellington and assorted pre-bebop material at his fingertips, works with bassist **BOB FIELD** Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 15-20. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS,** a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** plays the harp. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. The septet that **HENRY THREADGILL** calls his Sextett—it has two tap-tapping drummers, and it sometimes sounds like a raucously up-to-date New Orleans street band and at other times like an ensemble that escaped from the workshop of Stravinsky—will be around Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 15-20. **EDDIE DANIELS,** a Juilliard-trained clarinettist who used to play here on Mondays with the Thad Jones–Mel Lewis orchestra, arrives with a quartet on Tuesday, Nov. 22. Mondays remain the property of the aforementioned big band (now run solely by drummer **MEL LEWIS**). Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. Trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAREV,** another Art Blakey alumnus, leads a quartet Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 16-20. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **MIKE LE DONNE** and bassist **DENNIS IRWIN** are on duty through Saturday, Nov. 19. Sundays are in the subtle hands of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight, and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Leonard Cohen—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—Art Hodes, Doc Cheatham, and Bucky and John Pizzarelli. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Fred Holland—With Robbie McCauley and Butch Morris. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 17-20, at 8:30.)

Joanne Brackeen and Lew Soloff—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Nov. 18, at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.

Ladysmith Black Mambazo—With Richie Havens. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The second in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Tommy Flanagan, Barry Harris, Mulgrew Miller, and James Williams. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

Shelley Hirsch—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 21-22, at 8.

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Red Rodney—With two big bands. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

P. S. 122—Friday through Sunday, Nov. 18-20, at 9: Ellen Fisher. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 10, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 19-20, at 8: Marty Pottenger. Through Sunday, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, at 11: Frank Maya. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 21, at 9: David Leslie. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Peter Agostini—Unpainted plaster sculptures by an artist who casts from bottles, balloons, and other found objects. Through Dec. 17. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88)—Paintings done between 1981 and 1984. Through Nov. 30. (Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—Objects, drawings, and multiples—more than seventy works in all. Through Dec. 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Camille Bombois (1883-1970)—Circus figures, rural folk, and narrow streets by a French primitive. Through Dec. 24. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Stuart Davis (1892-1964)—Eggbeaters and all, in more than fifty paintings that span the artist's career. Through Dec. 23. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Scott Duncanson (1821-72)—Landscapes by a black artist of the Hudson River School. Through Nov. 26. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. Closes at 4 on Saturdays.)

Richard Erdman—Recent nonobjective sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Edgar Franceschi—Works in a variety of mediums. Through Dec. 4. (Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

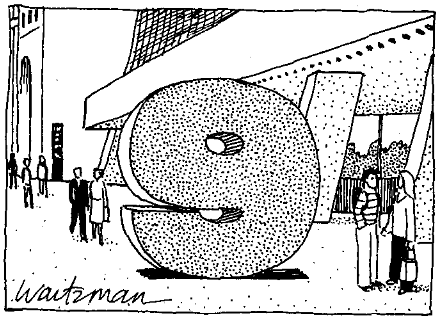
Roger Mühl—Recent landscapes and interiors. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Paintings. Through Dec. 17. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Large paintings on enamelled aluminum. Through Dec. 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Francisco Ribalta (1565-1628)—Paintings from Valencia and Madrid. Through Dec. 8. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Paintings on shaped canvases which incorporate branches, mirrors, and rocks. Through Dec. 3. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)



Wayne Thiebaud—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 21. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Delacroix, Ernst, Seurat, de Kooning, and others. Through Dec. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings from 1908 to the present by Hockney, Miró, Nevelson, Modigliani, and others. Through Dec. 3. . . . **LAFAYETTE PARKE,** 58 E. 79th St.: Works by early-twentieth-century German artists, including Nolde, Jawlensky, and Beckmann. Through Dec. 17. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Works in various mediums by Susan Rothenberg, Neil Jenney, Cy Twombly, and others. Through Dec. 1. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: Drawings by sculptors, including Louise Bourgeois, DeWitt Godfrey, and Jody Pinto. Through Nov. 29.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Lothar Baumgarten—An installation. Through Dec. 3. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Tom Bills—New lead-and-steel sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Brown—New paintings and sculptures from the artist's "Golden Age" series, which was inspired by Mayan art. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alberto Burri—Sixteen primarily black paintings by a seventy-three-year-old member of the Italian avant-garde. Through Jan. 7. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Clarence Carter—Paintings and drawings from 1960 to the present. Through Nov. 26. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Vija Celmins—New paintings. Through Dec. 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Charles / David Hannah—New steel sculptures. / Drawings. Through Nov. 30. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Enzo Cucchi—Two- and three-dimensional works. Through Dec. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Elaine de Kooning—Recent paintings and drawings inspired by Lascaux cave paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

José de Rivera (1904-85)—Sculptures, wall reliefs, and paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

George Harkins—New watercolors. Through Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly—New paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

William King—Two shows. Figurative wood and ceramic sculptures from the past three decades or so. Through Dec. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ New sculptures in sand-and-plaster, along with older bronzes. Through Dec. 8. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

Leon Kossoff / William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-1877)—Recent paintings. / Photographs. Through Nov. 26. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Wolfgang Laib—Miniature houses made with such materials as beeswax and marble. Through Dec. 3. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

James Lechay—Recent paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Michael Lucero—New bronzes that incorporate found objects. Through Nov. 26. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper / John McLaughlin (1898-1976)—Large totemlike bronzes. Through Nov. 26. / Minimalist paintings from the seventies. Through Dec. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Judy Pfaff—New wall sculptures and collages. Through Dec. 3. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Giovanni Battista Piranesi (1720-78)—Etchings

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ART–Cont'd

from "Le Vedute di Roma." Through Dec. 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Medardo Rosso (1858-1928)—Sculptures in wax, terra-cotta, and bronze. Through Dec. 14. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Boxes and a walk-in mirrored cube. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St., has a show of photographs by Samaras and by Erwin Blumenfeld.) Both shows through Nov. 26.

Abby Shahn—Abstractions in various mediums, including egg tempera and gouache. Through Dec. 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Joe Stefanelli—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Cyrus, 11 E. 57th St.)

Michael Torlen—The Maine coastline depicted in paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 3. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Harold Tovish—Ink drawings of hands. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—Nudes (one titled "Bedroom Blonde with Necklace") and still-lifes done in brightly painted cutout metal. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Christopher Wool—New paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **krugier**, 41 E. 57th St.: "The Presence of Ingres" as seen in seventy-five paintings and drawings by Balthus, Matisse, Degas, Picasso, and Chassériau, not to mention Ingres himself. Through Dec. 23. . . . **tilton**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and photographs by writers, including D. H. Lawrence, E. E. Cummings, Marjorie Welish, and Allen Ginsberg. Through Nov. 30. . . . **washburn**, 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract reliefs from the thirties by Charles G. Shaw, Jean Arp, Alexander Calder, and others. Through Nov. 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Ahearn—Figure sculptures by an artist who casts directly from his South Bronx neighbors. Through Dec. 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

David Bates—New paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Marc Blane—A cement-and-iron sculptural work entitled "Playground/Landscapes," which includes the artist's signature basketball backboards. Through Nov. 26. (Allen, 560 Broadway.)

Ross Bleckner—New paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Mel Bochner—Recent works by an artist whose "drawings" consist of irregularly arranged sheets of colored paper. Through Dec. 10. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Janet Braun-Reinitz—Paintings of contemporary Nicaragua by an artist who did a mural there. Through Dec. 3. (101 Wooster Street Gallery. Open daily; opens Saturdays and Sundays at noon.)

Bård Breivik—Sculptures in a variety of mediums. Through Nov. 30. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Farrell Brickhouse—Impastoed abstractions. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Jeffrey Brosk—Wall sculptures incorporating marble, wood, granite, and concrete. Through Dec. 3. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Cora Cohen—Nonobjective paintings. Through Dec. 17. (Wolff, 560 Broadway.)

Robert Cumming—Paintings with wood frames cut in the sawtooth pattern of the pictograph for water. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Castelli, 578 Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—Fluorescent-light sculptures from the sixties. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Hearn, now located at 39 Wooster St.)

Connie Fox—Swirling abstract paintings. One, in which five candles and a few dark figures can be made out, is titled "Proust's Birthday." Through Dec. 3. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Joe Giordano—Understated landscape paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Balcomb Greene—Paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 30. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Marcia Hafif—New paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Pretto, 251 Sixth Ave., at Houston St. Opens at 1.)

Willy Heeks—Recent abstract paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Carol Hepper—Sculptures woven out of willow branches. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Mark Innerst—Small-scale figurative paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Ronald Jones—An installation of wooden wall and floor pieces based on a 1933 floor plan by the architect Erich Mendelsohn. Through Dec. 10. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Donald Judd—Furniture, architectural studies, and sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. The Whitney Museum currently has a retrospective of the artist's work.)

Penny Kronengold—Semi-abstract paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 3. (First Street Gallery, 560 Broadway.)

Lanny Lasky / Linda Nisselson—Constructions housing things like used tea bags, fish hooks, and sardine cans. / Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 27. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Rex Lau—Paintings on carved Hydrocal panels, and works on paper. Through Nov. 26. (Walls, 137 Greene St.)

Michael Mazur—A frieze of a Chinese garden painted on a wood panel, among other works. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Max Miller—New paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 26. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Three works on paper and seven bronzes. Through Dec. 31. (Silberberg, now located at 382 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Claire Moore (1917-88)—Paintings from her last years. Through Dec. 3. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Stephen Mueller—New Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Odd Nerdrum—Recent allegorical paintings by this Norwegian artist. Through Dec. 3. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Alastair R. Noble—New sculptures, drawings, and installations. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Nerlino, 96 Greene St.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 26. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Frank Owen—New abstract paintings, including an installation of about fifty canvases. Through Dec. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mel Pekarsky—Desert and mountain paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

Joseph Piccillo / Barton Lidicé Beneš—New paintings in mixed mediums with the artist's familiar combination of portraiture and figures in action. / Found objects and other works embellished with shredded cash. Through Dec. 10. (Fendrick, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Ann Preston—An installation after the Garden of Eden, which includes sculptures of flora and fauna and a working fountain. Through Nov. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

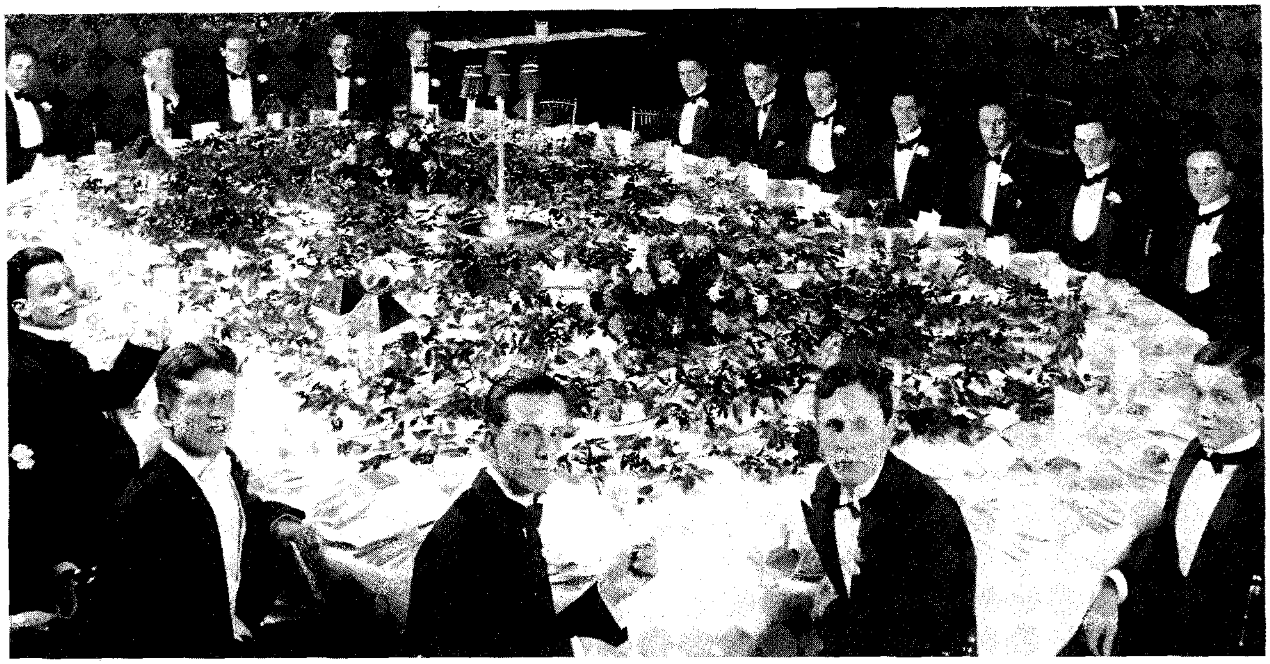
George Rickey—A small retrospective of kinetic sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Faith Ringgold—Painted quilts with texts written on them. Through Dec. 3. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Margot Robinson—Nonobjective drawings and sculptures. Through Nov. 27. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Ed Ruscha—Early paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Jonathan Scoville—Realist paintings. Through



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ART—Cont'd

Dec. 10. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Lee Tribe—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Dec. 10. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Richard Tuttle—Sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Franz Erhard Walther / Thomas Joshua Cooper—Constructions in wood and canvas, and works on paper. / Photographs taken on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland. Through Nov. 26. (Weber, temporarily at 578 Broadway.)

William T. Wiley—Random thoughts ("Where does value come from where does it? go?") have been added to canvases of exploding color. Through Dec. 3. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Martin Wong—Two shows of new paintings. At Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through Dec. 23), and at Bernarducci, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 10).

The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St.—Drawings by artists whose work, as the Center puts it, "derives from primitive, folk, and naïve sources." Alison Saar, Tom Duncan, and Denis Gaston are among those represented. Through Nov. 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Beauford Delaney (1901-79)—Paintings done in New York, Paris, and Knoxville. Through Dec. 22. (Briet, 377 Broome St., between Mott and Mulberry Sts. Open Sundays.)

Rhonda Zwillinger—Paintings whose frames are encrusted with semiprecious jewels. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—Installations by Dan Flavin, Robert Gober, and Yves Klein. Through Nov. 27. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lois Conner—Platinum prints of panoramic landscapes in China, Hawaii, Louisiana, and New York. Through Thursday, Nov. 17. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Eileen Cowin—Cibachromes. Through Dec. 3. (Baum, 588 Broadway. Open Mondays.)

Ray K. Metzker—Twenty-six North American landscape photographs. Through Dec. 3. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Nic Nicosia—Sinister black-and-white scenes of figures acting out what could be the highlights of a TV thriller. Through Nov. 29. (Facchetti, 476 Broadway.)

Herb Ritts—Photographs: Madonna throwing her bleached head back, Richard Gere fixing his car, Brigitte Nielsen rolling around in a net. Through Dec. 3. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

George Tice—Photographs of the home towns of Mark Twain, James Dean, and Ronald Reagan. Through Nov. 26. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Raoul Ubac—Photographs by this Belgian Surrealist. Through Dec. 17. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Group Show—Way back in the fifties, photography, believe it or not, was snubbed by art galleries. This exhibit of more than two hundred prints comes from a series of shows that furthered the advancement of photography. The work is by Marie Cosindas, Irving Penn, Ansel Adams, and Henri Cartier-Bresson, among others. Through Jan. 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred works of art by Georgia O'Keeffe. Starts Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ The exhaustive Degas exhibit has been mounted in spacious new galleries, *comme il faut*. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Umberto Boccioni, an Italian Futurist painter and the only sculptor in that movement. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Collages and other works by Anne Ryan. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of works by the German painter Anselm Kiefer. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A large show of works on paper by Richard Diebenkorn. Starts Thursday, Nov. 17. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Silk screens and drawings from Andy Warhol's Mercedes-Benz series, a project he was working on at the time of his death. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

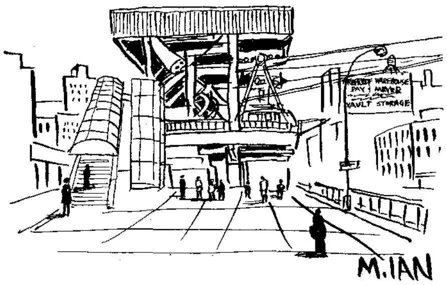
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A twenty-five-year retrospective of Donald Judd's œuvre: paintings, sculptures, and furniture. Through Dec. 31. A complementary show is at Paula Cooper, 155 Wooster St. . . . ¶ A show of paintings by David Park, which reflects his figurative style of the fifties. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cleopatra and other rulers of ancient Egypt's Ptolemaic dynasty (305-30 B.C.) are seen in a show of stone statuary and portrait heads. The period is also represented by reliefs, gold jewelry, silver vessels, and other objects. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Nearly ninety paintings by Gustave Courbet. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition re-creating the events of a four-year (1838-42) American naval expedition to the South Seas and Antarctica and displaying a wealth of materials brought back from that voyage, including charts and maps and flora and fauna. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Forty-six artists are exhibiting paintings, drawings, and prints in the fortieth annual purchase-fund exhibit (about a third of the works will be bought by the fund and given to museums). Through Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—In what is likely to be a frustrating exhibit for some, the museum has put on view—and view only—a collection of confectionery wonders, including a six-foot jelly-bean mosaic of the Statue of Liberty, and a number of "whimsical chocolate sculptures." "The Confectioner's Art" also features antique and contemporary tools of the trade. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)



Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of furniture and decorative arts in the William and Mary style on loan from the collections of Windsor Castle; the Rijksmuseum, in Amsterdam; the Bibliothèque Nationale of France; the Winterthur Museum; and elsewhere. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Soldier Poets of the Great War," a show devoted to the work of the sixteen poets whose names were inscribed on a memorial stone in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day, 1985. The manuscripts and first editions are by, among others, Julian Grenfell, Isaac Rosenberg, Wilfred Owen, Rupert Brooke, and Robert Graves. Through Nov. 26. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Japanese textiles which is all about ordinary things (firemen's coats, banners, bedcovers) and the extraordinary pains their creators took to insure their distinction. Through Dec. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Jewish journalism in the United States is the topic of an exhibition of newspapers, comic strips and other drawings, and photographs from the past hundred and fifty years. The newspapers are in English, German, Ladino, Hebrew, and Yiddish. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of drawings and watercolors that cover the whole range of subjects (landscape, portraiture, genre scenes) favored by German Romanticism, which flourished between 1780 and 1850. Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp O. Runge, and Adolph Menzel are among the artists. Starts Thursday, Nov. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Manuscripts of plays written by Eugene O'Neill, along with other artifacts, have been put on display in recognition of the author's centenary. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

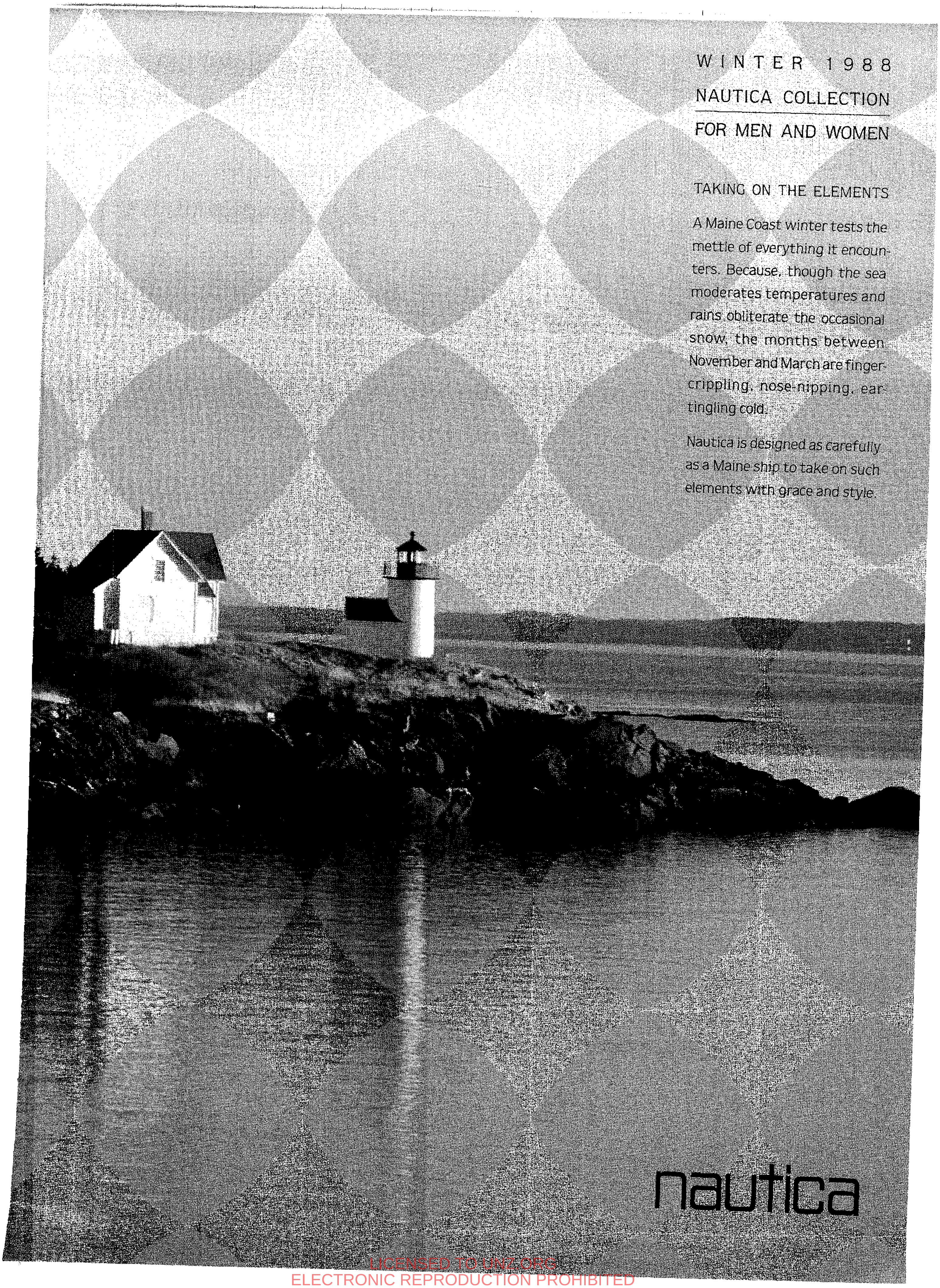
The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Malcolm McLaren, the subject of what the museum describes as "an unconventional art exhibition," has been called many things—most generously, rock producer, fashion designer, and cultural theorist. This collection of clothes, posters, album covers, cassettes, and videotapes follows McLaren's career as it bounced from the Sex Pistols to Adam and the Ants to a British fashion/bondage shop called Let It Rock. Through Sunday, Nov. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A historical survey of Hebrew books and manuscripts: Bibles, a seventeenth-century parchment scroll of the Book of Esther, the *Tripartite Mahzor*, and volumes on science, law, and literature. Through Jan. 14. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews dating from the fifties through the seventies. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for



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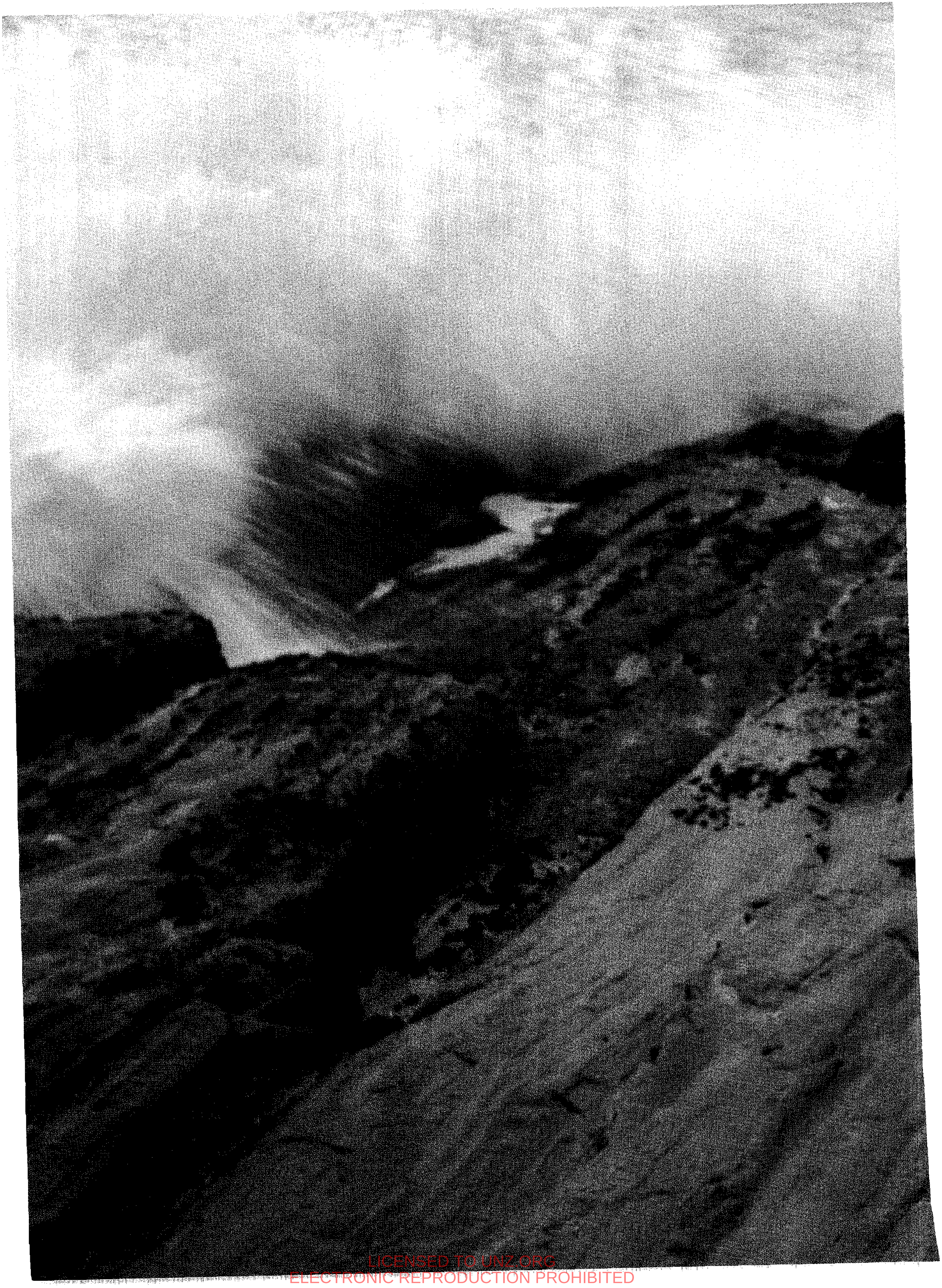

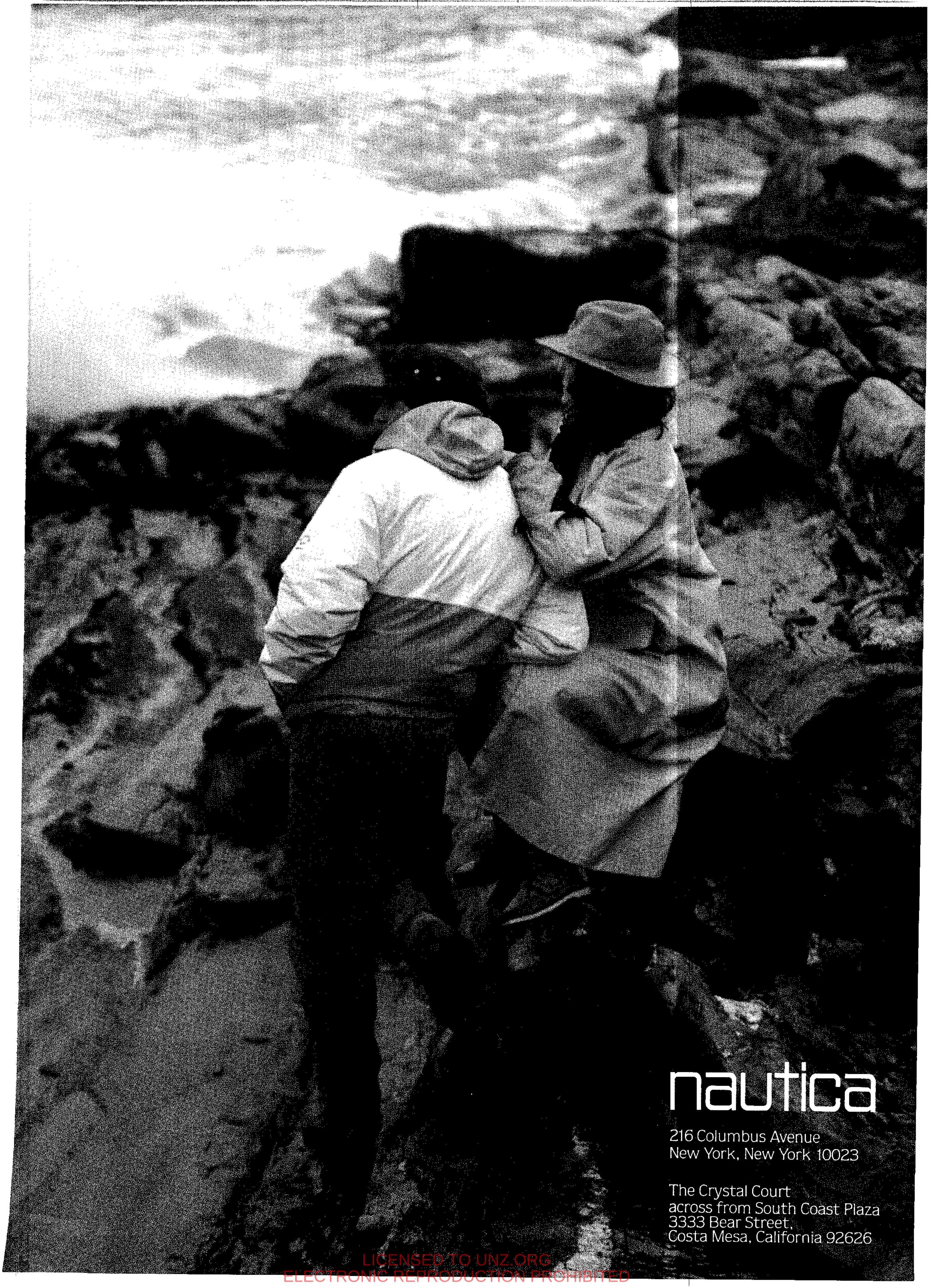

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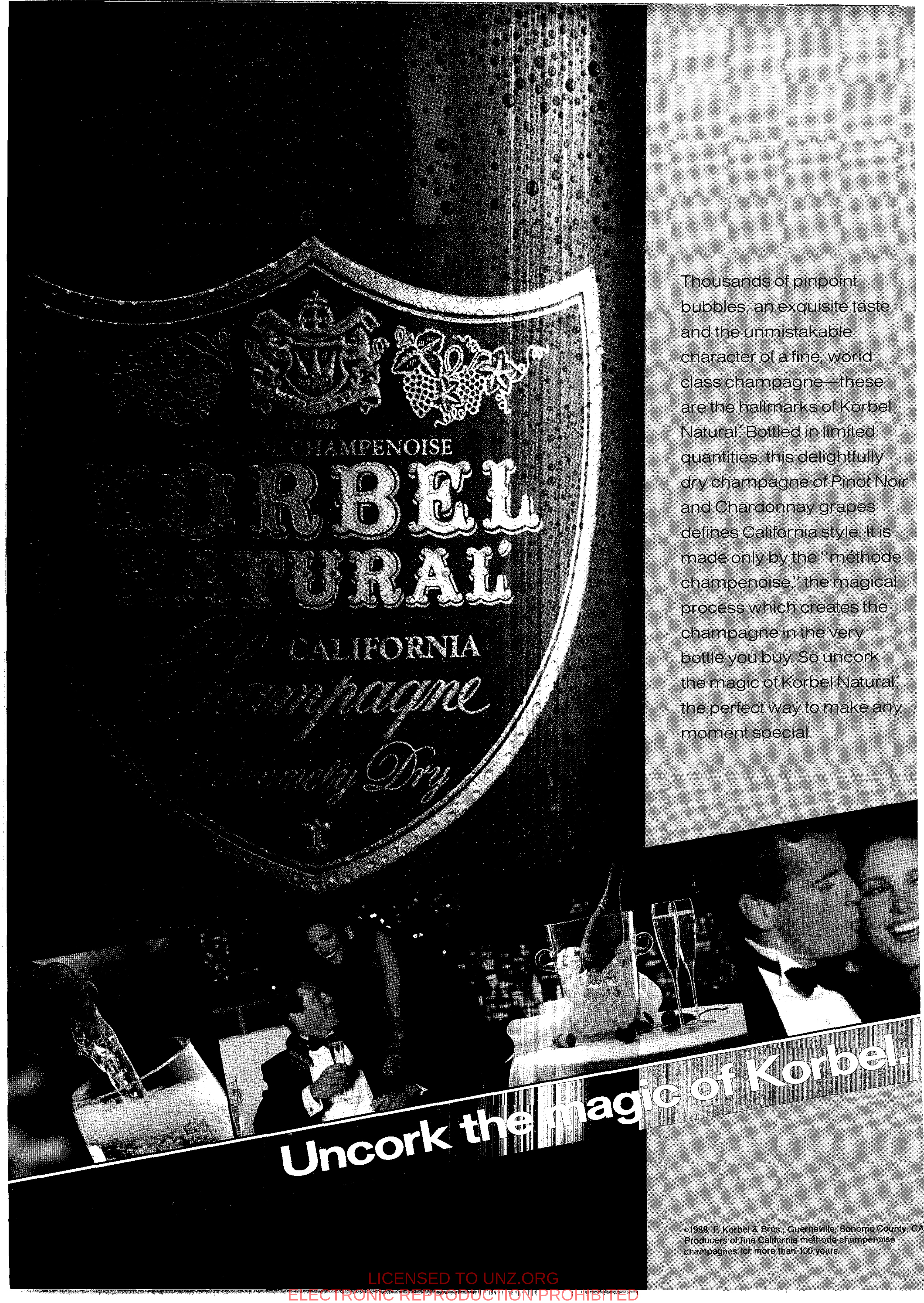
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MUSIC—Cont'd

Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Monday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Alicia Nafé, Cheryl Studer, Gary Lakes, and Jean-Philippe Lafont; conducted by Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gail Dubinbaum, Leo Nucci, Rockwell Blake, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Bruno Pola; and "Pagliacci," with Ilona Tokody, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Yoko Watanabe, Brenda Boozer, Giorgio Lamberti, and Leo Nucci; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Kathleen Battle, Bruno Pola, William Matteuzzi, and Enzo Dara; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 1:30: "Carmen," with Alicia Nafé, Cheryl Studer, Gary Lakes, and Jean-Philippe Lafont; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Bruno Pola; and "Pagliacci," with Ilona Tokody, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Yoko Watanabe, Brenda Boozer, Giorgio Lamberti, and Leo Nucci; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Bruno Pola; and "Pagliacci," with Ilona Tokody, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Carmen," with Alicia Nafé, Cheryl Studer, Gary Lakes, and Jean-Philippe Lafont; Placido Domingo.

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—"The New Moon," with alternating casts. Joseph Colaneri conducting all but the Sunday matinée, Nov. 20, when the conductor will be Richard Fletcher. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 1.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting a program of music by Ives, Del Tredici, and Bernstein. With Krystian Zimerman, piano. (Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8; Friday, Nov. 18, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 19, and Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Moscow State Symphony—Yevgeny Svetlanov conducting. At Carnegie Hall on Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8: A Tchaikovsky-Svetlanov-Rachmaninoff program, with Oleg Kagan, violin. . . . ¶ At Avery Fisher Hall on Friday, Nov. 18, at 8: A Mussorgsky-Rachmaninoff-Scriabin program, with Lubov Timofeeva, piano.

Vienna Symphony Orchestra—Georges Prêtre conducting. At Carnegie Hall on Friday, Nov. 18, at 8: A Mozart-Strauss-Berlioz program. . . . ¶ At Avery Fisher Hall on Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8: A Brahms-Ravel-Mahler program.

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—Philippe Entremont conducting and playing the piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—David Milnes conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Lukas Foss conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Orchestra—This conductorless group will perform two works by Handel, a Haydn Symphony, and a première by Michael Gandolfi. With Benita Valente, soprano, and Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—John Eliot Gardiner conducting, with Shirley Verrett, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

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New Jersey Symphony—Hugh Wolff conducting, with Carter Brey, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting a Mozart-Hummel program, with Steven Lubin, piano, and assisting artists. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a concert of baroque vocal music, with an ensemble of period instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir—JoAnn Rice directing music by Kurt Weill and Paul Hindemith. With vocal soloists and a chamber ensemble. (German Church, 315 W. 22nd St. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

RECITALS

New Music Consort—Claire Heldrich conducting a program for acoustic instruments and electronic tape. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Guarneri Quartet—Playing a Barber-Janáček-Schubert program. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 15-16, at 8.)

Barbara Blanchard—Soprano, in an all-Poulenc program, which includes a staged version of "The Human Voice." (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Sue Ann Kahn—Flute. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Barbara Nissman—Piano, in the second of her three-concert series of all the Prokofiev sonatas. This concert includes a performance of a fragment left unfinished at the time of the composer's death. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Seymour Lipkin—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

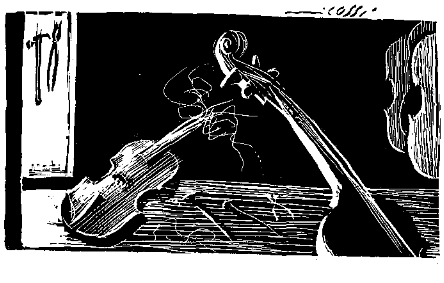
Music from Marlboro—Presenting chamber music by Beethoven, Dvořák, and Shostakovich. (Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

North/South Consonance—Presenting works by six composers from North and South America. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Janos Starker—Cello, playing a Beethoven sonata and several works by composers who were cellists. (Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Trio Sonnerie—Playing seventeenth-century music on period instruments. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Les Arts Florissants—Performing chamber music for five instrumentalists and five vocalists. (Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)



Peter Orth—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Elmar Oliveira and Horacio Gutiérrez—Playing sonatas for violin and piano by Mozart, Beethoven, and Prokofiev. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3.)

New York Consort of Viols—Chamber music. With Lawrence Lipnik, countertenor. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—William Bolcom, piano, will perform his composition "Quartet for Piano and Strings." With artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Robert Black conducting several settings of Albert Giraud's Pierrot poems. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano, performing all of Albeniz's "Iberia." (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Guild of Composers—Presenting works by Schnabel, Babbitt, Currier, Carter, and Diamond. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Janis-Rozena Peri—Soprano. With assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Golden State Warriors, Monday, Nov. 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Friday, Nov. 18, at 7:30. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia 76ers, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.

Football—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 4.)

Hockey—At **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Tuesday, Nov. 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Calgary Flames, Thursday, Nov. 17, at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 7:45. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Monday, Nov. 21, at 7:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Remsen and the Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 19; the Ladies Handicap, Sunday, Nov. 20. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30.

Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships: Steffi Graf, Gabriella Sabatini, Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert, Pam Shriver, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Opening matches Monday through Friday, Nov. 14-18, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match Saturday, Nov. 19, at noon; and final singles match Sunday, Nov. 20, at 1.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

ET ALIA

Prose and Drama Readings—Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne reading from their own prose, and introducing Fatima Shaik and Steven Corbin, who will read from their own works. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 475-5707.) . . . ¶ Louis Zorich and members of the Acting Company will present a reading of Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms." (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Nov. 15: "The Human Condition, Part 3: A Soldier's Prayer" (1961; directed by Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).
Nov. 16-17: (Separate admissions) "Final Take: The Golden Age of the Movies" (1986; Yoji Yamada; in Japanese); "Violence at Noon" (1966; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and "The Affair" (1967; Yoshishige Yoshida; in Japanese).
Nov. 18: (Separate admissions) "I Lived, but . . ." (1983; Kazuo Inoue; in Japanese), a documentary about Yasujiro Ozu; "Where Spring Comes Late" (1970; Yoji Yamada; in Japanese); and "Death Shadows" (1987; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese).
Nov. 19-20: (Separate admissions) "The Yearning Laurel" (1937; Kosho Nomura; in Japanese); "Tora-San Plays Daddy" (1988; Yoji Yamada; in Japanese); "I Lived, but . . .;" "Where Spring Comes Late;" and "Death Shadows."
Nov. 22: "The Loyal 47 Ronin, Parts 1 and 2" (1941-42; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).
Nov. 23: "Bandits vs. Samurai Squad" (1978; Hideo Gosha; in Japanese).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr. From Nov. 18: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 3: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 17: "Mystic Pizza" (†).
From Nov. 18: "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Nov. 22: "They Live" (John Carpenter).
From Nov. 23: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 22: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (†). From Nov. 23 (tentative): "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 17: "Distant Thunder" (Rick Rosenthal), with John Lithgow and Ralph Macchio. From Nov. 18 (tentative): "1969" (Ernest Thompson), with Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 17: "Punchline" (†).
From Nov. 18: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Things Change" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Nov. 22: "Mystic Pizza" (†).
From Nov. 23: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Nov. 17: "Bird" (†).
From Nov. 18: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "They Live" (John Carpenter). From Nov. 18: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.

ARTS
W. C. FIELDS FESTIVAL
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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 33.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 17: "The Lair of the White Worm" (Ken Russell).
From Nov. 18: "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Cry in the Dark" (Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep and Sam Neill.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (†). From Nov. 18: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Nov. 22: "The Good Mother" (Leonard Nimoy), with Diane Keaton.
From Nov. 23: "Buster" (David Green), with Phil Collins and Julie Walters.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Distant Thunder" (Rick Rosenthal), with John Lithgow and Ralph Macchio. From Nov. 18 (tentative): "1969" (Ernest Thompson), with Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 2: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 17: "Punchline" (†).
From Nov. 18: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (†). From Nov. 23 (tentative): "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr. From Nov. 18 (tentative): "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Mystic Pizza" (†). From Nov. 18: "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney. From Nov. 18: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "Hello Actors Studio" (1987; directed by Annie Tresgot). From Nov. 23: "Big Girl" (1987; Nirit Yaron-Gronich; in Hebrew); and "Crows" (1987; Ayelet Menahemi; in Hebrew).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).
Theatre 2: "Married to the Mob" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).
Theatre 2: "Things Change" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 22: "The Lair of the White Worm" (Ken Russell).
From Nov. 23: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†). From Nov. 18: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.
Theatre 2: "A Cry in the Dark" (Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep and Sam Neill.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: The 21st International Tournee of Animation. From Nov. 18: "Mystic Pizza" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.
Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

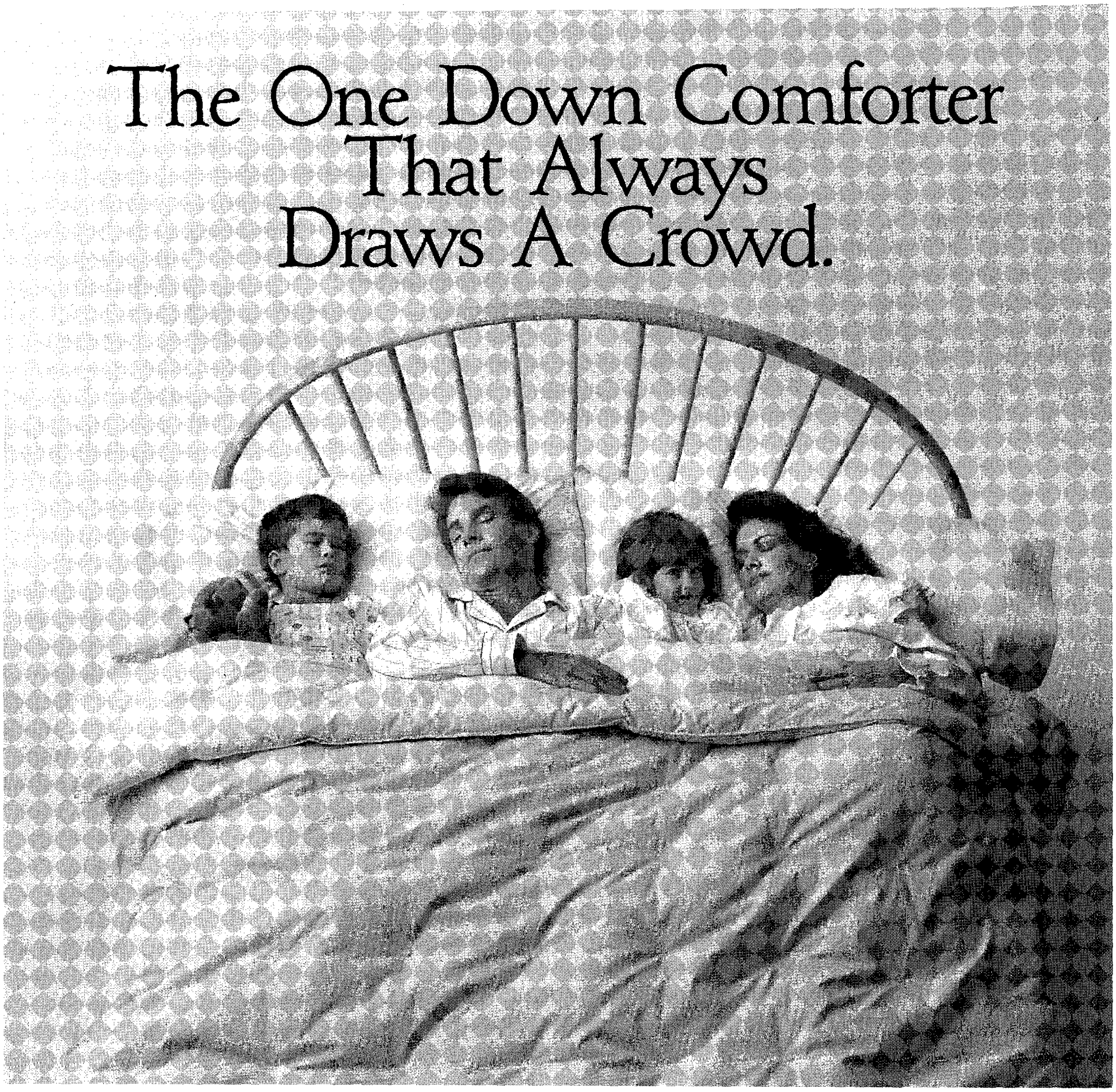
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "They Live" (John Carpenter). From Nov. 18: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 17: "Without a Clue" (Thom Eberhardt), with Michael Caine and Ben Kingsley.
From Nov. 18: "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), a Walt Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 22: "The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).
From Nov. 23: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Far North" (Sam Shepard), with Jessica Lange, Charles Durning, and Tess Harper.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Nov. 22: "Little Dorrit" (Christine



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Edzard), with Derek Jacobi and Alec Guinness. A six-hour film, shown in two parts.
From Nov. 23: "Hanna's War" (Menahem Golan), with Maruschka Detmers.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Madame Sousatzka" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Imagine: John Lennon" (Andrew Solt), a documentary.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Another Woman" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Punchline" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi).
Theatre 3: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Good Mother" (Leonard Nimoy), with Diane Keaton.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr.
Theatre 2: "Mystic Pizza" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 17: "Distant Thunder" (Rick Rosenthal), with John Lithgow and Ralph Macchio. From Nov. 18 (tentative): "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 22: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (†). From Nov. 23 (tentative): "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.
Theatre 5: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.
Theatre 6: "A Cry in the Dark" (Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep and Sam Neill.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Things Change" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 17: "They Live" (John Carpenter). From Nov. 18: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney. From Nov. 22: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).
Theatre 2: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Halloween 4" (directed by Dwight H. Little).
Theatre 2: "A Cry in the Dark" (Fred Schepisi), with Meryl Streep and Sam Neill.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 17: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine. From Nov. 18: "High Spirits" (Neil Jordan), with Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 4: "Alien Nation" (Graham Baker), with James Caan and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 5: "Spike of Bensonhurst."
Theatre 6: "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Good Mother" (Leonard Nimoy), with Diane Keaton.

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Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 17: "Who Framed Roger Rabbit" (†). From Nov. 18: "1969" (Ernest Thompson), with Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland.
Theatre 4: "Ernest Saves Christmas" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Nov. 22: "U2: Rattle and Hum" (†).
From Nov. 23: "Scrooged" (Richard Donner), with Bill Murray.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"They Live" (John Carpenter).

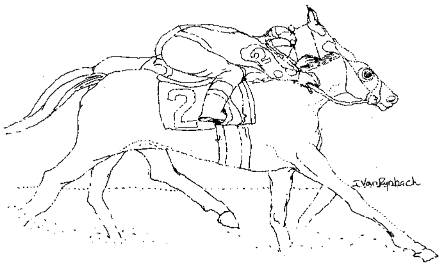
National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 17: "Clara's Heart" (Robert Mulligan), with Whoopi Goldberg. From Nov. 18: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Nov. 17: "A Fish Called Wanda" (†).
From Nov. 18: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Nov. 14: "Stage Door" (1937; directed by Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "The Actress" (1953; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, Teresa Wright, and Anthony Perkins.
Nov. 15-16: "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, John Barrymore, David Manners, and Billie Burke; and "Marie Galante" (1934; Henry King), with Spencer Tracy and Helen Morgan.
Nov. 17: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962; Sidney Lumet), with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell.
Nov. 18-19: "Desk Set" (1957; Walter Lang), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Gig Young, and Joan Blondell; and "The Rainmaker" (1956; Joseph Anthony), with Katharine Hepburn, Burt Lancaster, Wendell Corey, and Cameron Prud'homme.
Nov. 20-21: "Quality Street" (1937; George Stevens), with Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone; and "Christopher Strong" (1933; Dorothy Arzner), with Katharine Hepburn, Colin Clive, Billie Burke, and Ralph Forbes.
Nov. 22-23: "Bad Day at Black Rock" (1955; John Sturges), with Spencer Tracy, Robert Ryan, Anne Francis, and Dean Jagger; and "The Last Hurrah" (1958; John Ford), with Spencer Tracy, James Gleason, Pat O'Brien, and Jeffrey Hunter.

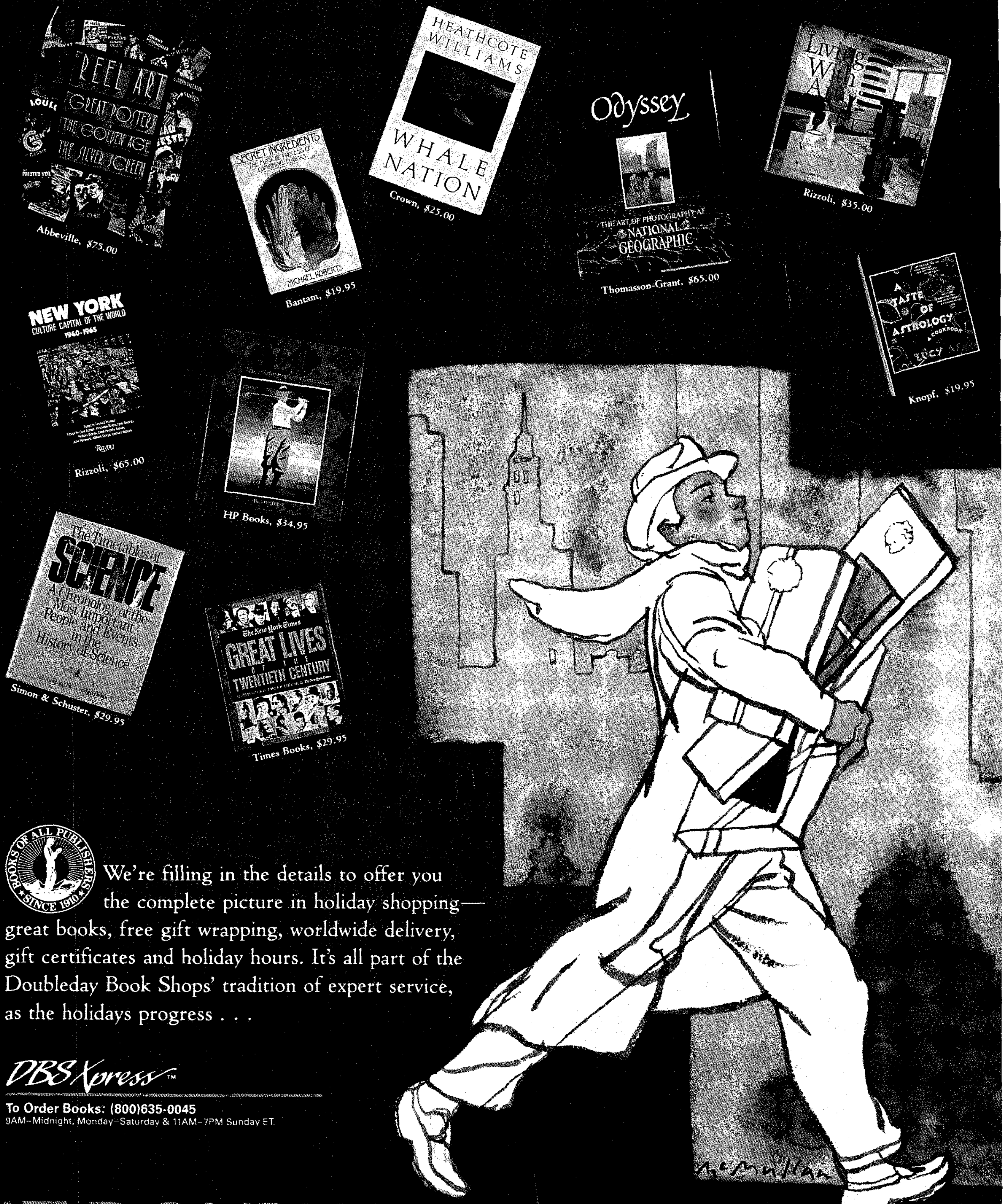
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 15: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Nov. 16-17: "Raising Arizona" (1987; Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter; and "Batman" (1966; Leslie Martinson), with Adam West and Burt Ward.
Nov. 18-19: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (1981; Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford, Karen Allen, and Paul Freeman; and "Star Wars" (1977; George Lucas), with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, and Alec Guinness.
Nov. 20: "Subway" (1985; Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani; and "Le Dernier Combat" (1984; Luc Besson; a French film, without dialogue).
Nov. 21-22: "Planes, Trains and Automobiles" (1987; John Hughes), with Steve Martin and John Candy; and "Roxanne" (1987; Fred Schepisi), with Steve Martin and Daryl Hannah.
From Nov. 23: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Bertolucci Shoots '1900' " (1977; Gianni Amelio), a documentary.



Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 14: "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917; Victor Sjöström; a silent film); "Thomas Graal's Best Film" (1917; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); and "His Lordship's Last Will" (1919; Victor Sjöström; a silent film).
Nov. 15-16: "Ingeborg Holm" (1913; Victor Sjöström; a silent film); and "The Phantom Carriage" (1921; Victor Sjöström; a silent film).
Nov. 17-18: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, and Gunnar Björnstrand; "Terje Vigen" (1917; Victor Sjöström; a silent film); and "Victor Sjöström—A Film Portrait" (1981; Gosta Werner).
Nov. 19-20: "The Wind" (1928; Victor Sjöström; a silent film), with Lillian Gish; "The Temptress" (1926; Fred Niblo and Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); and "Mauritz Stiller" (1986; Gosta Werner).
Nov. 21: "The Song of the Scarlet Flower" (1918; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); "Thomas Graal's First Child" (1918; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); and "The Prisoner of Carlsten's Fort" (1916; Georg af Klercker; a silent film).
Nov. 22: "Hotel Imperial" (1927; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (1924; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film), with Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson; and "Mauritz Stiller."
From Nov. 23: "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924; Victor Sjöström; a silent film), with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, and John Gilbert; "Sir Arne's Treasure" (1919; Mauritz Stiller; a silent film); and "Under the Red Robe" (1937; Victor Sjöström).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Nov. 14: "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell; and "The Lodger" (1944; John Brahm), with Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar, and George Sanders.
Nov. 15: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.
Nov. 16: "The Man with the Golden Arm" (1955; Otto Preminger), with Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker, and Kim Novak; and "Forever Amber" (1947; Otto Preminger), with Cornel Wilde and Linda Darnell.
Nov. 17: "The Defiant Ones" (1958; Stanley Kramer), with Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier; and "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959; Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara.
Nov. 18-19: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962; John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, Angela Lansbury, and James Gregory; and "Seconds" (1966; John Frankenheimer), with Rock Hudson, Salome Jens, and John Randolph.
Nov. 20: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani; and "Women Without Names" (1951; Geza Radvanyi; in Italian, English, French, and

HOLIDAYS IN PROGRESS



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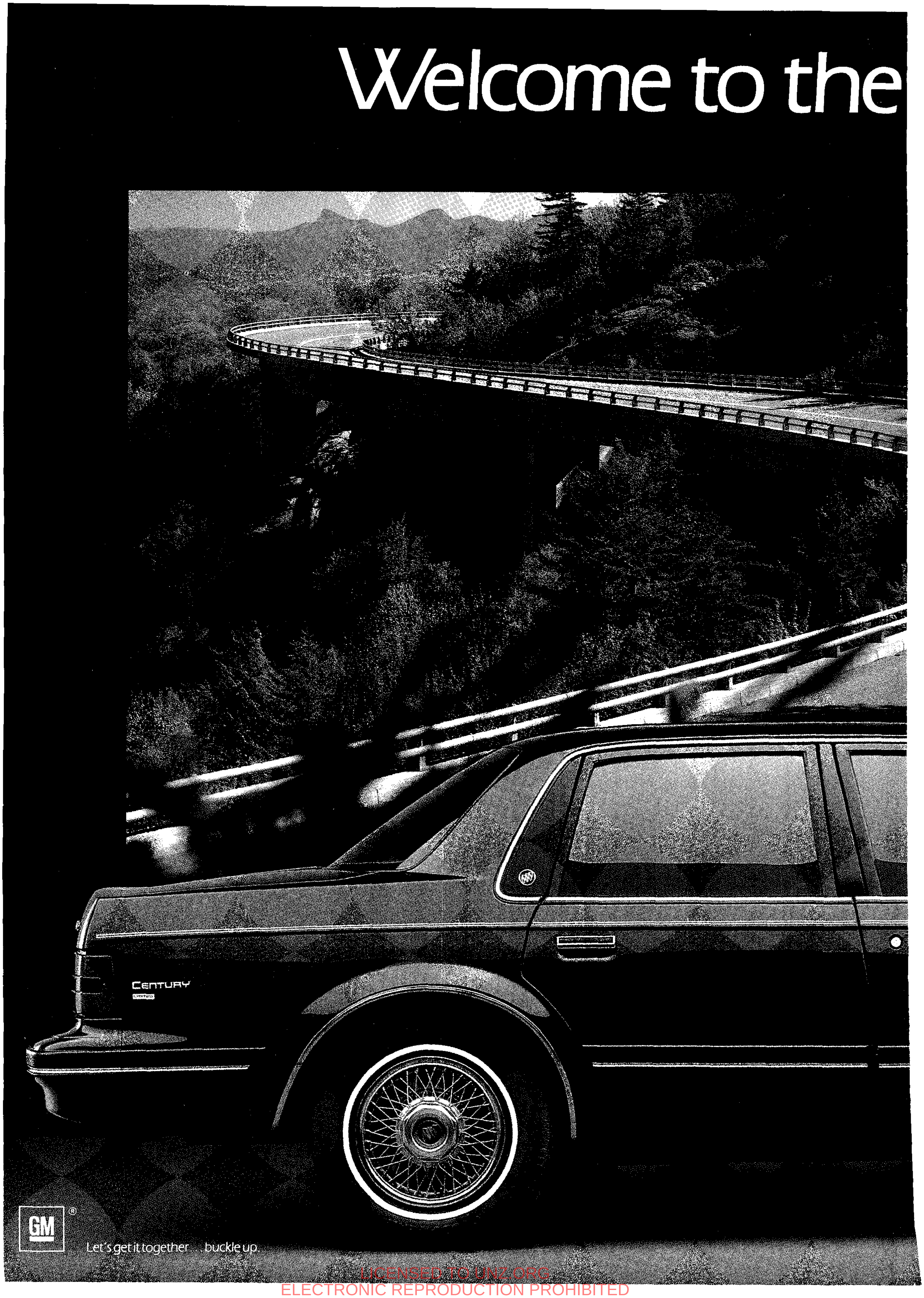
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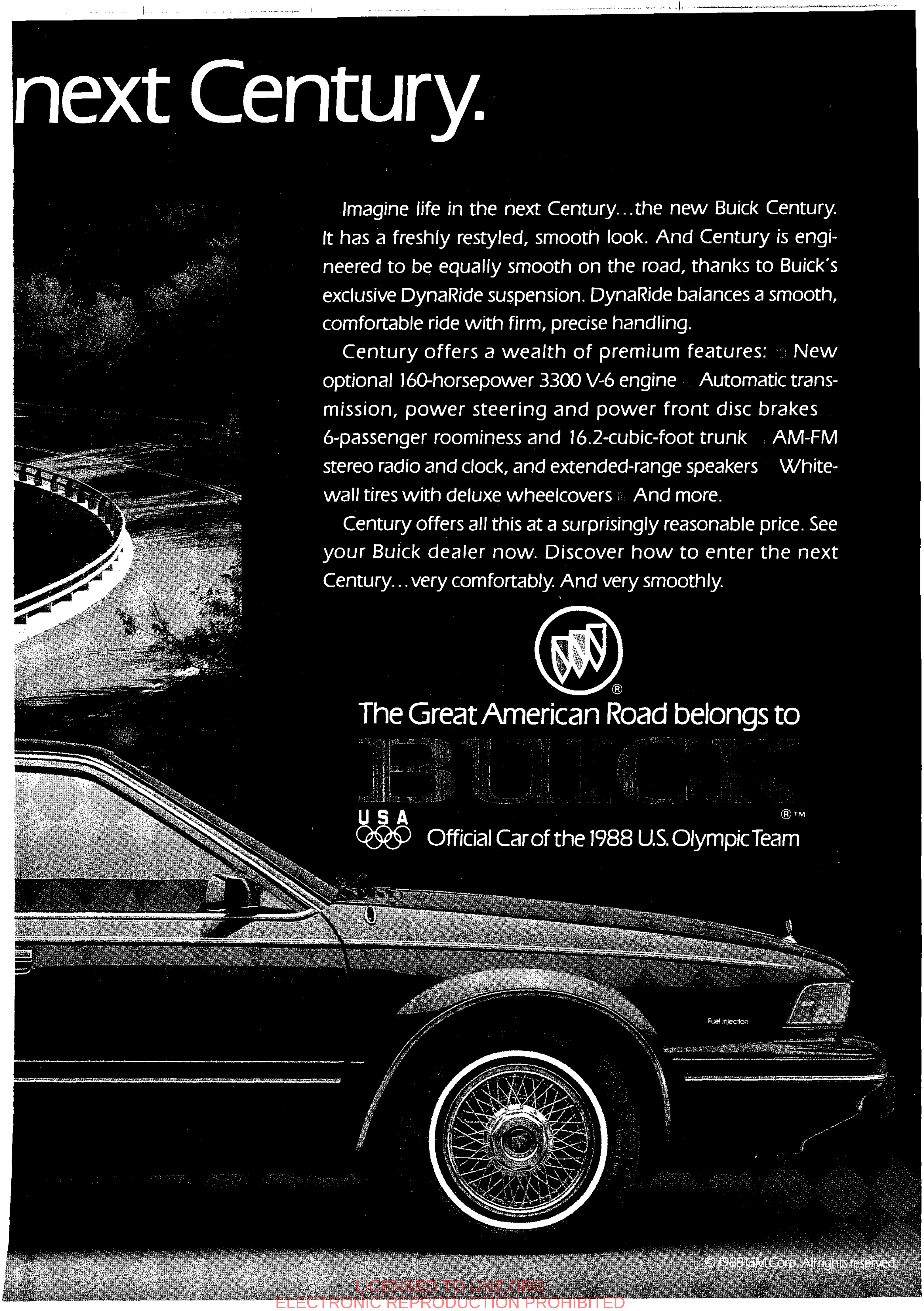

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

German), with Valentina Cortese and Simone Simon.

Nov. 21-22: Two programs of Laurel and Hardy films and Charlie Chaplin films.

Nov. 23: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Desire Under the Elms" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins, and Burl Ives.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 14: "Circle of Deceit" (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla; and "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.

Nov. 15: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

Nov. 16: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka.

Nov. 17: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962; Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Summer and Smoke" (1961; Peter Glenville), with Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.

Nov. 18-19: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

Nov. 20: "Masculine Feminine" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "A Married Woman" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Macha Meril.

Nov. 21: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Nov. 22: "Odd Man Out" (1946; Carol Reed), with James Mason, Robert Newton, and Kathleen Ryan; and "Outcast of the Islands" (1952; Carol Reed), with Trevor Howard and Ralph Richardson.

Nov. 23: "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy; and "Love Crazy" (1941; Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: Nov. 14 at 2:30: "Nella Città l'Inferno" (1959; directed by Renato Castellani; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Giulietta Masina, Alberto Sordi, and Renato Salvatori. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 6: ". . . correva l'Anno di Grazia 1870" (1972; Alfredo Giannetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2:30: "Molti Sogni per le Strade" (1948; Mario Camerini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Massimo Girotti. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 6: "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), a two-part film, with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 2:30: "The Golden Coach" (1953; Jean Renoir), with Anna Magnani, Duncan Lamont, and Jean Debucourt. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 6: "Nella Città l'Inferno." . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 2:30: "Wild Is the Wind" (1957; George Cukor), with Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Franciosa. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 6: "The Rose Tattoo" (1955; Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, and Jo Van Fleet. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2: "Risate di Gioia" (1960; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani, Totò, and Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 5: "Wild Is the Wind." . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2: "The Rose Tattoo." . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 5: "La Sciantosa" (1971; Alfredo Giannetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Massimo Ranieri. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Anna Magnani, Marlon Brando, Joanne Woodward, and Maureen Stapleton. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6: "Risate di Gioia." . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2:30: ". . . correva l'Anno di Grazia 1870." . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6: "The Fugitive Kind."

THEATRE 2: Nov. 14 at 6:30: A program of twenty-five silent films made by artists associated with the Fluxus group. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 6:30: A program of documentaries by artists associated with the Fluxus group. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 3: "Power and the Land" (1940) and "Impressions of a City" (1975), both directed by Joris Ivens, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 6: "La Seine à Rencontre Paris" (1957) and "Le Mistral" (1965), both directed by Joris Ivens, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 3 and 6:30: A program of films released by the Youth Film Distribution Center, 1964-74. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of independent films. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of independent videos. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6:30: A program of films by Nathaniel Dorsky, who will be present.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)

RIKLIS THEATRE: Nov. 16-17 at 2:30; Nov. 18 at 2:30 and 7:30; Nov. 19 at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Nov. 20 at 11:30 and 2:30; and Nov. 23 at 2:30: A retrospective of film and television works by Jerry Lewis.

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM (continuous showings): Nov. 16-17: "The Red Star" (1988; Ernest Gusella). . . . ¶ Nov. 18-20 and Nov. 23: "Grimoire Magnétique" (1983; Joelle de la Casiniere); and "There Was an Unseen Cloud Moving" (1987; Leslie Thornton).

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Nov. 14 at 7: "Lost, Lost, Lost" (1949-63; Jonas Mekas). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 7: "Six in Paris" (1966; Jean-Luc Godard, Jean Rouch, Jean-Daniel Pollet, Claude Chabrol, Eric Rohmer, and Jean Douchet; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 7: "A Priceless Day" (1980; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 7: "The Thursday People" (1987; George Kuchar), a video program. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 8: "There Was an Unseen Cloud Moving" (1987; Leslie Thornton), a video program. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 8: "Nicaragua: Hear-Say/See-Here" (1986; Jeffrey Skoller) and "Aspects of a Certain History" (1984; John Knecht). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 8: "Loads" (1980; Curt McDowell) and "Soft Fiction" (1979; Chick Strand). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 7: "Sincerely" (1980; Lynn Kirby) and "A Man When He Is a Man" (1982; Valeria Sarmiento). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 7: "I Love $" (1986; Johan Van der Keuken). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 7: "Cold Days" (1966; András Kovács; in Hungarian, with English subtitles).

FRENCH INSTITUTE–ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—A retrospective of films starring Maurice Chevalier. Nov. 16 at 2, 6, and 8:45: "Man About Town" (1947; René Clair; in French, with English subtitles), with François Périer. . . . Nov. 18 at 6: "The Love Parade" (1929; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald. . . . Nov. 18 at 8:30: "One Hour with You" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald. . . . Nov. 18 at 10:15: "The Merry Widow" (1934; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald. . . . Nov. 19 at 2: "Love Me Tonight" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Jeanette MacDonald. . . . Nov. 19 at 3:45: A program of Chevalier home movies and outtakes. . . . Nov. 19 at 5:45: "Folies-Bergère" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Ann Sothern. . . . Nov. 19 at 7:45: "Break the News" (1938; René Clair), with Jack Buchanan. . . . Nov. 19 at 9:15: "My Seven Little Sins" (1955; Jean Boyer; in French, with English subtitles), with Della Scala. . . . Nov. 20 at 1: "Love in the Afternoon" (1957; Billy Wilder), with Gary Cooper. . . . Nov. 20 at 3:30: "Gigi" (1958; Vincente Minnelli), with Leslie Caron. . . . Nov. 20 at 6: "Can-Can" (1960; Walter Lang), with Frank Sinatra. . . . Nov. 20 at 8:45: "Fanny" (1961; Joshua Logan), with Leslie Caron. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2, 6, and 8:45: "Mélo" (1986; Alain Resnais; in French, with English subtitles), with Sabine Azéma, André Dussollier, Pierre Arditi, and Fanny Ardant.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Nov. 17 at 6:30: "How to Care for the Senile" (1986; Sumiko Haneda; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 6:30: "Dark Hair" (1980; Midori Kurisaki; in Japanese, with English subtitles). Midori Kurisaki will be present.

REEL PIECES: FILM AS A COLLABORATIVE ART—The final program in a series of films and lectures. Nov. 17 at 8:15: "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields. The cinematographer, Sven Nykvist, will be present. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

ANOTHER WOMAN—Woody Allen's (unofficial) version of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" features Gena Rowlands as a firm-minded, judgmental philosophy professor who has just turned fifty. Having taken a year off to write a book, she has rented a workplace, but "reality" leaks through: the voices of an analyst's patients come through an air vent, and she becomes obsessed with the voice of a distraught pregnant woman (Mia Farrow), whose confused feelings awaken her to the risk-taking she has put out of her own fearful, prudent life. She realizes she has missed out *on passion, on motherhood*, on everything that matters. The picture is meant to be about emotion, but it has no emotion. It's smooth and high-toned; it's polished in its nothingness. The only resonance comes from a few of the performers—especially from Gene Hackman, who comes through with some sexual magnetism, and Sandy Dennis, who lets loose with bursts of smudgy, chaotic anger. The huge cast includes Martha Plimpton, Blythe Danner, Bruce Jay Friedman, Ian Holm, Harris Yulin, Philip Bosco, Kenneth Welsh, Betty Buckley, and John Houseman. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/31/88.) (Paris.)

BAGDAD CAFÉ—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

BIRD—Clint Eastwood, who directed, gives the life of the master of jazz improvisation—the bebop alto saxophonist Charlie Parker—the art-film treatment: flashbacks, rain, darkness, and a running time of two hours and forty-one minutes. With the film flashing back and forth, you can't get the hang of Parker's life story, and you don't come out with much understanding of his achievement or what made him a legend—the potent archetype of the self-destructive jazz artist. As Parker, Forest Whitaker trudges off to his gigs like a jazz version of Willy Loman; he's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF–Cont'd

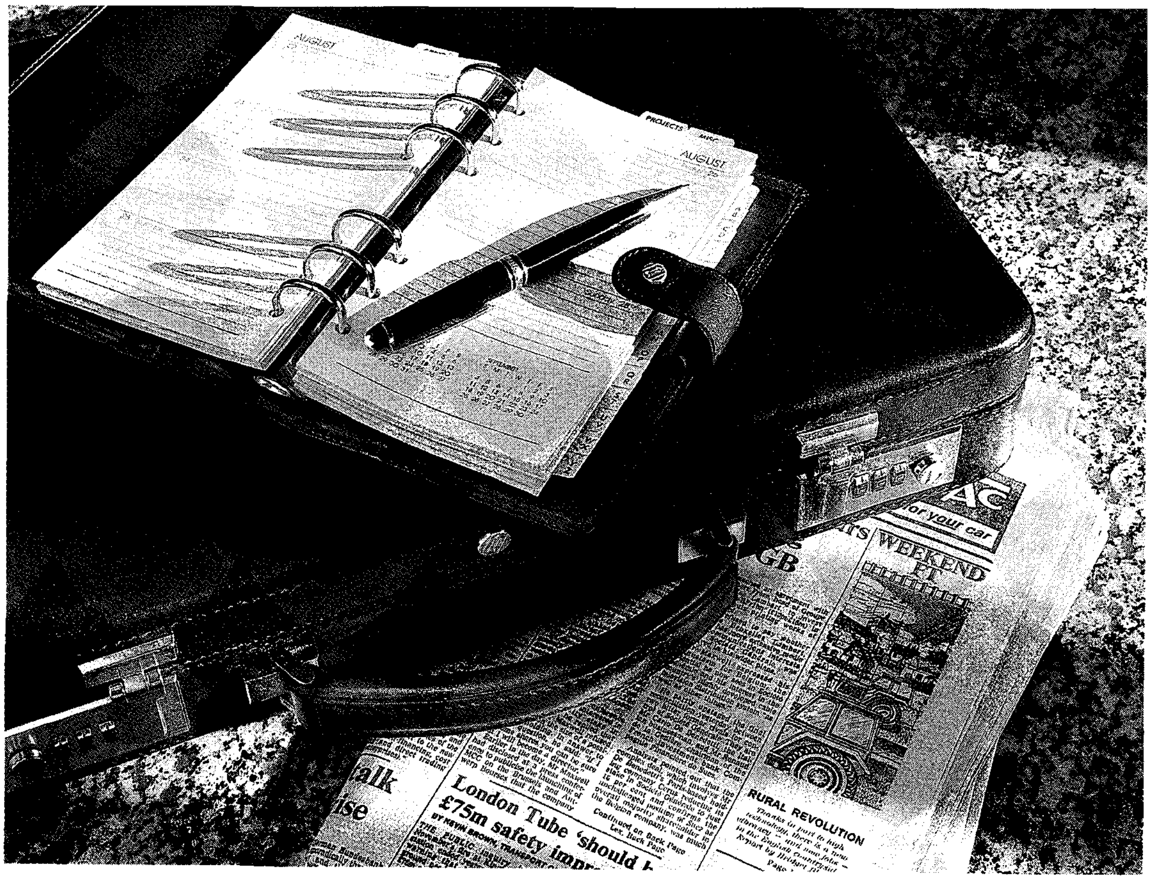
always fouling up—boozing and doping and smashing things. Whitaker gives a richly felt performance, but mostly it's an earnest, lifeless movie. (10/17/88) (Plaza; through Nov. 17.)

A Fish Called Wanda—This caper comedy promises to embody the best of two different styles of British humor: its director, the seventy-seven-year-old Charles Crichton, made "The Lavender Hill Mob," one of the greatest of the Ealing comedies, and its writer, executive producer, and star, the towering John Cleese, was a member of the Monty Python group and the creator of the hilarious television series "Fawlty Towers." Its main characters are a very proper London barrister (Cleese) and three jewel thieves: a crafty, sexy American woman named Wanda (Jamie Lee Curtis); another American, Otto (Kevin Kline), who's violently Anglophobic and dumb as dirt; and Ken (the ex-Pythonite Michael Palin), a deranged stutterer who's perfectly happy to bump off old ladies but becomes inconsolable at the death of a small dog or a tropical fish. The movie has a fair number of laughs, but Crichton's direction is too drab and poky for the material. Every time "Wanda" threatens to take off into the realm of insane, head-splitting farce, as "Fawlty Towers" so often did, something seems to drag it down—some impulse toward stability and restraint, at odds with the script's spirit of manic invention.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Warner; through Nov. 17.)

Gorillas in the Mist—Sigourney Weaver as the anthropologist Dian Fossey, in what seems meant to be a triumphant epic about an activist heroine who made a difference. (A title at the close tells us that Fossey saved the mountain gorillas from extinction.) Weaver's physical strength alone is inspiring here, and there's a new freedom in her acting. She's so vivid that you immediately feel Fossey's will and drive. But Michael Apted, who directed, has an indeterminate approach to some of the key incidents; he doesn't locate a dramatic core in Anna Hamilton Phelan's script. The movie is a feminist version of "King Kong"—now it's the gorillas who do the screaming. (10/17/88) (Art Greenwich Twin; through Nov. 17.)

The Last Temptation of Christ—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather ponderous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate. Peter Gabriel composed the music.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Ziegfeld; through Nov. 22.)

Madame Sousatzka—As a flamboyant, grande-dame piano teacher of Russian lineage, Shirley MacLaine seems to have entered the Simone Signoret sweepstakes, but she doesn't project Signoret's generosity—she doesn't spill over emotionally. This is—arguably—MacLaine's worst performance. She has flurries of physical mannerisms, but she's tight and held in; she's a wacky witch with frizzy red hair—she could be Norma Desmond's small-town spinster sister. Sousatzka lives in London (in an Edwardian house that is to be demolished) and devotes her energies and her hopes to the most prodigious of her students, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy raised in England—a role played with intelligence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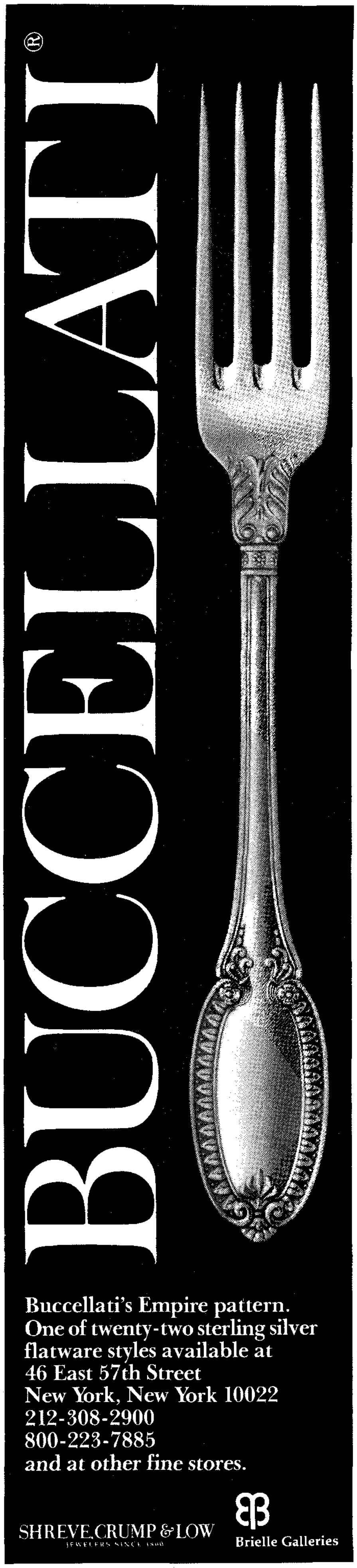

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

and poise by Navin Chowdhry. The blindingly derivative movie is about the boy's breaking free of her, though he knows he'll remain in her debt forever. Directed by John Schlesinger, this is a handsomely mounted production, and the musical community may regard it as a treasure—as the "Red Shoes" of the keyboard. With Peggy Ashcroft, Shabana Azmi, Geoffrey Bayldon, Leigh Lawson, and an appealingly understated performance by Twiggy. The script, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and Schlesinger, is based on the 1962 novel by Bernice Rubens. (10/31/88) (Baronet, Waverly, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

MARRIED TO THE MOB—Angela (Michelle Pfeiffer), the heroine of Jonathan Demme's crazy comedy, is married to an up-and-coming suburban gangster known as Frank the Cucumber (Alec Baldwin), and she doesn't feel good about her life; she's avid for ordinariness. When Frank is murdered by his boss, Tony the Tiger (Dean Stockwell), Angela gives away virtually the entire contents of her Long Island house and moves herself and her reluctant son into a cramped Lower East Side apartment, hoping that the mob will forget about her. Unfortunately, Tony the Tiger has the hots for her, the F.B.I. is tailing her, and Tony's insanely jealous wife, Connie (Mercedes Ruehl), is on the warpath. Pfeiffer's extraordinary performance is the movie's major pleasure; she makes both Angela's toughness and her goodness believable, funny, and touching. As usual, Demme is great at providing incidental pleasures, including a terrific score (with original music by David Byrne) and a superbly eccentric cast that also features Matthew Modine, Trey Wilson, Joan Cusack, Tracey Walter, and David Johansen (as a priest). The vibrant cinematography is by Tak Fujimoto.—T.R. (8/22/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

MATADOR—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Ángel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Ángel is training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

MYSTIC PIZZA—The romantic adventures of three young women who work in a pizza parlor in Mystic, Connecticut: Jojo (Lili Taylor) is small and lively; Daisy (Julia Roberts) is tall and sexy; Kat (Annabeth Gish) is serious-minded, bound for Yale. They laugh; they cry; they bond. The movie, directed by Donald Petrie from a script credited to Amy Jones, Perry Howze, Randy Howze, and Alfred Uhry, is deadeningly conventional. The heroines, along with several of the minor characters, belong to Mystic's Portuguese-American community, but the filmmakers don't show us anything that would distinguish this culture from any other: this is canned ethnicity, and its blandness is offensive. "Mystic Pizza" has an earnest, self-congratulatory little-movie tone, but it's as predictable as if it had been mass-produced—just another thin, reheated slice of life. Also with Vincent Phillip D'Onofrio, William R. Moses, Adam Storke, and Conchata Ferrell.—T.R. (Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 86th Street East; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 18.)

PUNCHLINE—Pop-psych moral uplift, about standup comics. The writer-director, David Seltzer, wants us to see Steven Gold, the compulsive young spritzer, played by Tom Hanks, as "troubled;" Seltzer points up Steven's hostility, his inability to relate to other people, his not understanding what love is. And everything that Seltzer points up is soggy and only partway believable. Sally Field plays Lilah, a New Jersey housewife and mother of three who hopes to become a comic; Lilah looks at the restless, driven Steven and sees the soft, suffering child within. (These two are Lenny Bruce and Erma Bombeck.) We're supposed to dislike Steven's brashness and desperation, and approve of Lilah because she has a wholesome, normal outlook. Seltzer's sitcom style of humor is just like Lilah's. The bedraggled plotting forces Hanks into maudlin situations, but he manages to get under some of his material and darken it. He's what keeps you watching. Good performances by John Goodman, Mark Rydell, and Kim Greist. (10/31/88) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and U. A. East; through Nov. 17.)

THE THIN BLUE LINE—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

THINGS CHANGE—A modernist version of a sentimental fable: David Mamet, who directed and was the co-writer (with Shel Silverstein), gives you the blueprint but not the feeling. The story is essentially a heart-warmer: Sicilian-born Gino (Don Ameche), a dignified old Chicago shoeshine man who gets mixed up with mobsters and is mistaken for a Mafia don, emerges unscathed because of his simple goodness—his humanity. The one most affected by it is the blundering mafioso Jerry (Joe Mantegna); there's nothing to look at except Gino and Jerry's mummified skits, which are directed at a deliberate and unvarying pace. Mamet piles on improbabilities in a matter-of-fact style; flatness of performance seems to be part of the point. This minimalist approach—it suggests a knowingness—takes the fun out of hokum. The result is like a Frank Capra–Damon Runyon comic fairy tale of the thirties in slow motion. With Robert Prosky, Mike Nussbaum, W. H. Macy, and Jonathan Katz. (11/14/88) (Sutton, Waverly, and Metro Cinema.)

U2: RATTLE AND HUM—A concert film starring the popular Irish band U2. The director, Phil Joanou, tries to hold the movie together with documentary footage showing the band "discovering America" in various ways: visiting Graceland; recording a song at the Sun Studio in Memphis; performing "I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For" with a gospel choir (New Voices of Freedom) in a Harlem church; listening to street musicians; rehearsing with B. B. King. But there's nothing, really, to document: this is just a band on tour, allowing themselves to be filmed in a handful of staged "candid" moments. (In an interview segment, the group's sweet-natured drummer, Larry Mullen, Jr., describes the film as "a musical journey," and everybody cracks up.) The movie is exhilarating anyway, because the music, which rarely stops for more than a couple of minutes at a time, is mostly wonderful: fierce, soaring rock and roll, played with overwhelming conviction. And most of the film is shot in an elegant, rough-textured black-and-white that serves the music beautifully. (When Joanou switches to color for a stadium concert, it looks all wrong: the lighting effects seem garish and pretentious.) The lead singer, Bono, struts and poses too much, and the other band members (guitarist The Edge, bass player Adam Clayton, and drummer Mullen) are physically inexpressive, yet the group's

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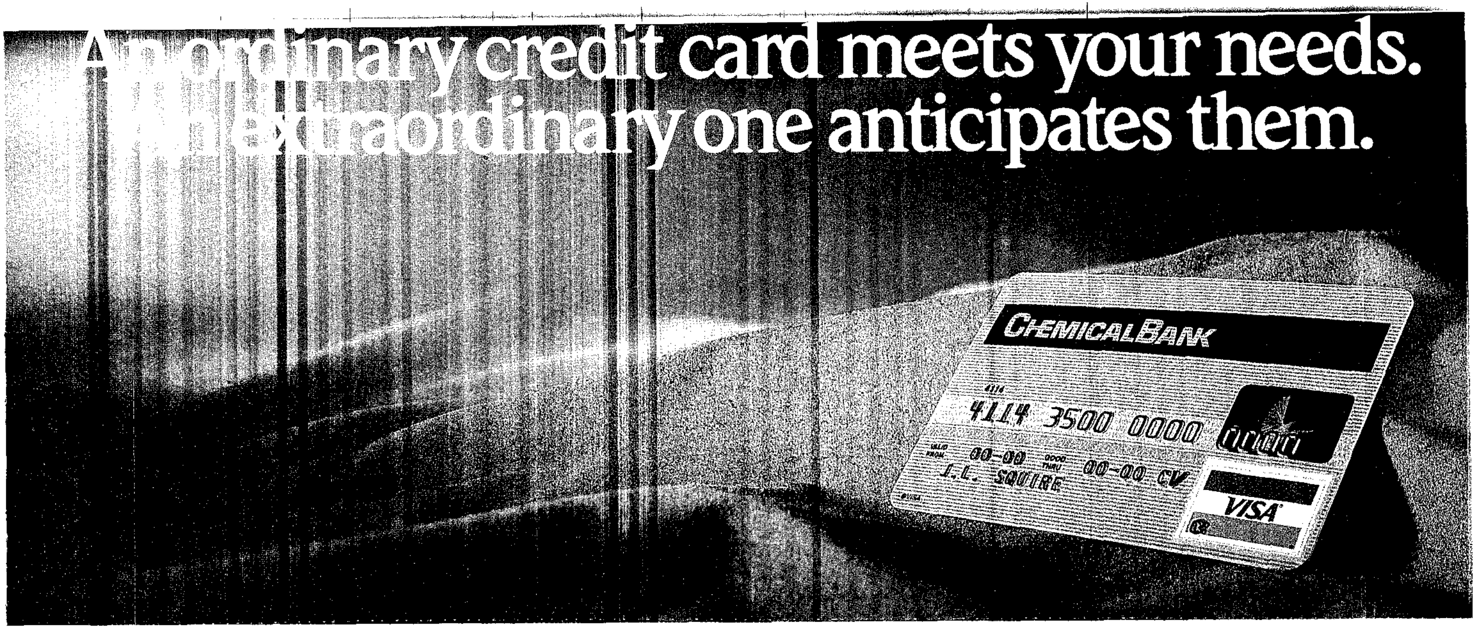

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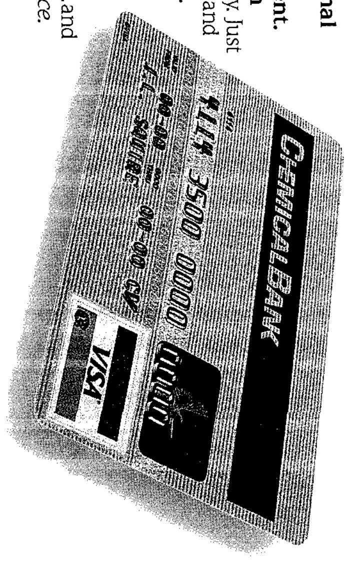

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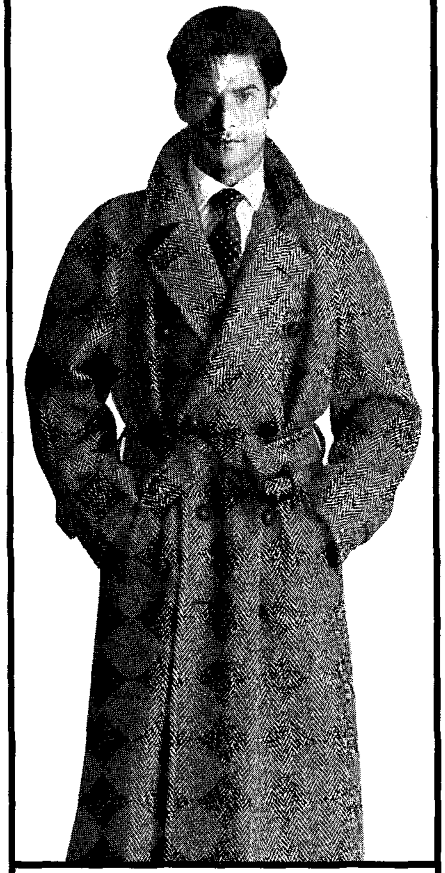

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

performances are riveting: U2's passion and energy are more than enough to keep us watching, and searching for America doesn't have a thing to do with it. The directors of photography are Robert Brinkmann (for the black-and-white) and Jordan Cronenweth (for the color).—T.R. (Gemini; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza; through Nov. 22.)

Who Framed Roger Rabbit—This manic comedy, in which animated cartoon characters interact with live actors, is an amazing feat of entertainment engineering—like a Disneyland ride or a World's Fair movie. The setting is Los Angeles in 1947, and the screenplay, by Jeffrey Price and Peter Seaman, takes off from the fairly witty conceit that the cartoon characters, called Toons here, are ordinary contract players in the already skewed universe of the Hollywood studio system. These strange creatures become involved in a conventional forties mystery plot, featuring a seedy, hard-drinking private eye (Bob Hoskins). The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his small army of animators and special-effects artists mean to pay homage to the Hollywood animation of the thirties and forties, but the movie doesn't have the right spirit. Technology and plot mechanics labor mightily to evoke an aura of freedom and uninhibited joy—yet there's hardly a spontaneous moment in the film. Also with Christopher Lloyd, Joanna Cassidy, and Stubby Kaye. The funniest Toon, Roger's sireny wife, Jessica, speaks with Kathleen Turner's (uncredited) voice and sings with Amy Irving's. The director of animation was Richard Williams.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Embassy; through Nov. 17.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This comedy (his seventh feature, since 1980) looks as if it had been made by a mad scientist playing with chemical rainbow colors—John Lithgow in his lab in "Buckaroo Banzai." It's all coincidences, and each new one adds to the crazy brio. What seem to be incidental jokes turn out to be essential parts of one big joke. This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her longtime live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

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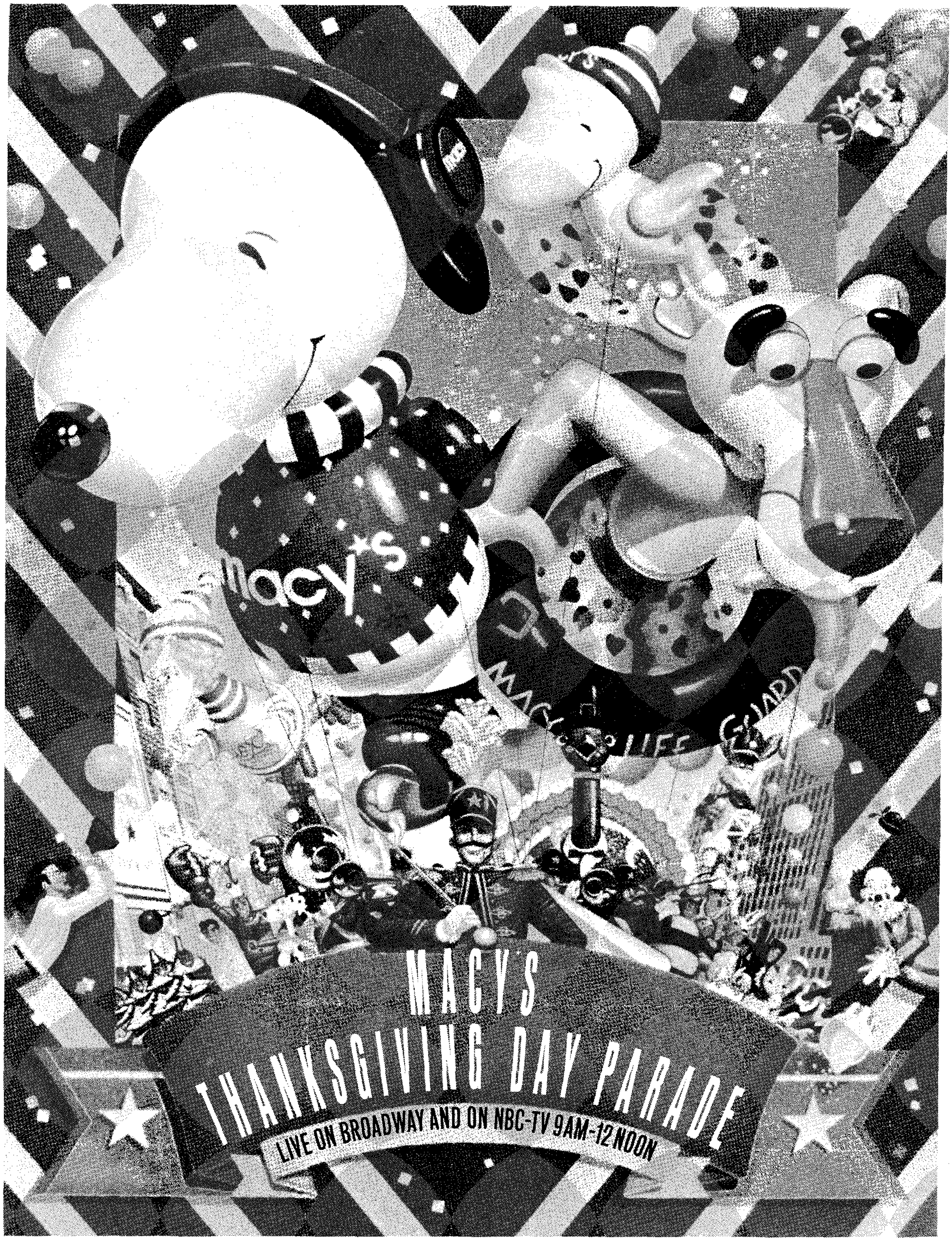
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

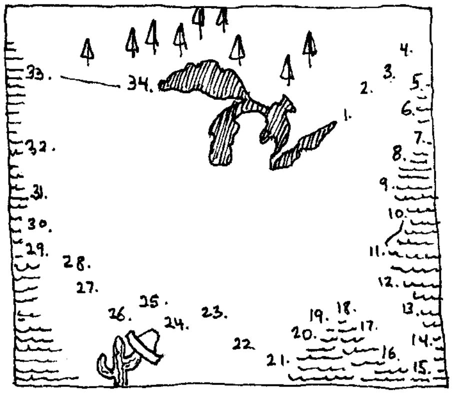
Notes and Comment

IN his victory statement last Tuesday night President-elect Bush spoke of the way in which elections "clear the way for harmony and peace," and vowed to earn the trust of those who had failed to vote for him. In his first post-election news conference he rejected a reporter's use of the word "ridicule" to describe his treatment of liberals, and, addressing liberals directly, urged them to "join us" if they had any "good ideas as to how to move this country forward," because "I need 'em." He praised one liberal in particular—his defeated opponent, Michael Dukakis—and observed that despite their differences, which had been "highlighted by the glare of the television lights," they shared "a common interest in building a better America."

We had been wondering what would become of the Pledge issue, the furlough issue, and the other central issues of the Bush campaign in the event of a Bush victory. Now we have our answer: they are going to vanish, in what the political scientist James David Barber, appearing on an Election Eve wrapup program on public TV, called "a great act of American amnesia"—and remain forgotten, presumably, until 1992. "The American people," Bush noted at his Wednesday-morning press conference, "are wonderful when it comes to understanding when a campaign ends and the work of business begins."

Another question about the Bush Presidency is how, exactly, it will deliver on the promise of a "kinder, gentler nation." Normally, one looks to a candidate's substantive proposals for guidance in such matters, but Bush during his campaign made scarcely any substantive proposals. On the rare occasions when he allowed himself to get specific, the subject was usually some particular Democratic program he was against, such as federally sponsored day care, subsidized housing for the poor, or national health insurance. In the manner of Richard Nixon, with his "secret plan" for ending the war in Vietnam, Bush campaigned with a secret plan for increasing the levels of kindness and gentleness in American life. Perhaps surprise is a key element of that plan. "When I said I wanted a kinder, gentler nation, I meant it—and I mean it," Bush said in his victory statement. But he made no effort then or on the following morning to explain how, apart from using "the bully pulpit of the White House," he hoped to achieve his goal.

We scoured the post-election coverage, we listened to pundits of every ideological stripe, and we still found it difficult to guess at the outlines of the Bush plan. And yet, as we sat in front of our TV set, we realized that something *had* changed. No longer did the programming include, at regular intervals, footage of violent criminals going through revolving doors, recitations of the horrors that might be visited on peace-loving Americans if a "card-carrying member of the A.C.L.U." became President, or bursts of talk about Boston Harbor and "Taxachusetts." George Bush was not even President yet, and the United States was already a kinder and gentler place, because the Bush campaign was over.



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A FRIEND writes:

Like a lot of people, I grew up with a powerful admiration for Presidents, all of them, and I never heard a harsh word spoken of one until, in high school, we studied the Teapot Dome scandal, in the Harding Administration. Even then, I wanted to hold Harding innocent, a victim of his loyalty to old pals who betrayed him. To a little Protestant kid like me, the President was the Pope, and to acknowledge a bad one seemed to throw a shadow on faith itself and undermine Mt. Rushmore.

I was born late in Roosevelt, whom my mother looked back on fondly, a good man who cared about people, and grew up during Truman, a wiry man in a bow tie who had a startling resemblance to my Uncle Bill Anderson. Uncle Bill was a hero of mine. He had hiked around the West as a young man and often swum across rivers stripped naked, his clothes wrapped in a bundle and fastened on his head with his belt looped under his chin. He shot pool, a daring thing in our Baptist family, and knew all the counties of Wisconsin by heart. Truman was a miniature Uncle Bill in distant Washington. Eisenhower presided over the rest of my childhood, a larger figure, thanks to television. Our sixth-grade teacher brought a big TV set to class

(January 20, 1953) so we could watch the Inauguration. Ike looked like Uncle Merrill, who travelled the Midwest aboard the North Coast Limited and the Hiawatha and other crack trains, extending the domain of Northrup King seed corn. Ike's benign rule saw me through puberty and high school, and I started college the fall Kennedy was elected. I decided I was a Democrat, and admired him feverishly, and—except for an afternoon during the Cuban-missile blockade when I was afraid the world was about to end—I was as patriotic as a person could possibly be, right up to November 22, 1963, that cold cave of a day, when poor Lyndon Johnson was ushered in, and then my admiration of Presidents abruptly ended, never to resume.

Johnson was the first President I voted for and the first who threatened my life, the first I devoutly hoped would be toppled from power. I was married during Johnson. My son was born at the beginning of Nixon, who resigned in 1974, missing my thirty-second birthday by a day, and ending the epic of Watergate, since which newspaper reading hasn't been a quarter as much fun. I was divorced in Ford, our Bicentennial President, who otherwise didn't register on me, and Carter only proved that I didn't know beans about politics. I thought he was a decent, hardworking, God-fearing President, and I never did come to understand how Republicans could get elected simply by saying his name out loud, the way Democrats ran against Herbert Hoover all those years. Everybody except me seemed to get this joke, and everybody except me seemed to appreciate Reagan and think him amiable and charming. I had to respect the old masseur as he plied his craft, but his charm eluded me completely, and now here is George Bush. I must admit I miss John F. Kennedy, all that sweet fervor and purposefulness and idealism of November, 1960: that was partly Kennedy, partly the times, and partly the fact that I was eighteen years old. You can never regain the President of your youth. You get older and Presidents get younger, and then, one day, instead of the giants who used to bestride the Republic there's a President who's just a mortal human being, perspiring, overeager, a little cynical, no smarter than a few million other people. You can find six things wrong with him and only three right, which is just about how I feel about myself. I hope three are enough.

• •

Election '88

ON the corner of Forty-third and Vanderbilt, right outside Grand Central, a long line of ragged men starts to form every evening around seven-thirty in anticipation of a truck full of sandwiches which will arrive at around nine. On Election Night, talk in the line naturally turned to politics. As the men tipped from one foot to the other, shaking off the November wind, the atmosphere was one of gallows humor. The favorite election joke among the homeless goes: "If Bush and Dukakis were on a boat and the boat sank, who would be saved?" Answer: "The country."

Until recently, the Board of Elections would not allow people to register without a fixed address, but in response to a 1984 lawsuit filed by the Coalition for the Homeless a federal judge ruled that one could list Grand Central, or even a favorite park bench, as one's home and vote in the appropriate district. This fall, volunteers, taking advantage of the ruling, signed up about a hundred and fifty people in the line. "A lot of these guys may look dirty and bummy, but they're intelligent people," one homeless man said to us. "Ask them. It will surprise you."

The men in the line were surprising in a number of ways. They don't fit the stereotypes of the homeless: they're neither former mental patients muttering to themselves nor grizzled winos from the Bowery. Most are young, male, able-bodied, and black: people who lost their grip on the bottom rung of the economic ladder, often through some series of misfortunes or mistakes—the loss of a job or an apartment, the breakup of a marriage, a drinking or a drug problem. Although many had decided to register and vote, their attitude toward politics remained one of extreme skepticism. "Actually, I don't really think it matters much who wins," said Eddie Willis, a tall, athletic-looking black man in a blue windbreaker. "They all promise you this and promise you that, but once they get in the White House they all do what they want. It's proved year after year. Something just doesn't seem right. I don't believe the President runs the country anyway."

DUBLIN
PIPES
&
TOBACCO
LONDON
OPEN
Stuart Leeds

Next to him in line, Greg Moore, a white man with long brown hair and a lilting Southern accent, chimed in, saying, "The fact that we have an actor for a President suggests to me that the real power in the country is not in the White House—that the Presidency is a drama for public consumption, and that the machinery of power has more to do with organizations and corporations than it does with individuals. I voted for Dukakis, not because I think it will make a difference but because it makes a difference to me psychologically to feel I'm participating."

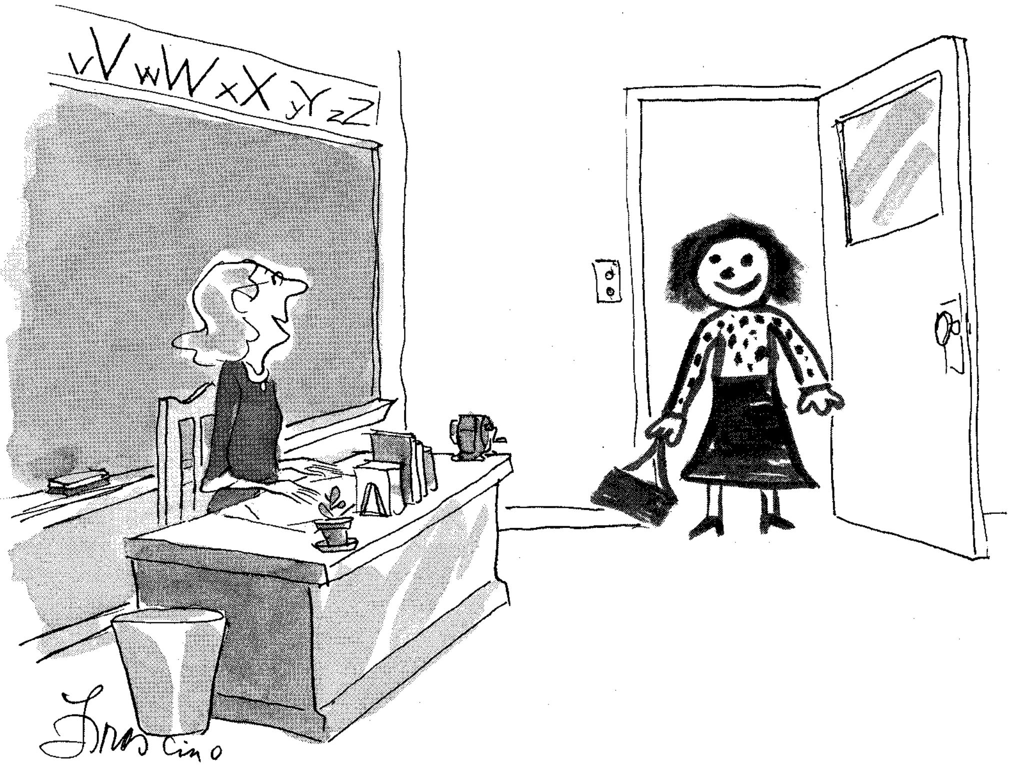
For most of the men, the choice was between Dukakis and not voting at all. No one we spoke with supported the Republicans. "Bush is Vice-President already, so I don't believe he'll do much to change the conditions," said a man who calls himself Jay Universal.

The men at Forty-third and Vanderbilt nevertheless had plenty of suggestions for the next President. "Number One, you have to have a federal housing program for the homeless," said Lenny Washington, a former postal worker. "And then there's gotta be some type of decent minimum wage. Seventy per cent of the people out here are doing some type of work—being a messenger, or whatever. The going rate for a room is eighty dollars a week; at minimum wage, you bring home a hundred and eight dollars a week, so how are you going to live? Number Three, you have to have support systems for these people out here who are on drugs, things like that."

By nine o'clock, the sandwich line numbered two hundred and fifty. With the returns already favoring Bush, some of the men felt that the race had to have been fixed, since no one they knew had voted for the winner. But most were philosophical about the results. Wayne Bradley, a middle-aged black man wearing a ski cap, said he believed that poor white people and working white people vote their race, and not their pocketbook. “They’re in the same bag with us, but because their skin is white they don’t want to identify with us.”

Elmer Ricks, a young black man who moved here from North Carolina a year ago, said that people at home might have voted differently if they’d been in his shoes. “This past year has been a hell of an experience,” he went on. “Most people down South, if they’d seen what I’ve seen, their eyes would get this big.” With his fingers he made a circle the size of a silver dollar.

Many in the line preferred not to dwell on the election, however. Steve Riley, a young black man with a blue beret and a goatee, was signing up people for membership in the United Homeless Organization. “Since the election was today, it’s already passé,” he said. “We’re trying to organize homeless people to help homeless people. Even the sociologists will tell you that the greatest authorities on homelessness are the people living on the streets of New York. We’re trying to raise some funds so we can buy a building and fix it up. Our objective is to get away from institutionalized homelessness. It’s become a business. Most of these people here, their breakfast is on one side of town, their lunch is on the other side of town, the shower is somewhere else, so their whole day is spent just chasing food. You’re so tired by the end of the day you couldn’t look for a job if you wanted one.”



“Mrs. Hammond! I’d know you anywhere from little Billy’s portrait of you.”

By nine-twenty, the sandwiches were gone, the new members of the United Homeless Organization had scattered for the night, and the television networks had declared George Bush the winner.

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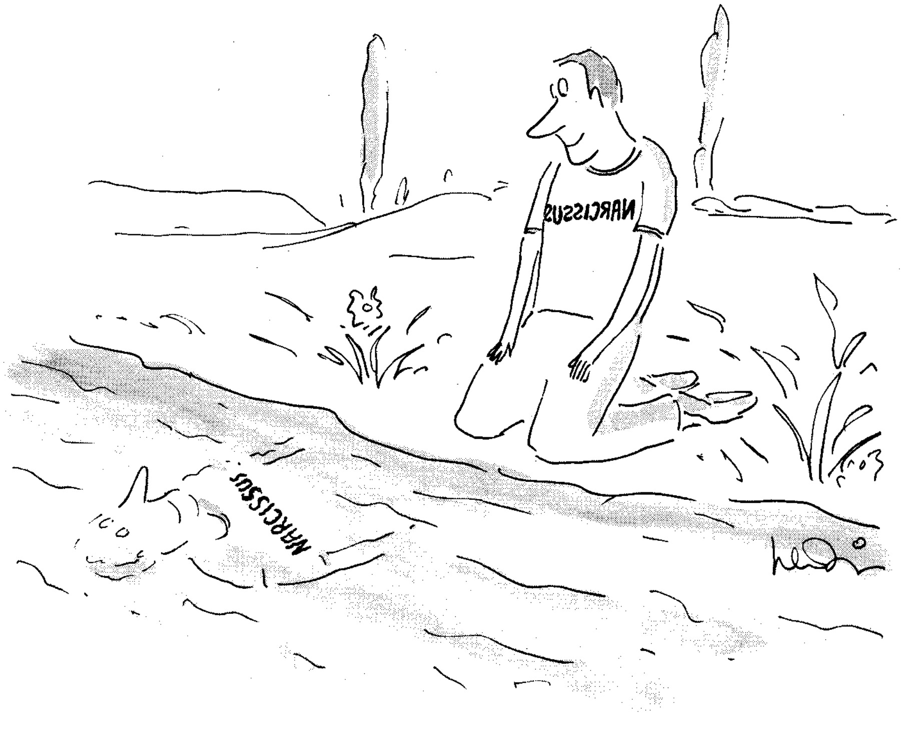
A FRIEND in Paris has sent us this: There was a straw vote for two weeks in Harry’s Bar, and afterward everybody knew for sure that Bush had won—the vote in the bar was Bush, six to five, just like the vote at home—and had to decide what to do on Tuesday. Some of my neighbors read in *Libération* about a party given by the *International Herald Tribune*, and thought it would be nice to drive over and watch the American reporters drinking breakfast. (American reporters are much romanticized in France, and election coverage on the local channels always includes a lot of clips of Hepburn and Tracy in the newsroom.) But then they saw that the guests would include Valéry Giscard d’Estaing and various “*patrons de grandes entreprises*,” and since that was nobody’s idea of a thrilling shirt-sleeves scene they settled down at parties close to home. It seemed to be obligatory in Paris on Election Night to give a party or to go to someone else’s party—though most Parisians pronounced the election boring and claimed to have a hard time (no matter what you said) telling the candidates apart. That is, except for Quayle. This fall, Quayle became a Paris catchword. The name, or the Senator’s face on the nightly news, sent ordinarily solemn and austere Frenchmen into hoots of laughter.

The party I went to was thrown by a writer and his wife whose apartment stands eye to eye with the Tour Eiffel, and is thus known for getting ten European channels, and also CNN, from America. Friends came for the television and stayed for the scene, which was cosmopolitan, the wine being French, the host and hostess Italian, and the guests a little bit of everything. When I got there, about twenty people were sitting around bowls of fresh pink shrimp and bottles of Chablis, talking to each other in various combinations of French, German, English, and Italian, and every now and then acknowledging the countdown banter on CNN, which was delivered by a man and woman of such extraordinary blandness that they appeared—at least, from this side of the ocean—to be either cardboard cutouts or pop versions of those flat metal people who used to serve as fireplace screens in the eighteenth century. Occasionally, someone switched to the French channel Antenne 2, which was broadcasting from New York: five minutes of conversation with friendly local intellectuals, followed by five minutes of music from black jazz pianists playing for the intellectuals, followed by five minutes of Americana consisting mainly of footage of people buying drugs or selling drugs or shooting up drugs. The theme of the evening was *l'Amérique, sa musique, sa violence, sa pauvreté, sa gaieté, ses contradictions.* It was hard for Christine Ockrent, the Antenne 2 anchor, to get anybody to talk about the candidates. One woman tried to say something about black poverty in America, but she was quite fat and wore a bright-red dress, and made the Frenchmen on the set uncomfortable by being too big, too bright, too conspicuous, and altogether too distressed by reality for the occasion.

Actually, it seemed to me that nearly everyone watching or covering the election here last night had agreed to say as little as possible about it. It was midnight in Paris when the first polls closed, and we heard that Dixville Notch, New Hampshire, had reported in—maybe that made too long an evening to spend thinking about George Bush as the new American President. One woman at the party announced that she took it on faith that no one there was actually *for* Bush—that it went without saying that twenty interesting people sitting in an interesting room in the Seventh Arrondissement, drinking an interesting Chablis by the golden nighttime light of the Tour Eiffel, would be people of like mind and political sensibility—and then she returned to her conversation (in Spanish and German) with the young Austrian novelist who had just seen the "Seicento" show at the Grand Palais. Things have changed in Paris as far as America and its Presidents go. Eight years ago, even four years ago, you would never have encountered Europeans as unconcerned with—or, at any rate, as unimpressed by—American Presidential politics as they are now. Today, they find those politics well staged and well rehearsed but not, by any standard, inventive or successful. They suspect that the real power that regulates the real problems in America exists somewhere else, with an entirely different cast of characters.

Everyone at the party had a good time on Election Night, but the conversation was mainly about Goldoni, children, food, how to afford a house in the Maremma, and last year's "Siegfried" at the Munich Opera. One man—an old and well-known painter—mentioned how frightened the Americans on the television seemed, and how fragile, and how no one seemed to be addressing that fear or that fragility. He said that maybe there was no "commentary" in America anymore, and maybe Europeans were going to have to provide the commentary for America, the way Jews had provided the commentary for Europe before the Sephardic diaspora. It seemed then that it was time to go—and most people did go. They got up and into their coats as fast and as dutifully as if the hostess had just brought out a pitcher of grapefruit juice. (Grapefruit juice is the signal to leave a proper Paris dinner party.) People smiled and kissed and waited for the little cage elevator that took them down, two by two, and the only ones who stayed on were the Americans. At five past twelve, the hostess started to clear the dining-room table, and the host, flipping the selector switch, wanted to know what was wrong with the American election computers. He said that by five past twelve a French computer would have projected the whole election. He thought that maybe all the American computers had caught the computer virus. Americans were falling behind, he said. In computers. In politics.



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At noon on Election Day, Charles Barron, a slim, soft-spoken man, who is the project supervisor of the Ocean Hill–Brownsville Voter Participation Project, was driving around in a loudspeaker-equipped van, accompanied by a preacher named Carlos Jesse. Mr. Barron's goal was to get the people of the Ocean Hill and Brownsville sections of Brooklyn to vote, and his attitude was positive. "The numbers here are just horrible," Mr. Barron was saying as the voter-motivation van crawled down Pitkin Avenue. "*Horrible.* The turnout is usually below forty per cent, and many seats in the area go uncontested. We're changing that. We touched people four times before the election with mailings, phone calls, flyers under their doors. We developed an empowerment concept. We did a heavy voter-registration thing. We used a light bulb as our symbol. People in the neighborhood started calling us 'the light-bulb people.' They'd say, 'Oh, *you're* the one who put that under my door!' We'd say, 'Yeah. Now get out there and vote.' So, Carlos, would you say we changed some minds?"

Mr. Jesse, who is trim and boyish, and was dressed in black leather pants and a purple-black-and-white sweater, heads a congregation of the House of the Lord Pentecostal Church in Crown Heights, and he is an organizing specialist for the Ocean Hill–Brownsville Voter Participation Project. He was sitting in the back of the van, adjusting the amplifier and making low, rev-the-engine sounds to limber up his vocal cords. "Oh, we definitely have got through," Mr. Jesse said. "We're talking *to* people, not *at* them. We've been at it since eight this morning. I tailor what I say to what I see. If I see a day-care center, I might say, 'Those children can't vote, but you can.' Then I say, 'You've got some juice, put it to use. You've got the power'—that sort of thing."

"Carlos is really amazing," Mr. Barron said, and he whistled softly. "You should hear him when he preaches. A lot of campaigns drive around with a P.A. on Election Day, but they use a tape. You can't even hear the tape—it's just noise to someone on the street. Carlos can really communicate."

"I like to say my preaching style is realistic," Mr. Jesse said. "I like meeting people where they are. I try to meet people at their needs. It's not just 'Get saved, go to Heaven.' It's social and political. It's holistic."

"See, I knew what I was doing when I hired a preacher, didn't I?" Mr. Barron said. "Now, come on, Carlos, cut it loose."

"Here goes," Mr. Jesse said, lifting the microphone. He glanced out the side window and spotted a group of men standing in front of Soul Shack's Disco Land. "Good afternoon, Brownsville!" he boomed. "This is a message brought to you by the Ocean Hill–Brownsville Action Coalition. Today is Election Day. Some people say it's not important to vote, and yet the person you elect will make life-and-death decisions about the future of our country." A bright-blue Police Emergency Services truck raced down the street, and he paused until the truck was out of earshot, then said, with gusto, "We urge you to vote for the candidate of your choice. Turn on your power! You've got some juice! Put it to use!"

"We appreciate your making the effort to attend this breakfast meeting, Mr. Kadlow."

The men gazed at the van in surprise. One of them first mouthed something unflattering, and then began to wave and smile.

"Look at those little kids," Mr. Barron said, pointing to three boys playing catch in front of a brownstone. "Young people!" Mr. Jesse said into the microphone. The louvered window shades in the van rattled in time with his speech. "Young people, don't forget! Remind your parents that today is Election Day. Get out and vote. You've got some juice! Put it to use!"

Now he stretched out on the back seat of the van, holding the microphone close to his mouth, in the manner of a lounge singer. As the van rolled through the neighborhood, he addressed everyone he saw on the street, relying on volume, vigor, mellifluousness of tone, and personal detail to get his exhortatory appeals across.

To four elderly men standing in a circle next to a subway entrance: "Brothers, I remember registering you all. I do. I *do*. I hope you already voted this morning. Use your juice. Remember, a vote is a terrible thing to waste."

To a crowd of people in front of a supermarket: "Neighbors, please, while you're doing your shopping, put voting on your list."

To the brick wall behind a housing project: "Hello, Atlantic Towers! This is a message from the Ocean Hill–Brownsville Action Coalition just for you. This is Election Day. You've got some juice. Put it to *use!*"

Mr. Barron, who had been riffling through a box of get-out-and-vote leaflets, looked up and said, "They're probably thinking, Oh, boy, what are they pushing *now*? What *I'm* thinking is I want to register ten thousand people in the next two years, so we've got our work cut out for us." He looked back at the leaflets and said he must be sure to distribute a few thousand in the subway stations on his way home.

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NOTES from a reporter we know:

Gunfire on Election Eve—neighbor in next building, unlicensed .38 revolver in hand, telling purse-snatchers not to come back around. No injuries. Cops show up, perpetrators long gone, cops leave. Go to bed wondering whether perps support/oppose gun control.

Election Day: Alarm clock goes off at regular hour. Lie there awhile, in in-between zone, palpating ideas for election-coverage hook, despairing

THE SPENCER BROTHERS:
HEAVY WOOD OR LIGHT METAL?
R. Chast

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that it's all been tried. Get up anyway, for shower/shave/self-respect/breath of gunsmoke-tinged autumn air. Drop off oldest kid at playmate's house near school. Straw poll last week turned up entire classroomful of pro-Dukakis second graders. Sample perhaps unreliable—public school in Greenwich Village, beatnik atmosphere, insufficient stress on "family values." Go to voting place—line way too long, decide to have breakfast first. Breakfast at Greek coffee shop, seat at counter—possible hook there. No talk about election, however. Conversation instead about what to tell wife after extra-late night out. "I tell her the elevator got stuck. I hadda wait an hour."

Go back to polling place. Line much shorter, exercise franchise. Linger outside, hoping to be debriefed by exit pollster from major news organization. Shunned by pollsters, head uptown to work.

Usual day at office—read papers, late-morning nap, not much accomplished, panic toward dusk. Make last-ditch call to pal at NBC News, wangle invitation to hang out there.

6:30 P.M.—Sheldon Gawiser, NBC polling consultant, gives first briefing to seventy-five or so members of media gathered in improvised pressroom on mezzanine of RCA Building. Having been ignored by Sheldon Gawiser's minions at polling place earlier in day, decide to boycott this briefing.

6:38—Mary Lou O'Callaghan, NBC press-relations representative, says, "ABC and CBS have already given some numbers. They're talking clearly about trend. We won't give out any numbers until polls have closed. I can't say this officially, but right now it looks like Bush by a very narrow margin, much narrower than we thought."

6:45—ABC has Bush ahead in electoral votes, 21–zip.

6:48—Mary Lou O'Callaghan announces, "At seven o'clock, we're going to be making a number of projections, and as soon as we do that then we'll be able to give you exit-poll information from a number of states."

7—NBC gives Kentucky, Florida, New Hampshire, Virginia, Indiana, Georgia, and South Carolina—seventy-eight electoral votes—to Bush. Simultaneously, CBS concurs.

7:29—ABC projects Bush winner in Ohio. Sheldon Gawiser says, "The polls haven't *closed* in Ohio."

8:35—Sheldon Gawiser says, "Bush has won among men. Dukakis has won among women. And there is a significant difference between the two."

8:45—Lloyd Bentsen says it's going to be a long night.

8:55—CBS has Bush on top, 241–16.

9:06—CBS (erroneously) gives Illinois to Dukakis.

9:17—CBS gives the whole thing to Bush.

9:20—ABC says it's Bush.

9:30—Go up to Control Room B, on third floor of RCA Building. Thirty people crammed in there, with forty telephones, sixty monitors. I hear:

"Music, go, five, four, three, two, one."

"Nice shot, George."

"After this we'll do Brokaw, we'll do the electoral vote, we'll do the popular vote, then we'll do the Chung bay."

"Jesse ready, 3-K?"

"No."

"Peoria ready?"

"No, Peoria's not ready. They've got to switch from Burbank."

"Time for the map, please."

"Pick up two."

"Is that Peoria?"

"No—one is Peoria. Three is Jackson."

"Jackson's sitting down."

"I need to know as soon as Jesse can hear."

"Take three. Kill the Chyron."

"*Animate! Animate!*"

"Stay on it. Stay on it."

"What happened there, Fred?"

"He didn't get cued, that's what."

"Wallace is ready?"

"Wallace is ready."

"What's next?"

"Next we're going to Chris Wallace."

"Chris Wallace. If we're lucky, we'll see Dukakis arriving."

"Is Dukakis gonna concede before we call it?"

"Out one. Out two will be next."

"Overcut. *Overcut!* Now take it out!"

"Ready—out two, insert. In! And *change* it."

"Five, four, three, two, one. Roll."

"Music, please!"

10:29—NBC gives it to Bush.

Fat lady has sung. Decide to get out of there. Take cab home. Don't solicit driver's opinion but receive it anyway—one of those cabdrivers. Tip him generously all the same. Go upstairs. Apartment feels stuffy. Open windows, cock ear for sound of fresh gunfire. Wonder what to do next for excitement.

SO MUCH MORE

A PROPOSAL FOR MARRIAGE ... THE VOYAGE STARTS HERE!

Dear **GIRLFRIEND** ...

I'd like to invite you on a very special voyage--one like you've never experienced. A voyage of love, adventure, and romance ...

A VOYAGE THAT COULD CHANGE YOUR WHOLE LIFE!

I'll skip the hype, **GIRLFRIEND**, and come right to the point. I'd like you to join me, Ralph W. Balding, on an exploration of Marriage ... the institution so relevant to today's life styles.

Marriage isn't for everyone, **GIRLFRIEND**. It's for the special person who wants to find rewards of love and happiness. And if you give me the chance to make Marriage a part of your life ... I'll give you my personal guarantee that you won't regret it!

Just think of all you get with Marriage! A gorgeous dream wedding ... A romantic dream honeymoon ... And a dreamy pregnancy, childbirth, and motherhood ...

AND, OF COURSE, SO MUCH MORE!

Best of all, **GIRLFRIEND**, it's so easy to say "I do" to Marriage! Just return the enclosed card ... and I'll send you a ring personally bought by me, Ralph W. Balding. It's just the first step ... on a voyage to Marriage!

Love,
RALPH W. BALDING
Suitor

P.S.: S.W.A.K.--I've made sure to "seal" this letter with a kiss. I can't live without you ... and I'm willing to bet you can't live without Marriage!

A SPECIAL MESSAGE FOR RALPH W. BALDING

Dear **RALPH W. BALDING** ...

You can throw this letter away now and give up the limitless potential for a lifetime rich in romance, personal-growth possibilities, and dual-income benefits ...

... or you can read on, **RALPH W. BALDING**, to learn that I've already said yes!

YES TO MARRIAGE!

Our rating agency found your qualifications in the financial, personality, and commitment departments too good to be overlooked! Yes, too good! That's why you've been

PRE-APPROVED!

What does it mean? It means you're entitled to a lifetime of personal reward and satisfaction in a loving, learning relationship. But not only that, RALPH W. BALDING! I'm willing to throw in with no additional obligation:

- A gilt-edged heart valued at $55,000 per year;*
- Use of a 1984 Ford Tempo w/options;
- A Hoboken co-op valued at $95,000;
- And, of course, so much more!

Best of all, you don't have to wait until Marriage for these benefits! They're yours right now ... during the **Trial Engagement** period!

So check the box marked "YES!" and return to me the detachable card as a token of your commitment to a June wedding in Secaucus. It's just that simple ... and remember, I'm willing to say "I DO!"

Love,
LISA DECHERCHO
Fiancée

*Pre-tax.

AT LAST ... AN INVITATION WITHOUT OBLIGATION

Dear **SIR** or **MADAM** ...

Sure, you say. I've gotten lots of wedding invitations. There's nothing different about this one.

WELL, THERE IS SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS ONE! HERE'S WHY--

We're not just inviting you to a wedding like no other ... a wedding that will touch the full range of human emotions--from the tears of joy to the weak smiles of faint recognition. Yes, we're not just making this wedding special ... we're making it attractive, too! Because

WE'RE WILLING TO WAIVE YOUR GIFT OBLIGATION!

That's right ... we're so excited that you're attending the wedding of our children **Ralph W.** and **Lisa** that you don't even need to provide a gift!!! The mere honor of your presence is enough!

Just think ... no toasters ... no place settings ... no ceramic sculptures or wall hangings ... nothing but a beautiful marriage ceremony at **St. Aloysius Church** in Secaucus--with reception to follow!

We're holding a pew for you! Just return the detachable card to R.S.V.P.! And--leave your gift at home!

Warmly,
JOHN AND DENISE BALDING
VIN AND MARCIE DECHERCHO

P.S.: But if you do bring a gift, we'll refund it in the event of a divorce! Now will you join us?

IT'S AN HONOR TO BE PREFERRED ... BUT YOU DESERVE IT!

Dear PERSONAL FRIEND ...

As a friend, you have already received an invitation to **Ralph** and **Lisa's** splendid wedding. Now as Best Man and Maid of Honor we want to offer you something more:

THE PREFERRED PERSONAL FRIENDSHIP® CARD

Because you're more than just a trusted associate, more than just a long-time acquaintance, and more than just a **Good Friend**, we've already opened your new **Preferred Personal Friendship**® account so you can start taking advantage of these Preferred privileges:

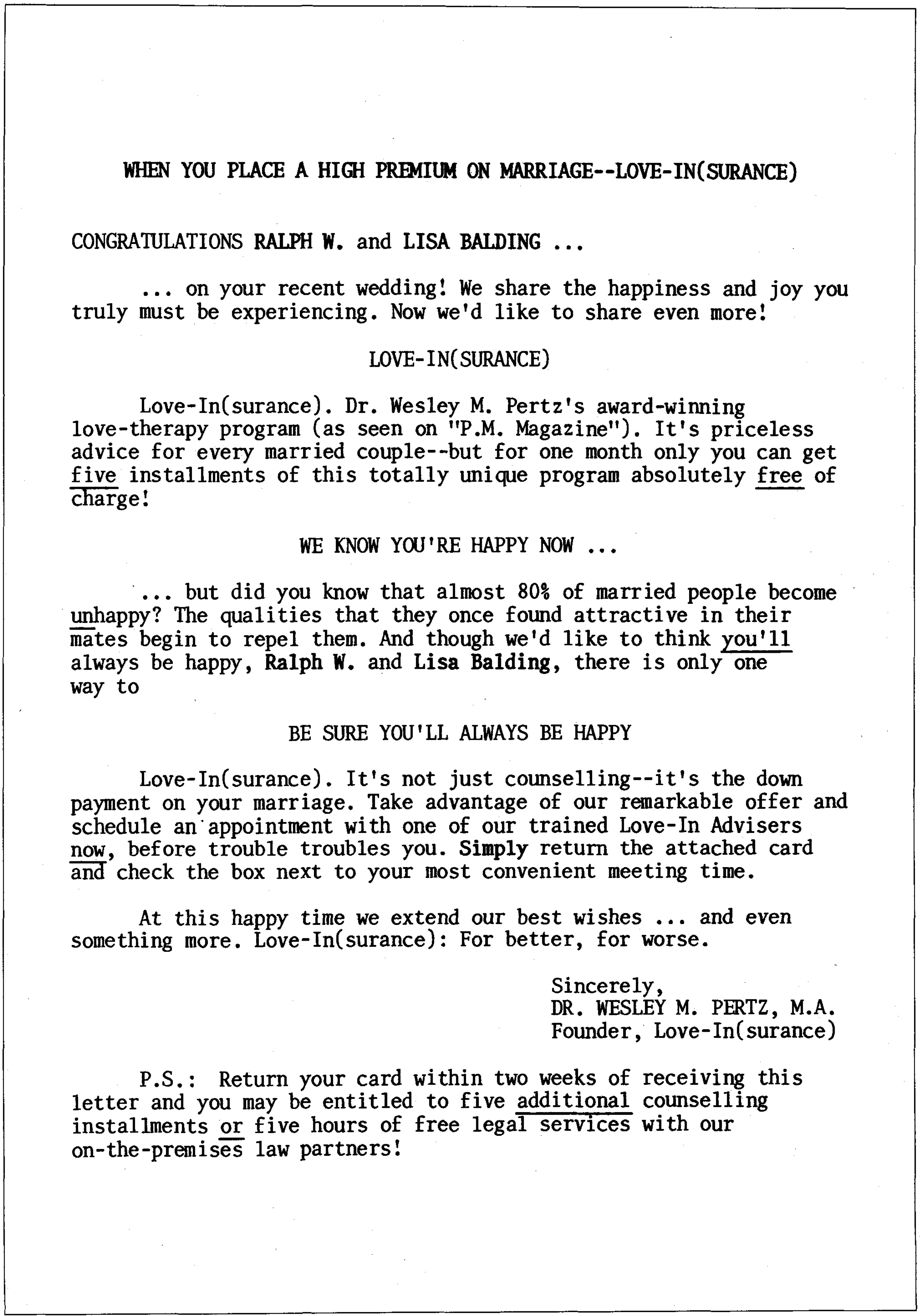
- An invitation to **Lisa's** Shower or **Ralph's** Bachelor Party;
- A chance to "go in on" a time-share agreement on a resort condominium in the Poconos;
- Extended privileges for your spouse or Special Friend;
- And so much more!

Not only that, but you can start using your card right away ... free of cost! When you return the detachable R.S.V.P. to **Ralph's** Bachelor Party or **Lisa's** Shower, simply write in your card number at the bottom and we'll assign you to one of the special **Preferred Pews** at St. Aloysius ... free as a gift to you. But act now--there may not be enough **Preferred Pew** seating for every cardholder!

We'll see you at the wedding ... and don't forget your **Preferred Personal Friendship**® card ... it's the only "wedding card" you'll need to bring!

Sincerely,
YVETTE DECHERCHO
GILBERT "GIL" BALDING

P.S.: Affix the yellow peel-off sticker to the box marked **Friendship** to qualify for the special Godparent Drawing--a chance for you to be a godparent or namesake to **Ralph** and **Lisa's** firstborn!



WHEN YOU PLACE A HIGH PREMIUM ON MARRIAGE--LOVE-IN(SURANCE)

CONGRATULATIONS **RALPH W.** and **LISA BALDING** ...

... on your recent wedding! We share the happiness and joy you truly must be experiencing. Now we'd like to share even more!

LOVE-IN(SURANCE)

Love-In(surance). Dr. Wesley M. Pertz's award-winning love-therapy program (as seen on "P.M. Magazine"). It's priceless advice for every married couple--but for one month only you can get five installments of this totally unique program absolutely free of charge!

WE KNOW YOU'RE HAPPY NOW ...

... but did you know that almost 80% of married people become unhappy? The qualities that they once found attractive in their mates begin to repel them. And though we'd like to think you'll always be happy, **Ralph W.** and **Lisa Balding**, there is only one way to

BE SURE YOU'LL ALWAYS BE HAPPY

Love-In(surance). It's not just counselling--it's the down payment on your marriage. Take advantage of our remarkable offer and schedule an appointment with one of our trained Love-In Advisers now, before trouble troubles you. **Simply** return the attached card and check the box next to your most convenient meeting time.

At this happy time we extend our best wishes ... and even something more. Love-In(surance): For better, for worse.

Sincerely,
DR. WESLEY M. PERTZ, M.A.
Founder, Love-In(surance)

P.S.: Return your card within two weeks of receiving this letter and you may be entitled to five additional counselling installments or five hours of free legal services with our on-the-premises law partners!

—Sam Johnson and
Chris Marcil

BERARD'S RAPTURE

AT one point Berard decided to do something about his lying. Why was he so fond of it? The question consumed his days. At dinner he would gently slice ham onto a platter and feel the urge to tell a story, a lie. Other hams sliced. The first ham. The ham crunch. People nodded, chewed, raised eyebrows. He felt that his tales inspired them.

He never lied to his children, although he told them stories about the bears he had seen as a boy in the Adirondacks, where he had spent his summers. Once he claimed to have been a wrestler—which was a lie—until Nick, who was five at the time, kicked him in the face in a sort of challenge.

"How do you stop that, Daddy?"

Berard, who had been watching television with Sophie at the time, squeezed Nick's knee until his eyes cleared. It took some time, since Nick had caught him flush in the nose, and later he remembered hearing Sophie shouting to Grace, "Daddy's squeezing Nick's leg off!" and thinking that the whole thing was his fault, the result of another one of his lies.

Once it happened that he was caught in a lie and there was really very little for him to do about it. "Why did you tell Max Webber you could scuba-dive?" Grace asked him one dim November night, just before they left for a party up in Tarpon Springs. She leaned to the left and twisted an earring. Berard, who was shaving, thought it a strange gesture, as if she were regarding herself in a mirror, yet she was facing him.

"I could scuba-dive," he said, lifting the blade from his face. She smirked. He gritted his teeth, pulled his face with the razor. "If I wanted to, I could get certified. It doesn't take much."

"Sarah tells me they want to invite us out on that damned boat this weekend," she said. "This weekend."

"That's easy," Berard said. "We can't. We can be busy."

In the living room Nick and Sophie were fighting. "Never, never, never!" Sophie yelled.

Grace picked up her hairbrush. "You can't get around this," she said. "You lie to Max, so we have to stay home. What if he wants to borrow your equipment? What then?"

"I never said anything about equipment," Berard said, bending close to the mirror, hoping the conversation might drift off and die. Grace stood in the doorway and put dabs of perfume on her wrists. She looked down, checked her fingers. Berard thought nothing of the fact that she was quiet for a moment, that her gestures were cold.

"The hell you didn't," Grace said.

"I'm telling you I didn't," Berard said, pushing his chin out.

"You did."

He only vaguely remembered the conversation with Max, his friend and the family doctor. It had begun with a discussion of nitrogen narcosis and aircraft decompression. Something was said about "rapture of the deep."

"Have you ever had it?" Max had asked him. They were drinking beer out of mason jars at a bar they liked called the Old Salt.

"When?"

"When you dive," Max said.

That confused Berard. Had he lied or had Max simply implanted the story for him to carry on? He couldn't remember his answer. He had mumbled a few words about regulators.

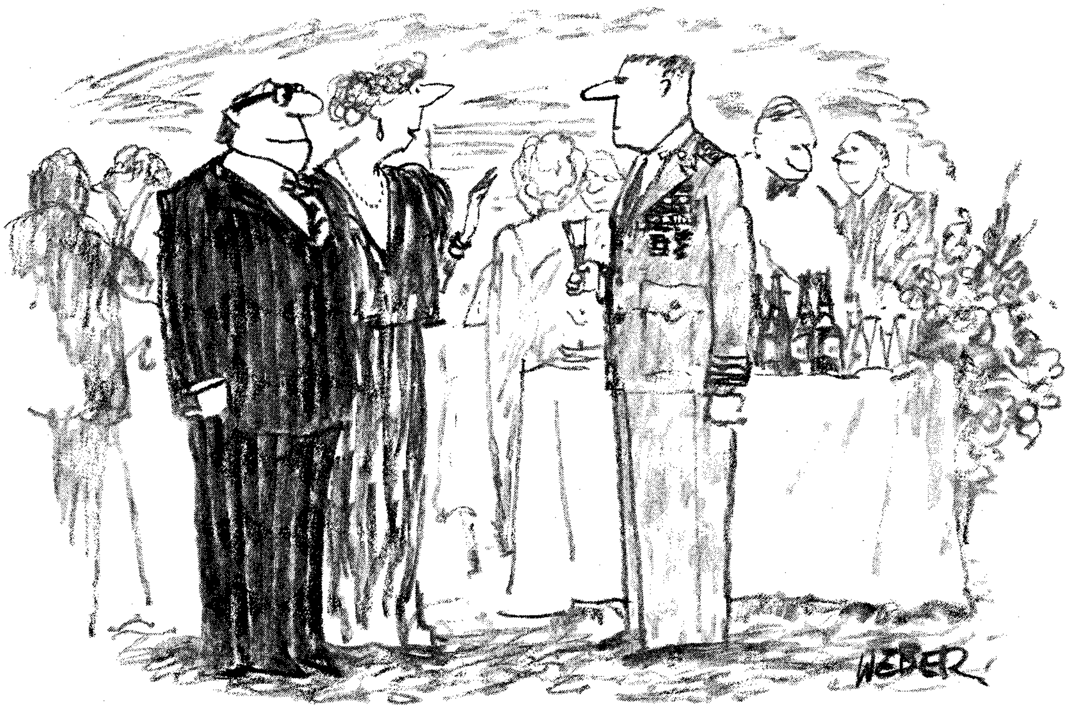
Now he turned to Grace. "I wasn't drunk."

She lifted a foot and pulled a banana sticker off the heel of her shoe. "So?" she said, without looking at him. She tugged at the hem of her dress, pressed down on her stomach, and softly said, "Fat," as if Berard weren't there to hear her. In the front hall the kids slammed the desk drawers open and shut wildly. Nick shouted, "Mints!" Berard heard their hands sloshing around in his change jar. Grace seemed not to notice this, either.

"I don't think I said anything about equipment," Berard said. Why was he so fuzzy?

"That's what I'm telling you," Grace said, looking up at him. "You did. You told him you had equipment. He's been talking about it for a month. He wants us to go out on the boat. I'm going."

When had they talked? A month ago? Berard had seen Max three days ago while driving past the liquor store in Madeira Beach. When Max waved, he slowed the car and waved back. Then Max put his hand behind



"Mr. Browley was in Vietnam, too, albeit on business."

his back, fanned it out, and wiggled his ass. Berard laughed and drove on, not having the slightest idea what Max was doing. Now he knew. Max was a fish. They were going diving.

"Shit," Berard said.

He wiped his face with a towel and thought. Grace reached out and put a hand on his belly. "Tell him you lied."

Berard saw no choice. Just then Sophie leaned in the bathroom door. "Excuse me," she said, somewhat pointedly. "Daddy, the mint man came. Do you want a mint?"

It had become Sophie's habit recently to ignore Grace. Berard tried hard not to fancy himself the favorite, as he could clearly remember the sting he felt the time Nick rushed past him to Grace when Ginger, the family shepherd, was slammed into the pavement of the Gulf highway by a station wagon full of Mormons. If Sophie had nothing but contempt for her mother, it was because she was twelve. "Your time will come," Grace had told him.

"I think I own the whole box," he said.

"Stop it, Daddy," she said, sliding back around the corner of the doorframe.

"Tell him you lied," Grace said again.

Berard turned on the faucet. The cold water brought courage to mind, morning, the human spirit. For a moment he felt resolve. "I'll have to," he said, with his forehead against the mirror. "I'll have to tell him the truth." Then Grace kissed him on the shoulder.

SUSAN'S FIELD

Wind canters
in the kingdom of the hunt,
a hawkdom.
A superb piety of brute existence,
the air bends the hay, turns it,
lets bounce the verticals
of the field.

Far-off, soft spoonfuls of traffic sounds
drip into the ear as in a poison scene.
Shifting pollen haze
like the glare of a movie projector
makes a slow theatre
of the air . . .

Through binoculars
in the dual aquariums of magnification
the bluebird and the oriole sit
in the green, ragged scaffoldings
of the uncompleted structures of the trees,
the far-from-Ideal
beauty is beauty still,
but local.

My education was American:
my college lumbered among the sciences
like a barge on a canal.
I breathe half healed
at the edge
of Susan's field.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

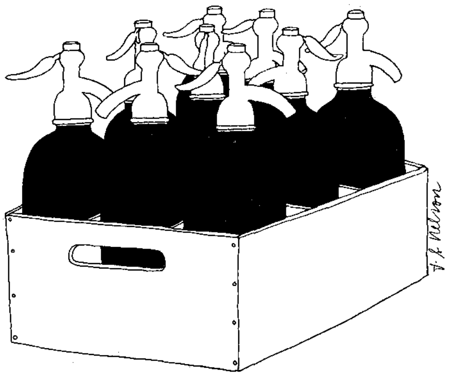
• •

BUT driving to work the next day Berard went the long way just to pass the marina. He told himself it was for the drive, but he knew what he was doing: looking for a way out, a cheap scuba school or secondhand equipment, although he had little real hope. He pulled off the highway and drove under a bridge at the inlet, past three large tourist fishing boats. He stopped the car near a sign that read "Tanks Filled," and for an instant this seemed the most obvious place to be, as if nothing other than whim had compelled him to come here.

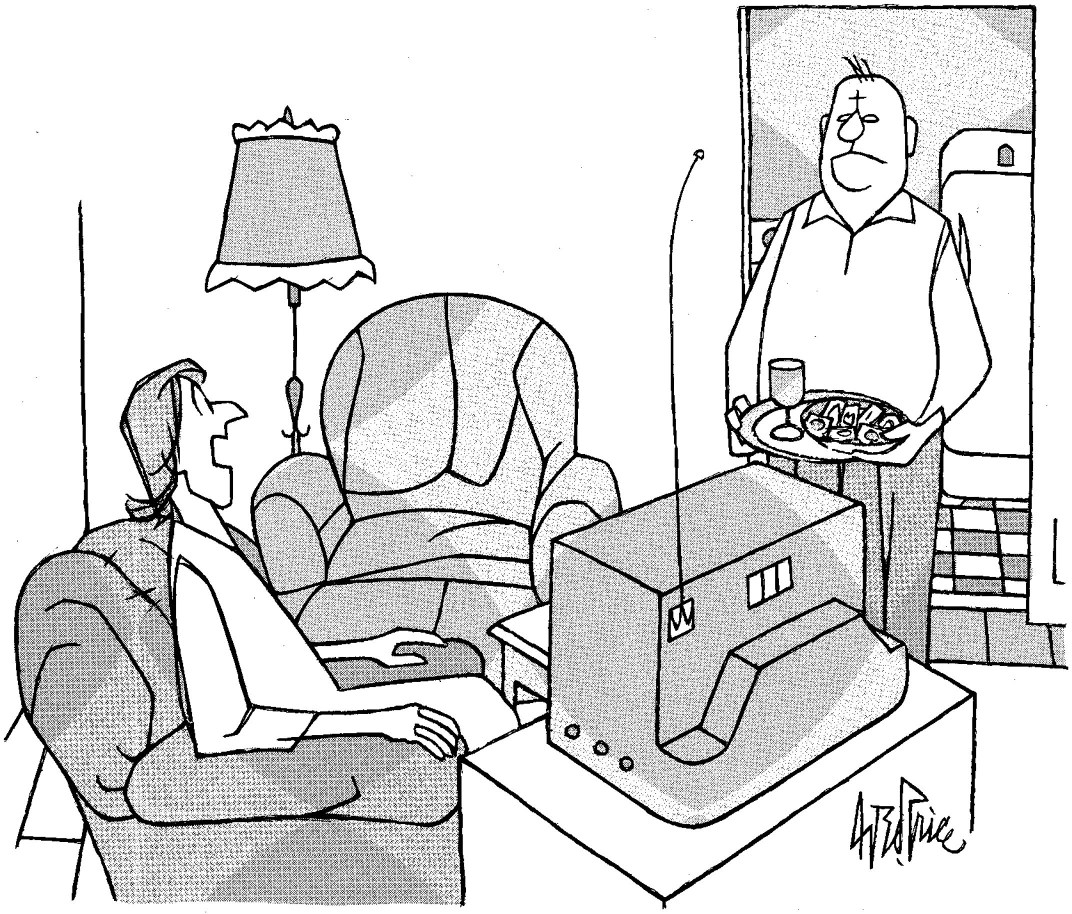
It was still early, and the sun was just cracking over the rooftops. Beyond the sign, which was tacked to a telephone pole, there stood a tiny building with a flatbed trailer and a filthy director's chair in front of it. A cardboard box—one that once held a washing machine—stood in the center of the trailer. In the distance he heard the sound of a heavy motor revving out on the bay. He turned off the car's engine and took a deep breath.

Berard knew of scuba schools, and he knew that he could probably hold Max off. On the way out he had kept telling himself, "I'm not stupid." With a phone call to Max this could all be over. What he feared most was the scant moment of disbelief he knew would pass over Max's face when he told him he had lied about the whole thing. It was too easy for him to foresee Max slapping an understanding paw on his shoulder, laughing with him, guiding him with an elbow through his office waiting room or across some parking lot. Max, the guide now, thinking, as he rubbed Berard's shoulder just the tiniest bit, "He's lying for me. For me."

Truly that was what Berard feared. So even if he felt criminal for sneaking off, spending money to avoid embarrassment, it was simpler somehow this way. Painless.



He stepped out of the car and flipped down his sunglasses. The heat had not yet begun, and the wharf, where he brought Nick on weekends to pick up



"Before you get comfortable, hon—Bette Davis is twins in this one."

grouper steaks, seemed alien to him. "Wednesday," he said aloud, as if that explained it. At the door of the building, he reached through the rusty screen and knocked. No one answered. He glanced around behind him and looked in the window, pressing close to get past the glare. There was a long counter inside and not much else: another director's chair, a stack of newspapers, and a cash register with the drawer open. Empty boxes, the kind car parts come in, littered the floor.

He was about to give up when he saw movement through the window at the back of the building. An old man stood staring at the ground below the window. Berard waved, but the man, obviously absorbed by whatever lay there, didn't notice. It occurred to Berard that the man might be trying to break in, and, after a moment of standing there awkwardly, he tried to slide out of his line of vision, but the man suddenly straightened and walked away from the window. Berard tensed and turned for the car. Just as he reached for his keys, he heard footsteps around the side of the shed, and a voice.

"Can you give me a hand with this pumpkin?"

He turned to find the man standing at the corner of the building, holding a fishnet in his hand. He had dark skin, muddled by darker patches of brown concentrated around the bridge of his nose and along the ridge above his eyebrows. His hair was white, cut short and tight to the head. His T-shirt said NASTY GIRLS in airbrush stencil.

He spoke without waiting for an answer. "I can't find my boy and it's too heavy for just an old man. Have you seen it?"

Berard jingled the change in his pockets. "What?"

"The beauty," the old man said, putting a leg up and climbing onto the trailer. "The prize."

Berard squinted and glanced sideward. In the distance a little boy held an eel up to the cars that drove by on the drawbridge.

"Look," the old man said, standing with his hands on the edge of the washing-machine box. "Look at the prize."

Berard climbed up onto the trailer, with the old man coaxing him along. Where he stood on top of the trailer bed, the sun came directly over the rooftop and hit him square in the face. He shaded his eyes. The old man smelled like a tin ashtray. Wedged in the box was a truly gigantic pumpkin, which Berard immediately reached down to and touched. "Lord," he said, wanting it right away to take back to Nick and Sophie.

The old man smiled broadly. "The beauty."

"Where did you get it?" Berard asked, rubbing away at the dirt stuck to the hide of the pumpkin with his thumbnail.

"My sister," said the man, without looking up. He began unfolding the net. "She grew it."

"Where does she live?"

The old man stopped. "Does it matter? She gave it to me." He reached into his pocket and ceremoniously pulled out a pack of cigarettes. "I didn't steal it."

"I'm sure you didn't," Berard said. "I just wondered how she did it."

"Well, she did it," the old man said sharply. He lit his cigarette, then crumpled the pack and threw it into the carton on top of the pumpkin. "Are you helping me?"

Berard realized that he was late for work, but the thought struck him like a distant message. He had too many reasons to forget work: somehow he believed he might just yet learn to scuba-dive today; he had to see this pumpkin whole; Max might call. Besides, there was always the chance of cheap fish on the wharf. He could rent a rod, wait for the charters to come in.

He nodded. "Sure, I'll help you out."

The old man snorted and reached down into the box with the net in his fist. "Grab it," he said to Berard. "We gotta lift her out. I put bricks in the bottom of the box so it wouldn't tip over. Now I can't budge it."

Berard bent into the carton, edged the net beneath the pumpkin, and pulled it taut. The old man grunted and together they heaved it up to the top of the box, where it stuck for a moment. The weight was considerable, and the old man moaned, "Oh, sweet Jesus," with his cigarette pinched in a corner of his mouth. Only the fear that the pumpkin might slip and plummet down on top of the pile of bricks kept Berard holding tight. His ribs ached as they heaved again and again, trying in vain to lift the pumpkin over the final six inches. At one point they let it rest on the corner of the box as Berard got a better grip on the net. The old man slapped the pumpkin and called it a whore just as Berard lifted suddenly, jerking the pumpkin into a tighter wedge and, for an instant, raising the whole box off the ground.

Then the pumpkin was stuck. As they both relaxed, the box leaned and bent, and the old man fell to his knees to hold it there. "Get the snips," the old man said, grunting. "Go inside and get my tin snips behind the bar. We can cut it out."

Berard jumped down off the trailer. The old man was breathing heavily, so he jogged to the door and twisted the handle. The door swung open, and a metallic smell blew out to Berard. Several welding tanks stood strapped to one wall, and opposite them stood a counter on top of which rested eight perfect wedges of fresh white apple and a light patina of sawdust and salt. Berard walked behind the bar, eying the apple with some suspicion, and looked around for the tin snips. He found them in a shoebox full of tools, grabbed them, and walked back out to the man.

A thought struck him as he stepped out into the sun: where's the scuba equipment? Before he could turn back to take a second look, he saw the old man lying flat on his back on the trailer. The box had tilted forward completely now and the pumpkin had spilled almost all the way out. It rested awkwardly between the man's legs, which were spread around it.

"Are you all right?" Berard shouted. He ran to the trailer and slapped the tin snips down. The man's eyes were closed. His head rolled slightly. "My arm," he said. "My arm hurts."

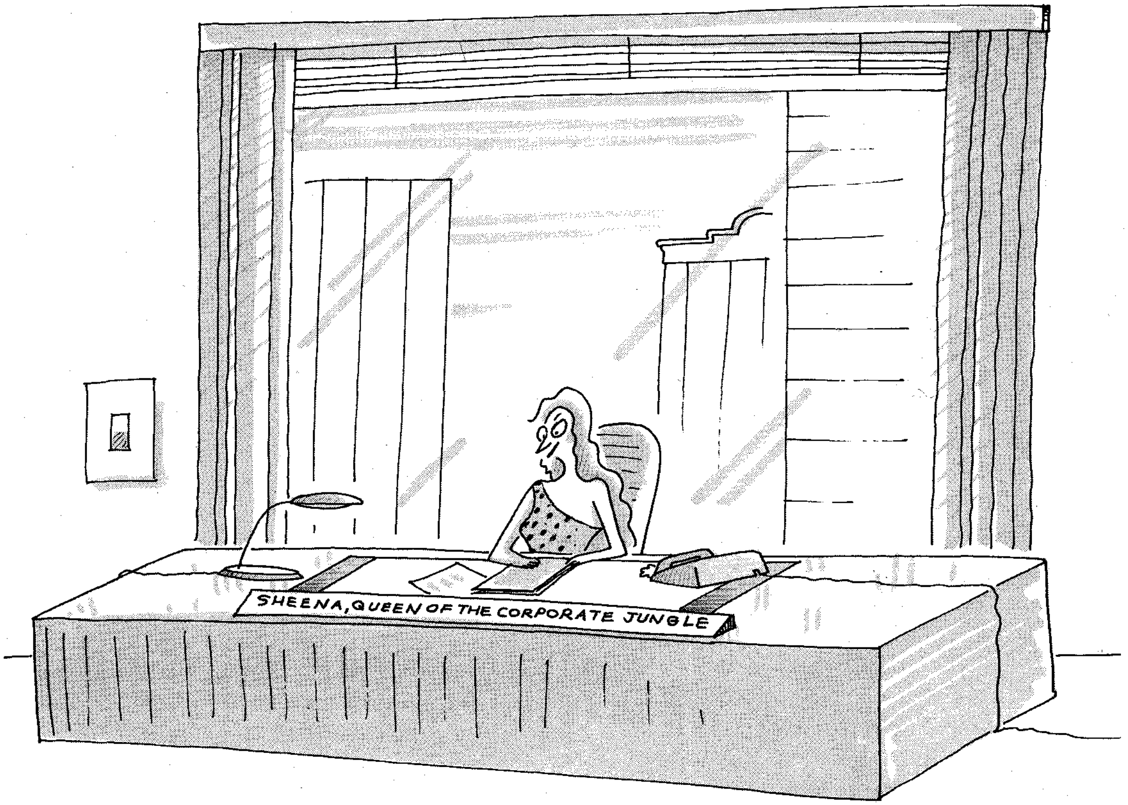
"Is it broken?" Berard said, thinking more about the pumpkin. He put his hand on the man's shoulder. "Which one?"

"My balls," the old man said. "I'm dying."

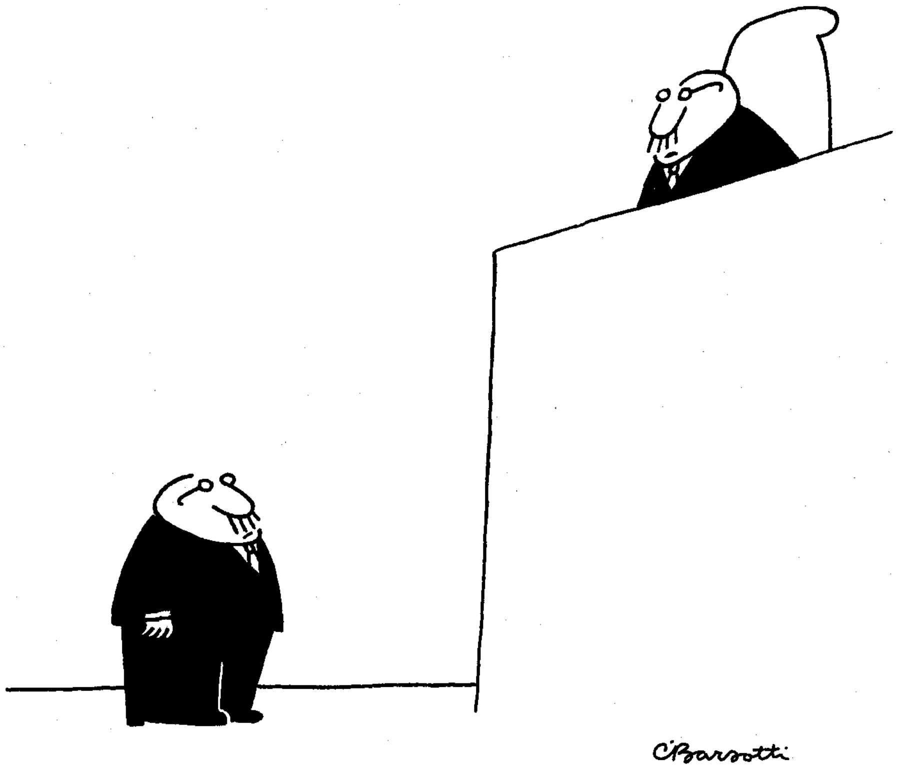
Berard climbed up on the trailer and carefully pulled the box away from the man, until the pumpkin slipped free. It thudded down on the rusty iron bed of the trailer, and, with his eyes screwed, the old man looked between his raised knees at Berard, who reached down and settled the pumpkin into place.

The old man rolled over on his side, with both hands folded between his thighs. "Do you need a doctor?" Berard said.

"Not hardly." His breaths were short and dry. Berard could see a bank clock on a building across the inlet, and a small plane flying over it. He reached to hand the old man his handkerchief, tapping him lightly on the shoulder. The man's T-shirt was pulled up around the middle of his back, exposing the region of flesh, that roll of fat around the lower back, which for Berard always brought to mind his father. His father's sweaters and shirts had always crept up his back, giving a young Berard flashes of skin at the most unexpected times—as he piled wood in January, for instance, or reached down into an engine for an oily bolt dropped on top of some nameless assembly. The old man's skin was a light brown, unlike his


SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE CORPORATE JUNGLE

father's, but marked by the same translucence, the same spotting, even the same scattering of moles. As the old man started to roll from side to side in preparation for raising himself up, Berard remembered his father shooting baskets with him and his older brother Hank in the middle of winter, at a backboard he had bought at a public-school auction and had thrown up on the side of the house the same day. His father's shot was awkward, almost palsied, and Berard burned with embarrassment for him with each shot. *For* him, he remembered telling his mother later; he was embarrassed *for* him, not *by* him. "If he can't shoot, why doesn't he just forget about it?" he asked her. While they shot, Hank taunted his father. "Your gut's hanging, Dad." His father grunted to indicate concentration. Head back, chin pointed, he lifted the ball up and with a strange fluttering push shot it again and again, missing each time.



"*Surely not guilty. Next case.*"

Finally the two boys lost interest and left their father out at the side of the house shooting for the basket. At dinnertime he came in, his hands stiff and black from the skin of mud on the wet leather ball. "I just made six in a row," he said, running his hands under cold water to lose the numbness. The rest of them were at the table. Hank rolled his eyes, plainly skeptical. "Six in a row," his father said again, as he sat. "That's the truth." Later Hank told Berard their father was a liar. Berard protested. They argued late into the night, from one bed to the other. Berard never saw his father touch the basketball again, and the argument, which went on at intervals for years, was never settled. When he finally learned Hank was tending bar in Colorado, he went to him to tell him the news of their father's death, and they argued it one more time. "Six in a row my ass," his brother said. "Look, he was an undertaker. They make terrific liars."

The old man stood up and bent over the pumpkin. "We need to lift it," he said. "We need to carry it around back."

It seemed preposterous to Berard that the old man would expect the two of them to be able to carry the pumpkin any distance, but the old man quickly rolled the pumpkin to the edge of the trailer, hopped down, and began pulling it toward him. "Come on, grab ahold," he said, slapping hard on the side of the pumpkin. As they slipped the pumpkin off the trailer, Berard was stunned by the clumsy weight, and after only a few steps in unison with the man he asked for a rest.

"I've been doing this all week," the old man said. "This one's the toughest, but I've been doing it by myself up till now."

Berard didn't believe him. He smirked, and bent at the knees in preparation to pick the pumpkin up again. They lifted together and slowly made their way down the alley beside the shed. Berard got a look inside at one point, and caught a glimpse of a phone. The thought of calling in to work crossed his mind as he slid his feet along the sand, but what would he say? How could he explain his absence? He didn't have a story, and he knew it. They might have already called Grace to find out where he was. This reassured him, since he knew she would cover for him, but he knew then he'd have to explain to her.

"Do you smoke?" the old man wheezed. The two of them faced each other across the pumpkin as they shuffled it at knee level down the alley. Berard nodded. "Let me have a square, then."

THEY set the pumpkin down and sat on it as Berard reached into his breast pocket for a cigarette. He was hot, overheated, he knew, and he could feel his heartbeat with the fingers in the pocket. The inlet ran behind the buildings, and the end of the alley, Berard could now see, butted up against a small seawall. Something around the corner smelled heavy and rotten, compounding the light-headedness Berard was experiencing from the heat and the exertion. The buildings on either side of him were sun-bleached and dotted with various salts and lichen. The two men lit their cigarettes off a single match and sat in silence.

On the road, on the drawbridge, the cars hummed by, running the smooth and steady parallel of the Gulf highway. The repetition, the slice of each car through the salt air, the heavy pull of the barge horns on the bay flattened the moment, and soon all that seemed

A GAME OF MONOPOLY IN CHAVANNES

Each time I look up from the board to the rusty vineyards
I can see, through mist like grains of finest pollen,
large dogs being walked, straining against their collars.

Higher up in the Jura, a light snow—*un peu timide*
they say here—sifts down on rounded humps of hills.
The chic white lacquered table we sit around,

three generations, smells of newness still.
It came in parts, like a child's intricate toy.
Assembling it was an hour's play . . . In my mind

I've landed on Boardwalk again and cannot pay,
the Bank is cheating me blind, it's the late thirties.
Too young to do sums, I am almost always in tears.

My brothers, two cousins, and I, unaware
we are sent here each summer out of filial duty,
squabble over St. James Place and the Short Line

in our grandmother's fusty Atlantic Avenue flat.
From Oma's front room overlooking the Boardwalk
you can hear the surf break and sigh sucking back,

but we're unaware of the irony of place:
cheap haven for the Depression's pensioners.
To us Atlantic City is paradise,

except when it rains like this, except when we hear
Oma's foreign words that speak pain and terror.
We buck up to decide whose turn to roll the dice

on the massive bleached-oak table scrubbed with lemon,
its six carved legs ending in jungly claws . . .
My grandson's in Jail. He has failed three times

to throw releasing doubles. He has failed
to pass Go, lost two hundred dollars, and then,
having paid his fine, lands on Luxury Tax.

His lower lip trembles, this luxury of a child
who burst naked into our lives, like luck.
Our sole inheritor, he has taken us over

with his oceanic wants, his several passports.
I will deed him the Reading Railroad, the Water Works,
the Electric Company, my hotel on Park Place.

All that I have is his, under separate cover,
and we are the mortgaged nub of all that he has.
Soon enough he will learn, buying long, selling short,

his ultimate task is to stay to usher us out.

—Maxine Kumin

• •

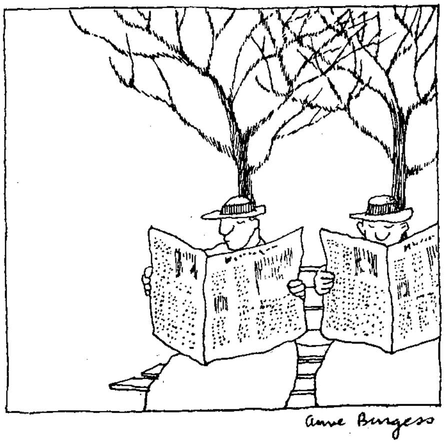
to connect Berard to the world was the pumpkin itself. It rocked slowly under the weight of the two men and Berard felt that it was a third presence between them. He scratched his black oxfords in the sand, ground his cigarette out, and waited for the old man to stand up. The man pulled at his T-shirt, wiped his brow, then slid around the pumpkin until he was facing the opposite direction from Berard. Then, somewhat dramatically, he laid his head down on his knees and moaned.

This startled Berard, who stood up quite suddenly and fidgeted in his pockets, until the old man said, "Heartburn. Christ, my heartburn."

"Maybe we ought to leave this here," Berard said, staring at the back of the man's head. On his neck, just below his hairline, and partly obscured by the collar of his shirt, Berard could see some kind of tattoo. "Maybe you ought to go inside and rest."

The old man grumbled and, after pausing in this position, face down, staring straight at the ground between his feet, he threw down his cigarette and stood. "Bullshit," he said. "Let's have some fun."

He clapped his hands, and before Berard had a chance to ask him about the tattoo he was bent over the pumpkin, heaving it once again. They hauled the pumpkin around to the back of the building on this next leg and set it down in a small sandy area there. A long bench, with several empty cans and five screwdrivers on it, stood just below the window. The back door was closed, although its screen door was propped open by another, smaller pumpkin. On the ground, in the stiff grass that grew in patches, were the remains of what looked like twenty or thirty more pumpkins, all in varying states of decay. They were spread evenly, broken and split in pieces of all sizes, like eggshells across the bottom of a sink. Slowly Berard became aware of something else in the air besides the smell of rot. Flies.



"What the hell is this?" he said, unsure of exactly what he was looking at. Carnage. Garbage. Trouble.

"It's my archery range," the old man said, smiling directly at Berard's puzzlement.

Berard didn't take him seriously at first. But then the old man quietly picked up a rather sizable bow from the sand and pointed to a garbage can full of arrows. Berard walked to it and picked one up. It was slick with pumpkin guts. All of them were; still others, Berard found, were crusted with it. He could see now that many of the shards of pumpkin at his feet had a latticework of small holes in them.

"You want to try it?" the old man said, holding out the bow to him. Berard shook his head.

The old man snorted. He raised the bow up and pulled back hard on the draw, staring straight over his fist,

HELL, IF SHE KEEPS WATCHING ME, I'LL NEVER BOIL!

taking a sort of empty aim at Berard. He held like that for a minute, and although the bow was not loaded Berard found it uncomfortable to be a potential target. "What are you shooting at?" he said. The old man eased off the draw and took a deep breath.

"Pumpkins."

Berard laughed. The old man walked to the garbage can, pulled an arrow out, loaded, drew, and, before Berard could say a word, fired straight at the giant pumpkin. The arrow breezed low and hard and snapped the skin of the pumpkin, sinking in fully.

"Jesus!" Berard said, thinking the old man must have made a mistake. A motorboat roared by them.

"Try it!" the old man shouted. "It's a gas!"

Berard was incredulous. The old man offered up the bow again. Berard waved it away. "Don't waste it," he said.

The old man grinned, spreading his dry lips tight over his teeth. "Waste what?" he said. "It's only a pumpkin. It's nothing valuable. It's not a painting. Pumpkins have no value."

Berard searched his mind for recipes, some justification for not wasting the pumpkin. The old man drew another arrow. "You should try it," he said. "There's nothing like it." He fired. The arrow skidded off the side of the pumpkin and landed harmlessly in the sand beyond it. "My sister didn't want them. They were left over from Halloween. All except this one. This one's the last of them. She wouldn't sell this one."

Berard decided to leave then. He had had enough of the old man. He hated him for destroying the pumpkin, although in truth he couldn't think of anything better to do with it. He could have taken it home with him. There would have been photos. Nick and Sophie wrapping themselves around it lovingly.

As Berard started to say goodbye, the old man bent over and moaned about his heartburn again. He fell to the sand abruptly, dropping the bow. "Wait a second," he said. "Wait just a second."

Berard could not shake the feeling that the old man was talking to someone else. He bent down and put his hand on the man's knee. "Are you all right?" he said. The old man looked up, and Berard could see that he was in terrific pain. His face was flushed a deep red, and his eyes were open wide, in a look of wonder or fear—Berard couldn't be sure which. He clutched his chest tightly, balled his T-shirt up in his fist.

Berard felt a rush of panic. "Lean back," he said, reassured by the sound of his own voice. "I'll call a doctor." He stood, took another look at the old man, whose breathing was forced and irregular now, and turned back toward the building. As he went in, out of the sunlight he heard the old man respond in whispers: "Yes, yes."

HE thought for a moment of calling Max Webber, but dialled the operator instead. He had a flash just then, in the moment before the operator answered. It was a dream, really, fully developed and complete, in which he called Max and asked him to come out to the marina at once. "Here," he heard himself say, "is my scuba man. Can you help him?" Things could be explained then; his original lie would mean nothing in this equation. Max would bend over the man, bring him up and out, heal him and cool him, and all would be forgotten.

Berard suddenly found that he was yelling into the phone. "Jesus, help!" he said. "I need some help here!"

The operator switched him to an emergency room, which took a moment and gave him time to despise himself for thinking about Max at all. He held on to the phone, stretched the cord out to its fullest in order to get a look out the door at the old man. Berard could see only his legs. This made him more frantic. "Hello!" he shouted into the phone.

Soon a young doctor was on the line, calming him, giving him instructions, taking his name and the address, which Berard didn't know exactly. "How long?" he said to the doctor.

"Ten minutes, at the outside."

This didn't reassure Berard, but he decided to try to appear as calm as possible as he walked back outside to the man. Right away, though, perhaps even before he turned the corner of the doorway, Berard knew the man was dead. He lay flat and heavy, with his legs splayed the way they had been around the pumpkin only minutes before. His skin was pallid, his eyes open and frozen. Berard knelt down over him and pounded his chest, as he had seen others do. He pushed breath into the man’s lungs, as calmly and evenly as he could.

The man’s mouth tasted like mustard. For an instant Berard forgot a lifetime of kisses and felt amazement that a human being had a taste. A man’s taste defined him. Here was this sour old man. Mustard. He breathed hard into the man’s mouth. Vinegar. He put his head on the man’s chest, listened for something. He breathed again. Rotting fruit. Again. Pickled eggs. Again. Upholstery.

Soon he quit, and, breathless from the exertion and emotion, he sat next to the old man and waited for the ambulance. It didn’t come—at least not right away—and Berard wrapped his arms around his knees and turned his back to the sun to warm himself. He stood, and walked around the man’s body. As a boy, he had seen dead bodies in his father’s funeral home, but he had never actually seen anyone die, and the calm in the man’s face seemed contradictory to the tension Berard felt. There would be the explanations—to the police, to Grace, to his friends and children. The story would get around; he’d be forced to correct people on the details if the facts were to be kept straight.

“I was there to pick up scuba equipment,” he would say. No, not that. “I was there helping this old man move a pumpkin.” That seemed right, and it was. It was the truth. He wanted a piece of that, wanted to hold on to it. He looked around to get a good picture of the place, grabbed the old man’s leg, touched his cheek, then stood up to look out over the inlet. Freeze this, he thought. Hold this.

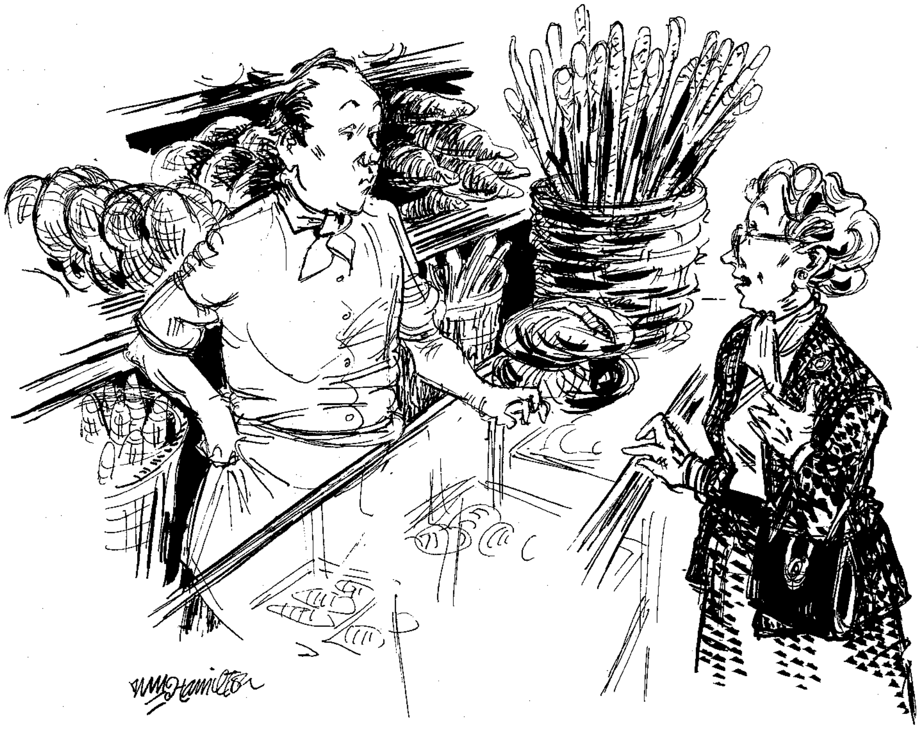
He picked up the old man’s bow and bounced it in his hand, marvelling at its lightness and balance. In the distance, to the north, he heard the ambulance coming toward him now. This released him from the moment and again he could hear the questions from his friends, and could see the story expanding and contracting, the reality of this day all but forgotten.

As the ambulance raced up and over the drawbridge and then straight by the marina and off into the distance again, Berard leaned down and picked up an arrow he found in the sand. He laid it on the bow, drew, and fired at the pumpkin. He missed, having aimed too high, and the arrow stuck in the sand beyond it, making a sound like an emery board on thick toenails. The sound gave Berard a chill, as it always did when Grace filed her nails in his presence. He walked to the garbage can and pulled out another arrow. He aimed carefully this time, and as he released he knew that the arrow would hit the pumpkin. It flew in a rigid arc and struck the pumpkin about three-quarters of the way down, sinking in about five inches. Berard grabbed another arrow, took three or four steps toward the pumpkin, and drew back on the bow as far as he could. His arms wavered; his fingers hurt. He fixed his aim and released. The bowstring snapped taut. The arrow was gone. He heard the cut through the air, and the slice of the shaft into the pumpkin. *Thoop.*

He stood for a moment, struck by the physicality of the event. Before, when the old man fired, it had seemed destructive and arbitrary. But now he was thrilled by all of this. He took another arrow and shot it, striking the side of the pumpkin and catching. The sound seemed less rich than the last shot, so he fired again.

It was a good while before the ambulance arrived, but when it finally did Berard was breathless. He had riddled the pumpkin with arrows, and it lay like a dead animal in the distance, slick arrows protruding chaotically from its hide. Berard heard the ambulance finally make the right turn into the marina. He reached down and wiped the sweat from his hands onto his pant legs and set the bow down next to the old man. When the tires of the ambulance finally skidded to a stop on the gravel in front of the shed, Berard looked over the water at sunlight in the black glass of the office buildings. The brackish waves eased in and out against the concrete and the birds barrelled down from above. The old man, with his bow at his side, lay in a meadow of sand and pumpkin shells. Berard squinted, shaded his eyes. When he heard the clattering of the gurney, the crackle of the two-way radio, the anxious voices calling into the front door of the building, he turned and walked slowly out to those who had come to him. He had so many things to tell them.

—Tom Chiarella



“If peasant bread is five dollars, dare I ask about dinner rolls?”

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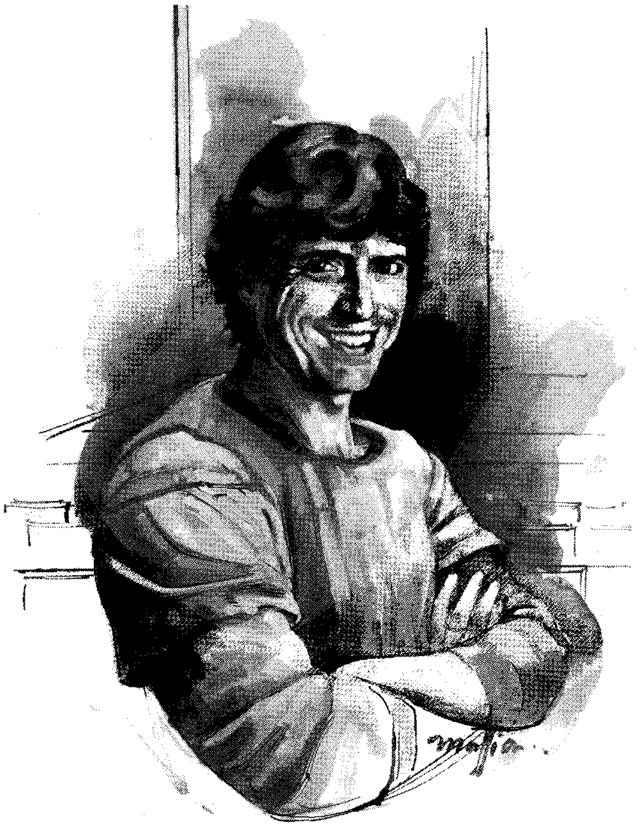
DON’T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Colorado Daily, newspaper of the University of Colorado*]

Males outnumber females on campus this semester, 13,128 to 10,938. There are six people who could not be classified as either male or female, L’Orange said.

PROFILES

I—SLOWER IS FASTER



Edward Villella

BALLET is a big-city art form—a *cold*-big-city art form. It tends to flourish in northern latitudes, where people can wear furs in winter. If a city has lush scenery, palm trees, and a climate that keeps the population out in the sun, chances are it hasn't got a ballet company, or else the ballet company it has got is a toy—a diversion in the recreational rather than the cultural sense. Resort cities were given a false reputation in this regard by the companies that named themselves Monte Carlo, after Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, which holed up in Monte Carlo for part of the year. Diaghilev's creations were aimed at Paris and London, not at the Riviera. Historically, European and then Russian ballet was shaped by the pressure of the artificial urban environment on the human spirit. Citizens of bustling nineteenth-century ballet capitals from Paris and Milan to St. Petersburg and Moscow craved indoor entertainment. They also craved a kind of hothouse spectacle: nature and artifice blending in the lovely facture of human bodies. In our own more densely urbanized time, ballet remains one of the privileges of the big city, and one of its special compensations, too, for the more natural beauty a city possesses, the less will it need ballet. Latitudinally speaking, Seattle and San Francisco, where ballet thrives, are superior to Los Angeles, where it doesn't. But in terms of need neither Seattle nor San Francisco, those naturally spectacular coastal cities, can compete with the unappeasable appetite, the compensatory greed, of the man-made colossus New York.

Although Miami's changing fortunes over the years have made it as nearly artificial and unlovely as any northern metropolis, up until two years ago it would not have appeared on a ballet map of the U.S.A. Miami, Florida, was a place that big companies passed through on tour when they did not choose to pass through Palm Beach instead. According to Judy Drucker, the president of the Concert Association of Greater Miami and the city's most vigorous and knowledgeable presenter of music and dance, Miami began developing a substantial dance public in the mid-seventies. By the eighties, the city's two largest theatres, the three-thousand-seat Miami Beach Theatre of the Performing Arts and the twenty-five-hundred-seat Dade County Auditorium, were regularly booked for dance attractions. Mrs. Drucker was even able to organize the Miami Première Society, through which Miamians underwrote the costs of original ballets for American Ballet Theatre. The question was: Would they ever underwrite a ballet company of their own? The biggest change that has come over Miami in the eighties is in the population; it is now less migrant, more stable, more affluent, huge (just under two million), and nearly half Hispanic. Yet the city hasn't outgrown its resort-town frivolity, and it still presents a visitor with certain nomenclatural difficulties. In the midst of rising cultural awareness, the Miami Beach Theatre of the Performing Arts (which is not far from Arthur Godfrey Drive) chose to change its name to the Jackie Gleason Theatre of the Performing Arts. When A.B.T. played there, in the pit would be something calling itself POOF—the Philharmonic Orchestra of Florida, actually a fully qualified professional ensemble. When A.B.T. left town, though, there would be no BOM or FLAB—no Ballet of Miami or Florida Ballet—to take over. The local ballet schools fed a handful of sporadically active semi-professional companies, chief among them the Miami Ballet, which staged the annual "Nutcracker" and mustered support groups for itinerant artists, and Ballet Concerto, which appealed primarily to the Latin-American community. Though the city could boast an opera company and several concert-music organizations, it had never had a full-time ballet company; it had never even presented an annual music-and-dance season to compare with those held in other resorts, such as Aspen, Saratoga, and Charleston.

And then a new company of nineteen dancers, directed by Edward Villella, opened in the fall of 1986, in the Gusman Center for the Performing Arts. The Gusman held only seventeen hundred, and it was in downtown Miami, hidden among the floodlit towers of the new banks that symbolize the spirit of the eighties. The opening-night program, chosen by Villella, consisted of two Balanchine-Tchaikovsky ballets, "Allegro Bril-

Herman Melville Wonders If His Agent Has Oversold Spinoffs from "Moby Dick"

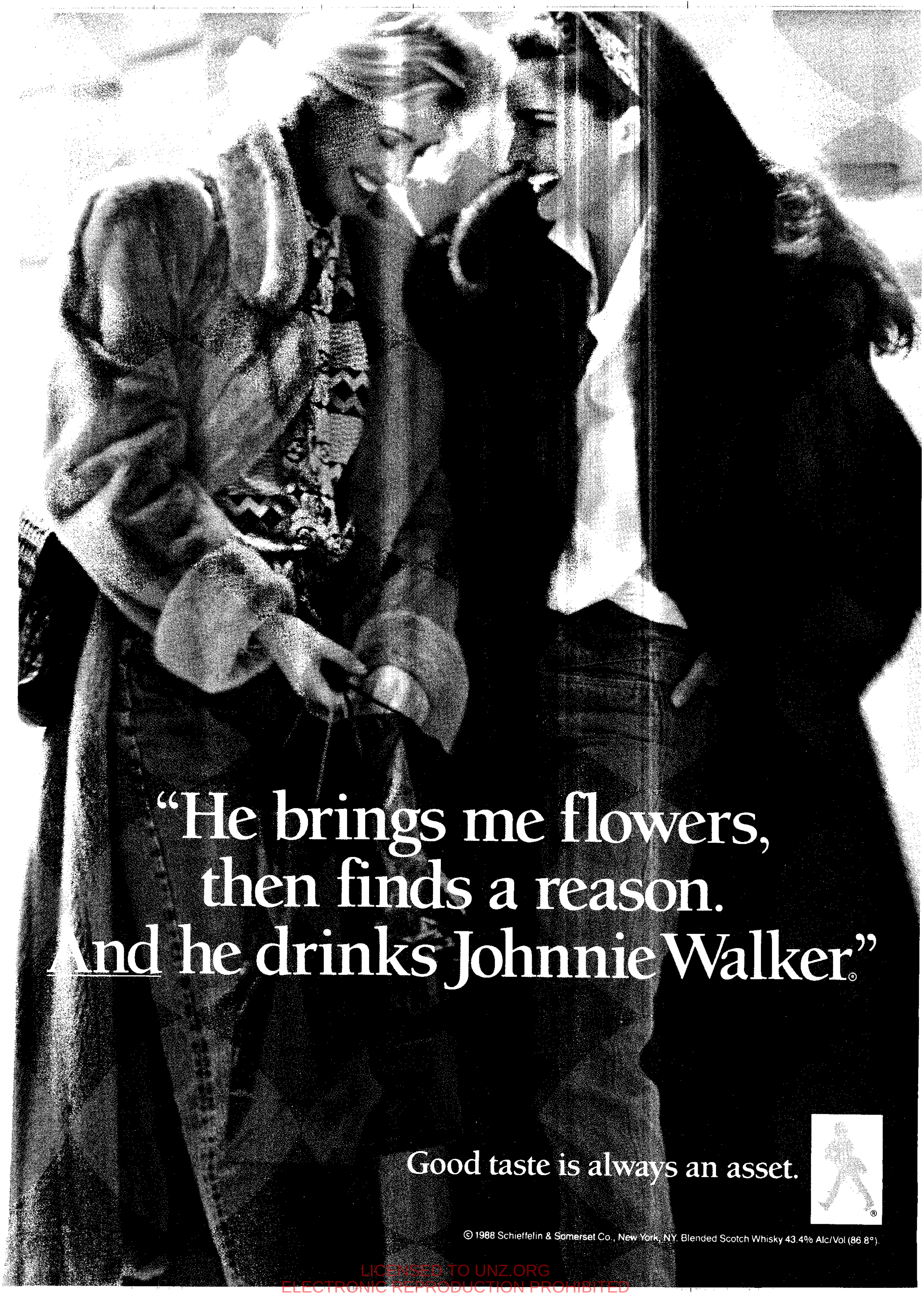
• •

lante" and "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux;" a new version of de Falla's "El Amor Brujo" by an old New York City Ballet colleague of Villella's, Richard Tanner; and the world première of "Transtangos," by one of Villella's discoveries, the young Peruvian-born choreographer Jimmy Gamonet de Los Heros. Most of the seats had been sold months before—nearly five thousand subscribers in Miami and Fort Lauderdale held tickets for the inaugural season—and the cheering at the end, when Villella took a bow with his dancers, was long and loud. It was Villella's first appearance of the evening. He had not danced, he had not choreographed, but his was the name that stood behind everything, and there are few more gilded names in the business. To Miami it was money in the bank. By the end of that first season, the subscriptions stood at seventy-five hundred. In less than two years, the nineteen dancers on a thirty-six-week contract had become thirty on a forty-two-week contract; the company's operating expenses had risen from $1.5 million to $3.6 million, and the number of subscribers topped eleven thousand. To appreciate this amazing growth, one has only to compare the new company with other companies the same size. Last season, Miami spent about as much as the Dallas or the Cincinnati/New Orleans Ballet, but it danced more performances than those two companies put together, plus the Washington Ballet, and it had as many subscribers. Furthermore, all those companies have been in business for a decade or more; Dallas (before it folded, this past summer), Washington, and Cincinnati (before it merged with New Orleans) go back to the fifties. It took Pacific Northwest Ballet, a bigger company, with a six-million-dollar budget, ten years to go from thirteen hundred subscribers to ten thousand.

Villella's company, which is called Miami City Ballet, is often cited as a prime exhibit of the "new" Miami—a dazzling consequence of the economic prosperity that has made the city fashionable once more. But prosperity in Miami is cyclical; the city—and the state—has gone through boom times before without ever giving birth to a full-time, major-league professional ballet company. The Cuban immigrants who so changed the tone of the city in recent years have certainly helped to create a hospitable climate for a dance company, but though nearly a third of the Miami City Ballet dancers are Latin Americans, there is not as yet a proportionate number of Latin Americans on the fifty-seven-member board, and most of the company's earliest backers were Anglos and Jews. Demographics and a surging economy are not alone accountable for the company's swift rise; there are other factors. The two that stand out in my mind are the state of ballet in America and the availability of Villella.

The growth of regional ballet has seen four distinct phases. The founders-and-pioneers phase dawned at the beginning of the thirties, gained impetus after the Second World War, and continued into the fifties. Atlanta, Dayton, and San Francisco were among the first cities to have their own companies. By 1959, two dozen cities had followed suit. In the sixties, a period of broad-scale subvention began, with a cluster of Ford Foundation grants to six regional companies in addition to New York City Ballet. Doris Hering, the former executive director of the Regional Dance Association, wrote an article earlier this year crediting these grants—which Ford awarded on the advice of George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein—with having had "from an economic point of view probably the greatest single effect on regionalism." Later in the sixties, the National Endowment for the Arts inaugurated federal subsidies, and the outcome of this was Phase III—institutional consolidation. Service organizations, sponsor networks, choreography projects proliferated throughout the seventies. In 1983, the death of Balanchine had the immediate effect of reducing the status of New York as the magnetic power center of world dance and raising possibilities everywhere else. The decentralization of American ballet, a pious hope until now, became an imperative. And Balanchine—his dancers, his repertory—became a commodity.

This was something new on the regional scene. "Under his directorship," Miss Hering wrote (in the journal published by one of the main beneficiaries of Phase III—Dance/USA, a service organization for nonprofit pro-


"He brings me flowers,
then finds a reason.
And he drinks Johnnie Walker."
Good taste is always an asset.

© 1988 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, NY. Blended Scotch Whisky 43.4% Alc/Vol (86.8°).

fessional dance), "New York City Ballet toured sparingly in this country, and thus audiences had little awareness of the Balanchine aesthetic. Until relatively recently, the only Balanchine disciples active in the regions were Fred Danieli, who founded the Garden State Ballet in 1950, and Robert Barnett, who succeeded Dorothy Alexander as director of the Atlanta Ballet in 1962. Other Balanchine offspring now include Todd Bolender (State Ballet of Missouri), Robert Weiss (Pennsylvania and Milwaukee Ballet), Helgi Tomasson (San Francisco Ballet), Patricia Wilde (Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre), Francia Russell and Kent Stowell (Pacific Northwest Ballet), Maria Tallchief and Daniel Duell (Chicago City Ballet), Edward Villella (Miami City Ballet), and Paul Mejia (Fort Worth Ballet). These people have generous access to the Balanchine repertory, and therefore the country is seeing a great deal of Balanchine, lovingly staged and competently danced." In addition to the names on this list, one might mention John Clifford (Ballet of Los Angeles, the successor to the defunct Los Angeles Ballet) and Roman Jasinski and Moscelyne Larkin (Tulsa Ballet Theatre), whose revival of a "lost" Balanchine work, "Mozart Violin Concerto," had its première last year. Arthur Mitchell's famed Dance Theatre of Harlem is not a "regional" company, but it was one of the first companies to show how Balanchine's classicism could be used as a base for extension and innovation.

The Balanchine diaspora gives rise to the prospect of regional ballet's reverting to the spirit of its initial visionary campaigns. Can "the Balanchine aesthetic," for fifty years fostered exclusively in New York, take root and prosper in all these other cities? Will the rest of the country embrace the great ballets or, having given them the once-over, write them off, the way part of New York did for years, as "special" and "difficult"? Balanchine's death catapulted the regional movement into what may well be its most crucial, most dizzyingly opportune phase. Everything seems to be on fast forward now; the quick success of Miami City Ballet is part of a general accelerated trend. (So, alas, is the quick demise of the Chicago City Ballet.) Is the company just another Miami bubble? Or does it in fact stand a fair chance of becoming the spearhead of what could turn out to be

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the richest period that regional ballet has ever known?

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THE PRESS: How many of your dancers are Miamians?
EDWARD VILLELLA: All of them—now.

A LIFELONG New Yorker from Bayside, Queens, Villella lived for years in a brownstone on West Sixty-ninth Street. He bought it at the peak of his dancing career, after New York City Ballet became the resident company at Lincoln Center. When he began working full time in Miami, he put the brownstone on the market and moved, with his wife and their two daughters, into a comfortable one-story brick house in Miami Beach. The fact that Villella was willing to buy a house there almost a year before his company opened impressed Miamians; it betokened a serious commitment to the venture he was asking them to back. To New Yorkers who knew Villella casually, the move looked like a gamble. But Villella does not act precipitately. He had spent years preparing himself for the Miami offer. It came at the right moment in his life.

Not long after his company's début, Villella was in New York to attend to some business involving his Sixty-ninth Street property. We met for dinner in the neighborhood. The last time I had seen him in New York, he was recovering from walking pneumonia and looked drawn and underweight. On opening night in Miami, after a year of round-the-clock fund-raising, auditioning, rehearsing, and administrative pump-priming, he was still pale (dancers are always pale, even in Florida), but it was clear that Miami had restored him. The début occurred in the same month—October—as his fiftieth birthday, making a neat parallel with his twenty-first birthday, the day on which, in 1957, he had joined New York City Ballet. In the excitement of the opening in Miami, I had forgotten to ask him how he had celebrated the second pair of milestones. When I ask him now, he says, "I danced the night away."

To all appearances, Villella is physically the same Villella who last performed on the stage of the State Theatre on May 25, 1979 (in "Watermill"). He is athletically fit and youthful-looking, with his thickset fighter's chest and shoulders, his full head of black

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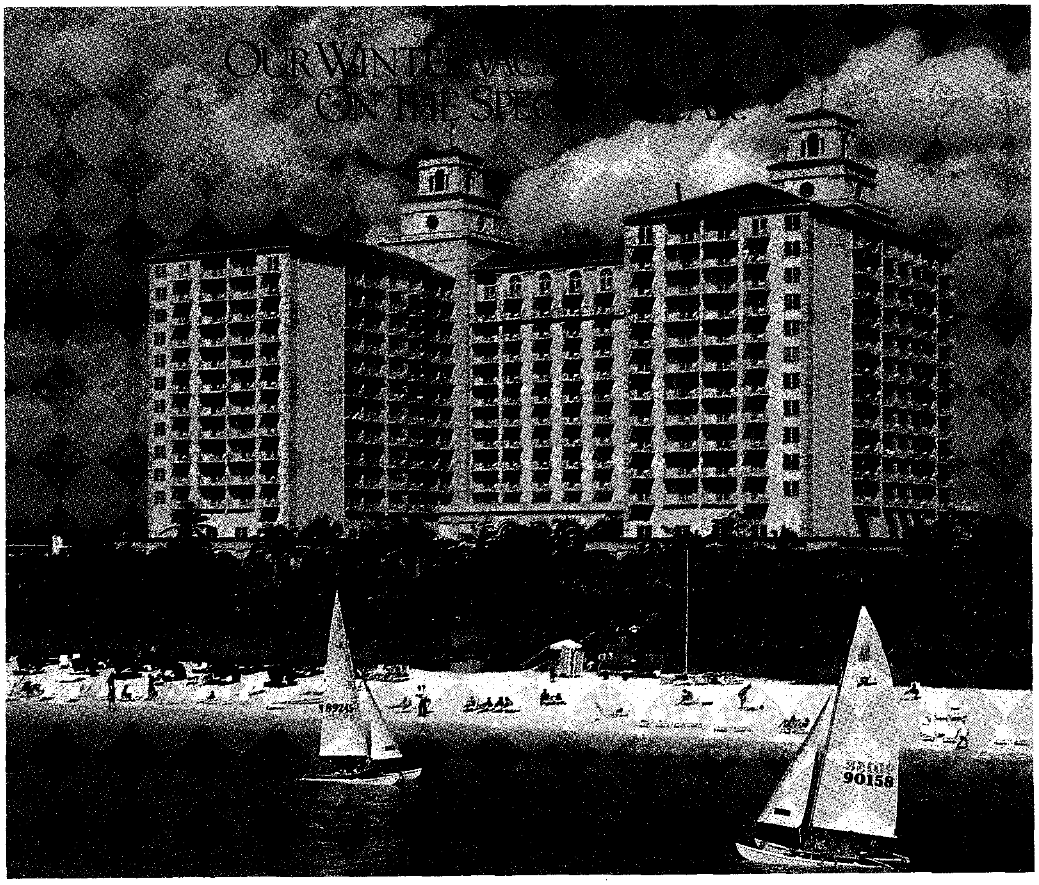
hair, and his broodingly handsome face, which creases into a Roman mask of comedy when he smiles, which is often. When he talks about dancing the night away, he throws back his head and laughs. Six years ago, he could barely walk, let alone dance. He doesn't allude to the hip-replacement operation or to any of the other ordeals, both physical and emotional, that have plagued his Job-like life in dance—all that is in the past. Tonight at the restaurant, he is the youngest fifty in New York. He orders a beer and talks about Miami: "What attracted me was the people. They came to me with the idea of starting a company. I outlined a three-year plan, and to my great wonder and pleasure they didn't question it. They went away and raised the money. Lots of cities want a ballet company as long as it is a hit, but you cannot have a hit mentality. It takes ten years to build a ballet company. You must do it in stages. And there were a number of people in Miami who understood that. This is the most intelligent board of directors in the world. But, with all the planning, we're still ahead of where I thought we'd be by now. The response has been terrific, overwhelming. There's a certain temptation to try and top our biggest success, which was 'Transtangos,' or to do something spectacular and box-officey: 'Swan Lake,' 'Romeo and Juliet.' That's not what we're about. Our second program is very spare and linear. Jimmy Gamonet, who is now our resident choreographer, will make a Bach piece, and we will add another Balanchine ballet, 'Square Dance.' I thought about 'Concerto Barocco,' but we're not ready yet. You must build the audience along with the dancers. You have to persuade people that quality is the only acceptable product and that it takes time to develop. That is the message of the second program. We are running a risk with a bone-pure presentation. But in the long run you get where you want to go faster if you *don't* cut corners. Slower is faster. I learned that from Stanley Williams."

The name of Stanley Williams, the man whom Villella regards as the greatest teacher of classical ballet in the world, crops up in his conversation as often as the name Balanchine—indeed, more often. Villella commonly refers to Balanchine as "that man," while Williams is almost invariably "Stanley." "Balanchine was the giver," he will say. "Everything came from that man. He changed the face of the art, created our repertory, taught us our style. And I never met a more personally generous man. But without Stanley I would never have understood the choreography well enough to dance it correctly. Yes, I could do the movement. But what that man was after, the clarity, the detail—those things were illuminated for me by Stanley. In fact, if it hadn't been for Stanley I probably wouldn't have had a career at all."

The story of how Villella, one of the most promising students ever to study at the School of American Ballet, was forced to give up dancing at the age of sixteen is part of the folklore of American ballet. Like most boys who start young, he had a sister who took lessons and a mother who dragged him along. When his sister quit, his mother was heartbroken, and he was made to quit, too, even though he had fallen in love with dancing and was progressing spectacularly. He had even been invited to join New York City Ballet. All of a



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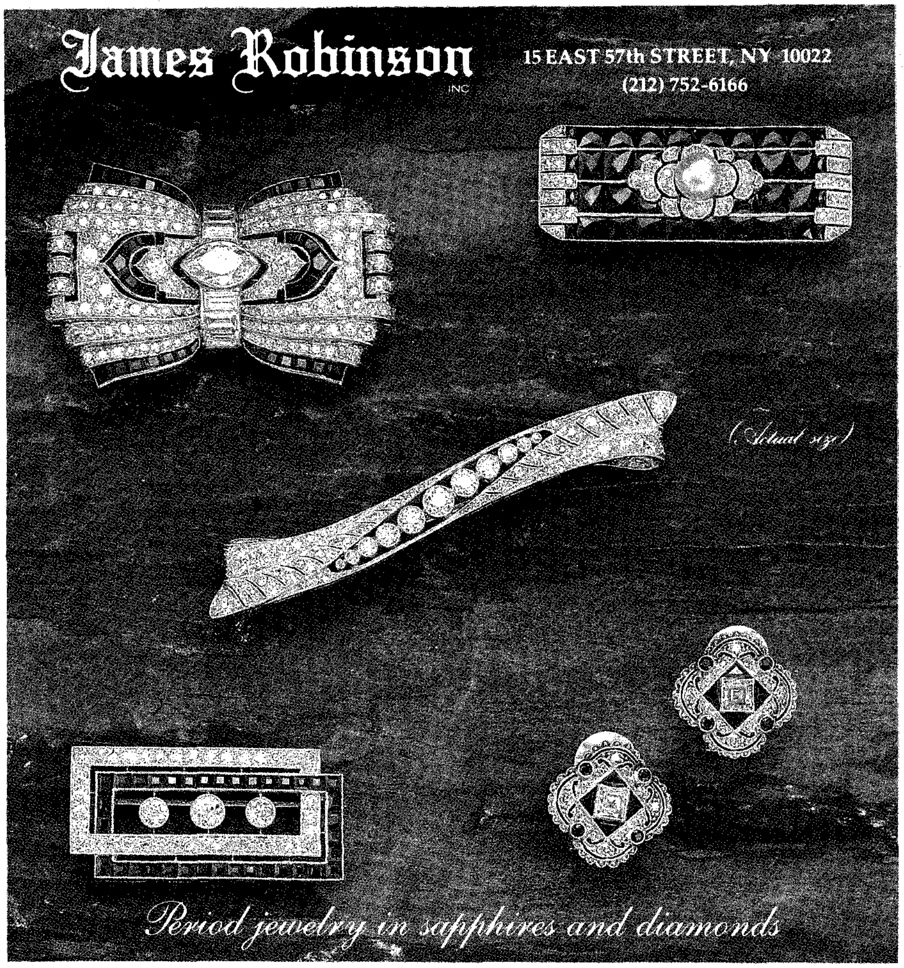
sudden, it was over. The day young Eddie Villella failed to show up for classes was a black day at the School of American Ballet. According to an account written by Tanaquil LeClercq, "all along the corridors of the school the cry was raised, 'Where's the little Italian boy?' " His parents wanted him to get an education and forget about ballet. To please them, he attended the Rhodes School, then enrolled in the New York Maritime College, a division of the State University of New York, in Fort Schuyler, the Bronx. Eventually, he obtained a Bachelor of Science degree in marine transportation. (He also won his letter in baseball and held the college title in welterweight boxing for three straight years.) But Villella didn't forget about ballet. As a young cadet on a cruise, he would push everybody out of his cabin, lock the door, put on a record of Alexandra Danilova teaching a class, and work out in private. Back in New York, he secretly attended classes at Ballet Arts, in the Carnegie Hall building. If he was in pain, that was to be expected, he thought—he hadn't danced in four years. But then, on Christmas Night, 1955, he got into a brawl with some paratroopers in a bar and suffered a cerebral concussion. To make matters worse, just before he joined New York City Ballet he took a bad fall in a rehearsal studio, landing on his back on a cement floor. The effects of the concussion cleared up in due course (though Villella today says he has "the world's worst memory" because of it), but the back injury turned out to be permanent; he would spend his career compensating for it in one way or another, as well as for the rash, unsound methods he had resorted to in a desperate attempt to make up for lost time.

"I was in such a hurry to catch up that I did everything wrong," he once told me. "I concentrated on the big spectacular steps. I'd do a million entrechats six a day—that kind of thing. How much better if I'd gone carefully and patiently through a few basic exercises first—some swimming and part of a barre. Then class with a full barre for six weeks, working up to pirouettes. Half a year later, I'd have been ready for jumps. Instead, I just thrashed around. I didn't have the technical understanding to do those sixes properly. I was still thrashing around when I joined the company. I was twenty-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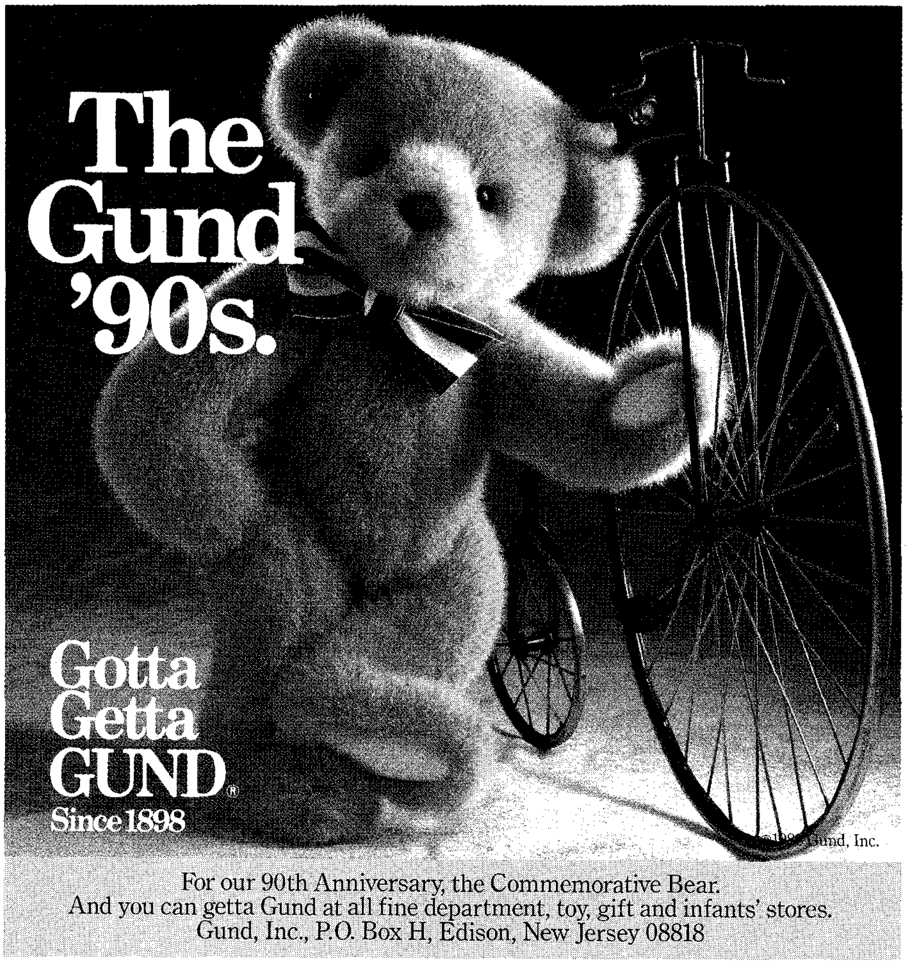
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one, and twenty-one isn't young for a dancer. Balanchine's classes were beyond me. I wasn't ready for that level of sophistication. I needed to build myself up, and so I forced my muscles to work, and got cramps, really grotesque cramps—they rose right out of my leg. If I'd gone on like that, I would have been finished inside of two years." The thought of Villella's career ending so soon after it began would never have occurred to anyone watching him at that time. First of all, he looked sixteen, not twenty-one, and he seemed to have fiendish energy—endless reserves of it—plus superb athletic skill. As if that weren't enough, he was always sunny, happy, and alive. The audience thought him a marvel, and he was cast in role after role. Villella himself had no sense of imminent collapse. As he tells it, he was revelling in success, and not until Balanchine brought Williams to New York from Copenhagen did the truth dawn. What Williams' classes taught Villella was that gradual progress with fulfillment every step of the way was not only better than rushing ahead without fulfillment, it was faster, because besides gaining strength he was gaining knowledge, and that gave him a new momentum.

"Eddie came to my class a raw talent," Williams has said. "He was already a principal dancer, and he could have been satisfied with that. He had the guts to start over at twenty-four. To concentrate, to shut out all distractions and just work. He knew exactly what he was doing."

"Slower is faster," Villella's guide to technical perfection as a dancer, is also his personal philosophical credo, applicable to any number of situations outside dance. Where did the idea come from? Is it a Zen paradox? I put the question to Villella.

"Well, it is a paradox," he answers. "I learned it literally in Stanley's classes. The whole art form is based on paradoxes. Your landing is your take-off. You go down to go up. The fastest preparation is the fullest, through the *whole* foot. And you can't rush the training process. This technique really requires from eight to ten years, there's no getting around it. It would have been *faster* for me, after four years of not dancing, to go *slower*. And now, in Miami, we have certain priorities. Everyone told us not to open at the Gusman Center. They said if we opened there we would never be a success in Miami. But the Gusman Center has great acoustics and an orchestra pit that holds fifty. We had already decided on having a live orchestra—nothing gives off a scent of provincialism like taped music. For the opening, we had fifty Philharmonic musicians in that pit. Our conductor was Ottavio de Rosa, who was conducting for New York City Ballet when I joined the company. The Gusman has intimacy and charm. You can hear perfectly, and you can see. I owed it to the dancers that they be seen in a decent theatre. The fact that it was in the wrong part of town and that it wasn't where Ballet Theatre played turned out not to matter at all. What matters is that it really is too small. But there are new performing-arts centers going up all over the state—Fort Lauderdale, Naples, Palm Beach County. Tampa already has one. By the end of our third year, we should have achieved solid statewide impact. I hope that after five years we'll have established ourselves

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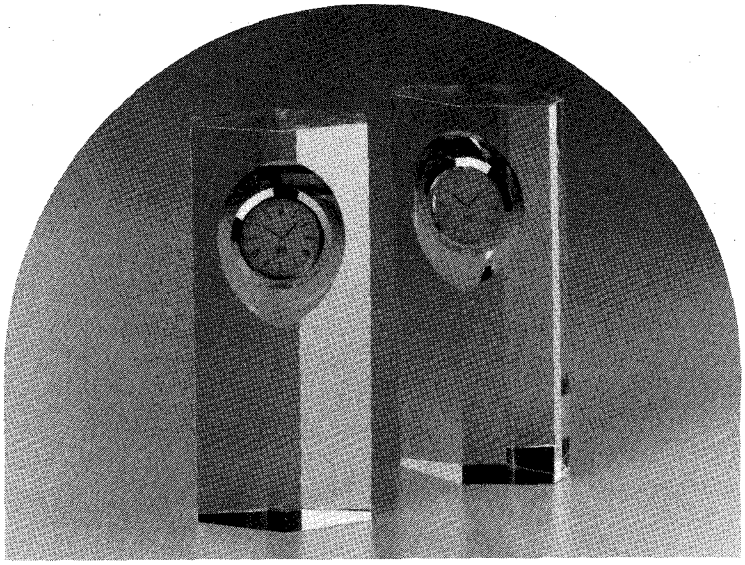
regionally and after ten years nationally. Of course, it could all happen a lot sooner, but we aren't pushing for national visibility. We are a Floridian company. We have our sets built locally—an outfit called Miami Stagecraft does it, not some shop in Connecticut. We have our own costume designer, Haydée Morales, who trained with Barbara Matera in Karinska's workshop; Haydée herself cuts and sews everything we wear. Jimmy Gamonet has had offers to choreograph all over the country, but he's willing to stay here and develop with us. Our goal is to be self-sufficient, not a frame for content to be filled in from the outside."

Since this conversation, Miami City Ballet has had engagements throughout Florida, in the Carolinas, and in Atlanta. It has made its New York début (at Brooklyn College) and has danced at Artpark and Jacob's Pillow. It has toured Israel and Ecuador. But at the time Villella spoke he was not sure how things would go, and his mood was alternately elated and apprehensive. He had directed ballet companies before, but he had never had the experience of building one from scratch. Being able to lay the foundation, set priorities, shape long-term policy—this had been denied him, both at the Eglevsky Ballet, the Long Island company that he took over in 1979, after André Eglevsky's death, and at Ballet Oklahoma, where he was called in, in 1983, to juice up operations, until a downturn in the oil business forced cutbacks that he found unacceptable. In Miami, he is still at the mercy of the economy, but the company's financial base is much broader, encompassing a variety of funding sources. (Forty-five per cent of the contributed income comes from individuals, thirty-nine per cent from corporations, nine per cent from government arts councils and civic authorities, and seven per cent from trusts and foundations.) The growth of the city's investment-banking industry and the rise of a new managerial class undoubtedly counted for much in the decision to launch a ballet company—and in Villella's decision to take up the challenge of directing it. That *Miami—frivolous, fashionable Miami*—has so far been willing to accept the austerity of Villella's vision may be surprising; it may also reflect the confidence that sober, entrepreneurial



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Miami has in Villella's business sense.

"I didn't just decide to become an artistic director," he says now. "I had to learn how to be one. My experience with Eglevsky and Oklahoma taught me a lot—a lot of negative things, mostly. Basically, it taught me the necessity of being able to do things my own way. I may fail, but at least I'll fail with dignity. I'll have made my own mistakes—I won't have inherited someone else's, along with someone else's board and someone else's debts." (The allusion, I think, is to the Eglevsky Ballet, where Villella's struggles with the board's chairman ended bitterly, in litigation that is still pending.) "On the other hand," he goes on, "it's not easy, building an organization from ground zero. Raising start-up money is the most humiliating work you can do. You're in a weak position. You have no product. You have no influence. People who habitually give money to cultural institutions have certain set expectations. So we didn't go to the people who sponsor culture in this city. Ballet is not a priority with old money anyway. We went to the junior executives. These are the people who like good restaurants, a nice glass of wine. They're beginning to take an interest in something called a civic image. Miami is not all crime; it's not just beaches and tourists. We—the board and I—developed what we call our yuppie strategy. The ballet offered these younger, lower-echelon people something of their own to support. They came flocking around us like—like nineteenth-century hussars." His face breaks into the mask of mirth. "We had a budget of a million and a half before we ever set foot on a stage."

Villella's hussars simile called up amusing old prints of ballet girls and their ravenous male admirers. Going home that night, I seemed to see a different picture, of a phenomenal young dancer on television twenty and thirty years ago—the "Bell Telephone Hour," the "Ed Sullivan Show," "Kraft Music Hall"—being watched by children for whom the name Villella would forever be synonymous with ballet. In later years, they would see him as the host who introduced Balanchine ballets on "Dance in America." (Two of those ballets were on the première program in Miami.) Some members of this TV audience would be incited to dancing careers, but most of them would grow up without seeing another

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ballet dancer except on television or in the movies. They would know Nureyev; they would know Baryshnikov. But Villella they knew first and watched longest. And they are still watching him, in reruns of the "Carol Burnett Show" and "The Odd Couple," in which he played Edward Villella teaching the comics to dance. I see this generation of TV watchers forming Miami's burgeoning power élite; I see them and their children at the ballet responding with excited applause when Villella walks out onto the stage to make one of his sales pitches and read out a last-minute list of sponsors' names. Miami might well have been ripe for a company of its own, and it might have rallied to the presence of any dancer with a big enough name or to anyone at all who came knocking on the right doors. But, in fact, the man at the door was Mr. Ballet. That's how Villella impressed Toby Lerner Ansin, a dance activist, whose efforts until then had been pretty much concentrated in modern and ethnic dance. Inspired by Villella, she became one of the founders of Miami City Ballet, and is the bubbliest member of its board.

"He came here with a lecture program called 'An Evening with George Balanchine,' " Mrs. Ansin recalled recently. "I was on the Dade County Council of Arts and Sciences and was involved with the Dance Umbrella, helping it promote local dance groups and dance events. David Eden, the president of the Dance Umbrella, was bringing Villella down, but long before that happened I was hearing from David about how Miami should have a professional ballet company and how Villella should be hired to run it. And he would say to me, 'You can do it, Toby.' Well, I was always crazy about ballet, and I'd read how George Balanchine used to come to Philadelphia to help get the Pennsylvania Ballet started. I got together with David and my friend Barbara Singer, and we formed a committee to meet with this great artist and ask him to be our consultant. I'll never forget the date—May 14, 1985. I nearly fainted when Edward Villella appeared at my front door. He sat at my dining-room table for three hours, and he told Barbara and me what we could expect in three years and in five years and in ten years. He had experience, he had vision, he made a lot of sense. Above all, he represented quality. There was never any

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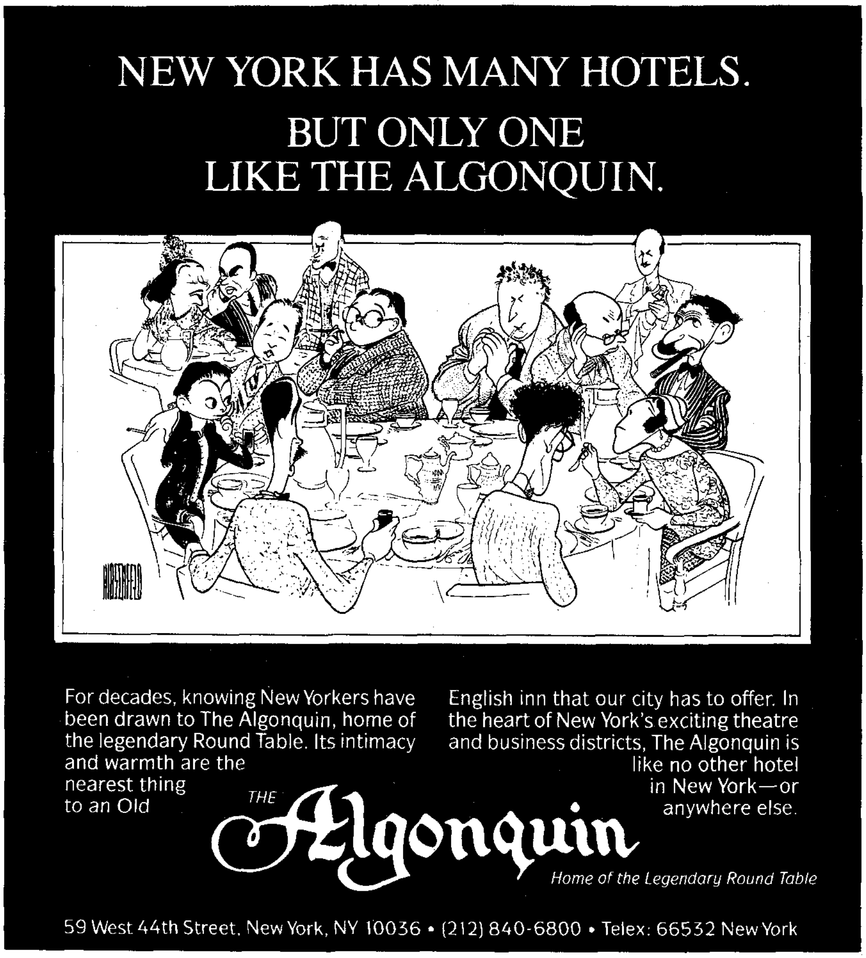
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Two examples of different fragrances are provided by CALANDRE (opposite page) and LA NUIT (the following page). In French, CALANDRE means the grill of a car. Unexpected? Yes. But can you think of a better symbol to illustrate the mobility of the woman of today? LA NUIT is everything the copy promises. Jokingly I often say that CALANDRE is a "vertical" fragrance while LA NUIT is "horizontal". Crazy? But fun. By the way, both are superb.

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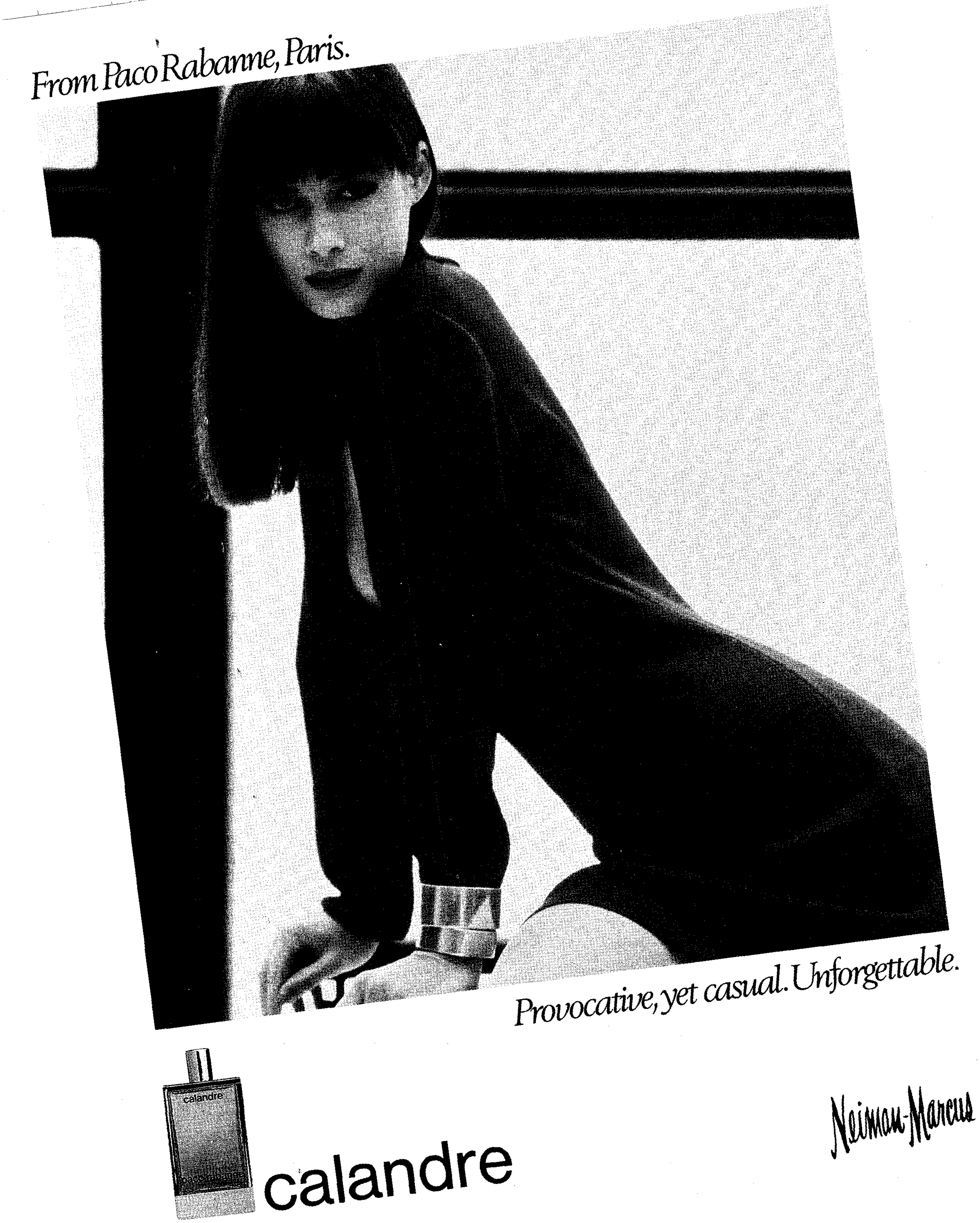
other person in our minds. From the moment he started talking, we took the attitude that it was going to happen and that if he didn't do it it wouldn't happen. We promised him a board. As he went out the door, he said, 'Before, we were talking ideas. Now we're talking business.' The first thing I did was call six friends and ask them for a thousand dollars apiece that they might never see again—just so we could keep inviting Edward back. The thing snowballed. I called Rose Ellen Greene, who is now a vice-president of the board, and her mother was there, and before Rose Ellen could say a word her mother, who had heard Edward lecture at Goucher College, urged her to pledge a thousand dollars. I got together with Robin Reiter, of the Southeast Banking Corporation Foundation, and Charles Cinnamon, who has a public-relations firm. I wanted Robin to set up our infrastructure and Charles to design our presentations. It was Robin who gave us the idea for the yuppie strategy. She said the top brass wouldn't have time for us, and she was right. By October, we were incorporated. Edward flew in a number of times. We held six or eight dinner parties for people to meet him, and I scheduled meeting after meeting—with the chamber of commerce, with the retail-stores association, with bank officers. Edward would go from morning till night. Everybody was highly impressed—not just with his ideas or his practicality but with the man. There was nothing artificial or flaky about him. He called himself a beer drinker in a champagne world. I loved that. For his fiftieth birthday, I gave him a crystal beer mug, and a matching champagne glass for opening night."

THE title Miami City Ballet was chosen to avoid confusion with other Miami companies and to invoke New York City Ballet, Villella's home for almost a quarter century. His current career lets him put into practice the lessons he learned from his two mentors. As artistic director, he models himself on Balanchine. As ballet master, he is a conscious disciple of Williams. Like Balanchine in his early years in America, Villella sees repertory as instruction disguised as entertainment. The programs he designed for the Miami company's first year were a step-by-step explanation of what a ballet company—this ballet company in particular—is and does. Program No. 1, which began with Tchaikovsky and ended with "Transtangos," implied a certain range; Program No. 2, with its emphasis on Baroque composers and classical purity, established a certain depth. For Program No. 3, built around the music of Glinka and Glazunov, Villella united all Balanchine's extant Glinka ballets, including "Divertimento Brillante," a pas de deux that had not been danced since he last performed it, with Patricia McBride, in the late sixties. Originally, it was part of a Glinka evening devised by Balanchine for his star performers. Villella's production, given in the spring of 1987, twenty years after the première, was also part of a unified program. Conceived as homage to Balanchine, "Glinka-Glazunov" dramatized the Balanchinean idea of repertory as changes rung on a theme.

At the last minute, I had to cancel my trip to Miami. Villella gave me a description by phone of how the whole thing worked:

"Did you know that Balanchine choreographed Glinka's 'Valse Fantaisie' three times? Two versions exist. After the success of our second program, I felt that I had the confidence of the audience, so I decided to show both versions together—Balanchine on Balanchine. And we would end with the 'Pas de Dix' from 'Raymonda'—Balanchine on Petipa. We only had money for one set, so we made it the garden salon of a great house. There were three arched windows in the back wall through which you saw an exterior with plants. 'Valse Fantaisie' was the first ballet. To me it is an outdoor ballet, danced in moonlight. We lit the arches and bled up the lights in the garden. Then, after 'Valse Fantaisie,' the lights came up inside the house, and we did the 'Glinka Pas de Trois.' After an intermission, we did 'Divertimento Brillante,' then cross-faded back to the garden and did 'Valse Fantaisie,' the 1953 version. Finally, 'Pas de Dix': the same set, but with two enormous drapes and two chandeliers, so that it looked like a grand ballroom. And that's 'Glinka-Glazunov,' another theme program, but very dressy this time and rooted in nineteenth-century tradition. The idea was to show Balanchine's connection to that tradition and at the same time his departure from it.

"Incidentally, I don't go around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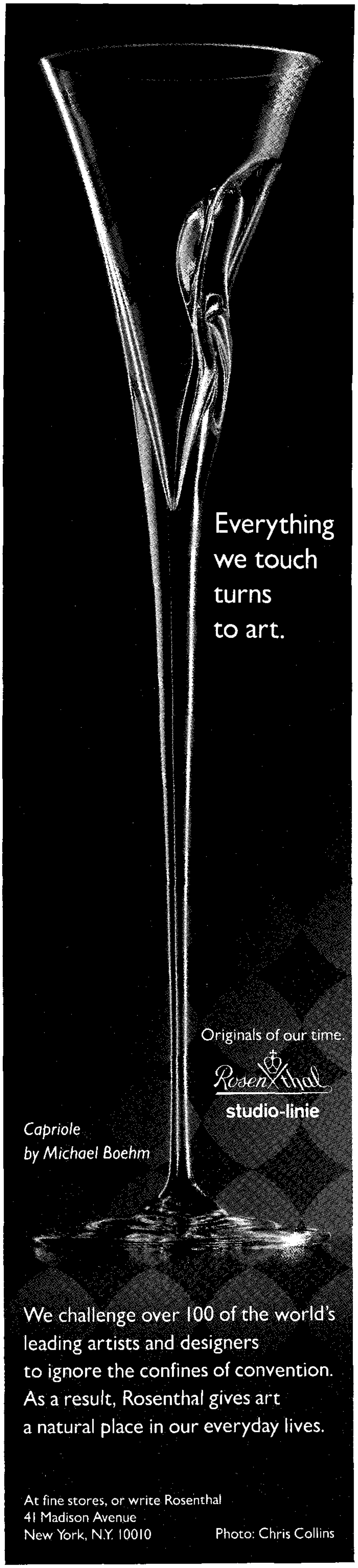

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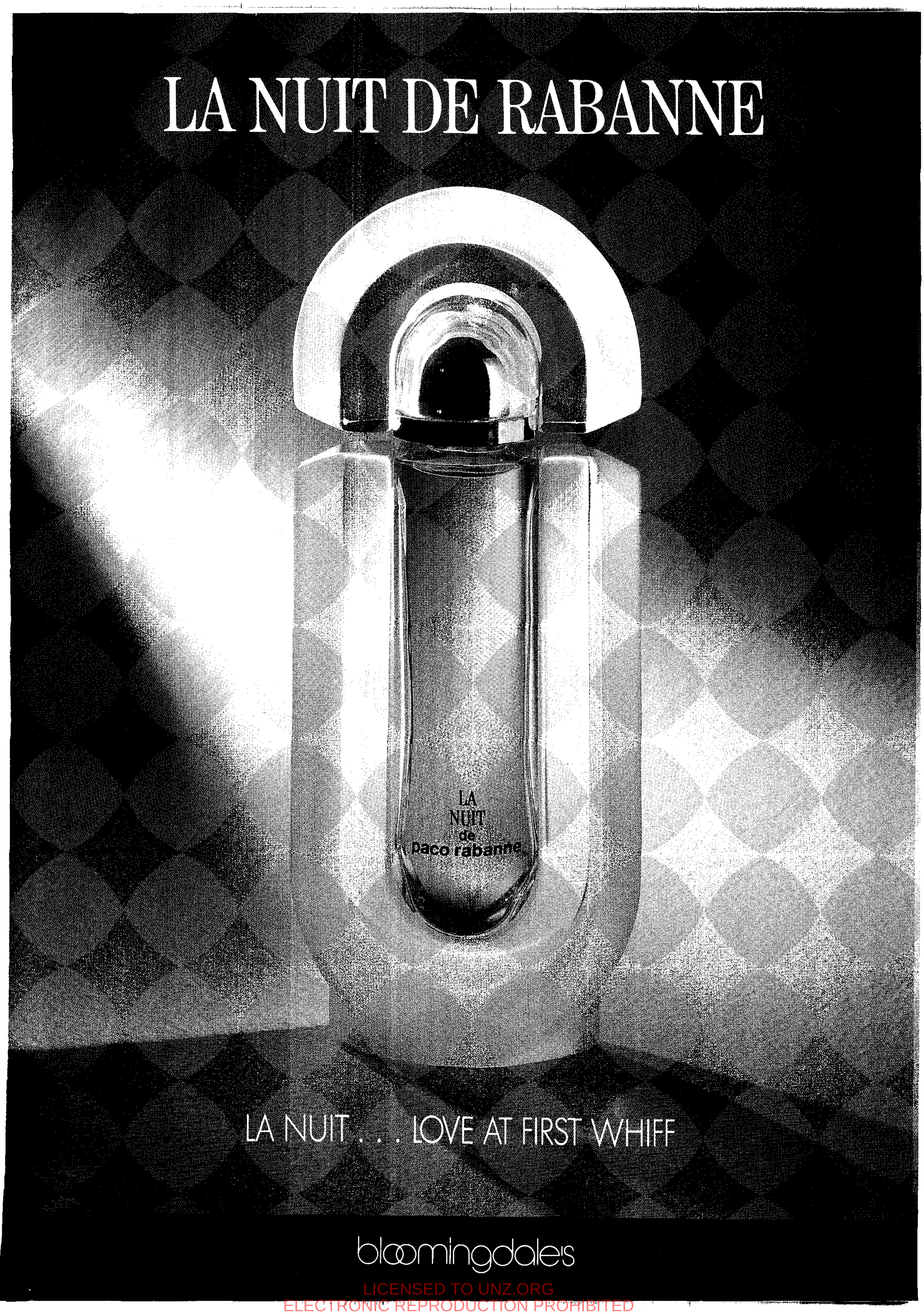
proclaiming this to be a Balanchine company. First of all, there's no point in competing with New York City Ballet. We perform other contemporary choreography besides Balanchine's. We commission new work. Pretty soon we'll be getting into the nineteenth century, starting with Bournonville. But if you are trained to dance only the nineteenth-century repertory there is no way that you can dance Balanchine. Whereas there is nothing in the nineteenth century that a Balanchinean can't dance, because Balanchine is based in the nineteenth century."

The company, though clear and correct in matters of style, does not yet show a Balanchinean punctiliousness. As one might expect of a company directed by Edward Villella, the men are stronger than the women. Yanis Pikieris, Franklin Gamero, and David Palmer are outstanding. Pikieris, who has been with the company since the beginning, dances most of the Villella roles. With his wife, Marielena Mencia, he has danced "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux" and "Tarantella." Like Gamero and *his* wife, Iliana Lopez, Pikieris is from Venezuela. All three, along with the Cuban-born Mencia, were principals in the International Ballet of Caracas and in various other companies abroad. They represent a level of experience useful to the company, half of whose core members are recent graduates of the School of American Ballet or the North Carolina School of the Arts. Largely because of the strength of these two institutions, and of four or five good local schools, there is no need for Villella to establish a company-affiliated school. Then, too, Miami City Ballet has an exceptionally able ballet mistress in Elyse Borne, the former N.Y.C.B. soloist. Like Villella, she has decided views about teaching, but hers stem more from Suki Schorer than from Stanley Williams. (Schorer, a colleague of Williams at the School of American Ballet, is pure School of Balanchine.) Villella and Borne run their classes and rehearsals on compatible systems; as Borne says, "we teach as we go."

The pool of well-trained dancers in the United States is a surprisingly large one. When Villella was forming his company, he held an open audition in New York on Easter weekend. The School of American Ballet was closed for the holiday and its students dispersed. Nevertheless, at the session I attended a hundred and twenty dancers showed up; seven were ultimately chosen. The audition, which was held on the eighth floor of the Carnegie Hall building, resembled a cross between an ordinary daily ballet class and a marathon dance contest. The dancers wore numbers. While Villella wandered about the crowded room with a clipboard, Borne conducted the class. Periodically, she would call a halt, confer with Villella, then read out a list of numbers, and those dancers would be eliminated. Whenever this happened, Villella would make a speech, explaining that he was basing his choices on qualities of physique, style, and temperament which were necessary to the formation of a balanced ensemble, and that the eliminated dancers were not to consider themselves professionally disqualified just because they didn't fit into the company he had in mind. (Still, several of the rejected ones, some of whom had travelled from other cities to attend the audition, came to Villella demanding to know why they didn't fit in, and Villella told them privately.)

Villella himself gave the combinations for the men's sections, at one point executing a perfect double air turn by way of demonstration. Borne and the dancers applauded, but he tossed it off, saying, "I *almost* landed facing front." As a teacher, though, he is concerned not so much with technical excellence as with the elucidation of movement. His combinations aren't tricky; rather, they are musical and require a good ear. Dancing, he likes to say, is about freedom, not discipline. He likes to tell that to his dancers; and to the public that attends the lecture-demonstrations he gives in Miami he will often describe classical technique as "natural, simple, and human"—a set of adjectives that may well sound unconvincing coming from one of ballet's greatest stars. Yes, technique is simple—for *him*. And Villella's personal legend has its contradictions. Doesn't he bear scars inflicted on him by this so simple technique of his?

It's true: if dancers wore medals, Villella would be covered with Purple Hearts. He has a bad back, a bum knee, a plastic hip, nine broken toes, and a stress fracture in each shin. But he doesn't think of himself as a typical product of classical training—he regards himself as a maverick, someone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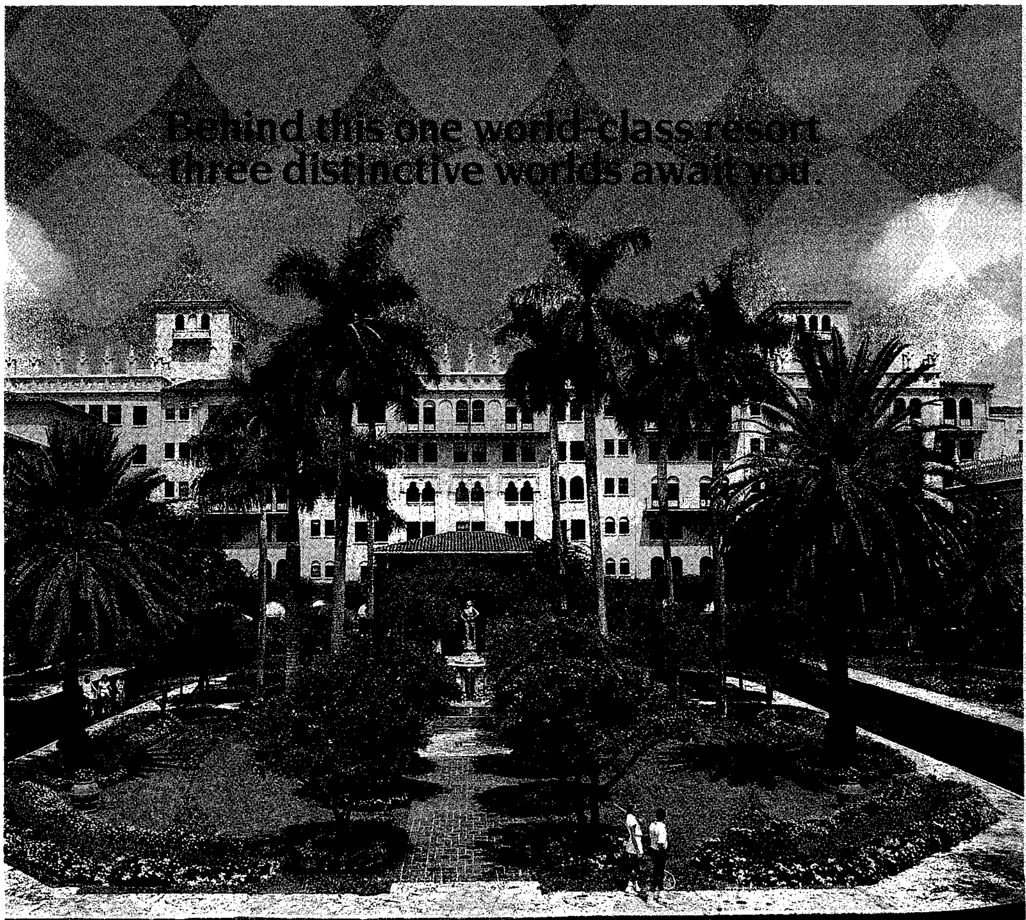
who forced his way into the citadel of classical ballet after four crucial misspent years had all but destroyed his chances of ever getting past the gate. He thinks the broken toes and the stress fractures came from dancing on the cement floors of TV studios, which he did in order to supplement his meagre salary from the ballet and to prove to his skeptical lower-middle-class Italian family that dancers could command respectable incomes. Musicals were another of his lucrative sidelines. The disastrous pre-N.Y.C.B. back injury occurred while he was rehearsing for an industrial show.

Villella still has, for a dancer, an inordinate regard for money. When, in 1984, WNET was preparing an archival documentary on Balanchine, he was the only one of Balanchine's dancers who refused to sign a release allowing the use of old film and TV-performance footage. Villella insisted on being paid; the producers had not budgeted fees for the dancers; Villella had to be cut out of the show. He defends his position by saying that he took it on behalf of all underpaid dancers. Of the many accomplishments for which he is celebrated, Villella prides himself most on having been the first American to make money as a dancer. He regards it as a victory for the entire profession—a historic breakthrough. It was that; it was also compelled by personal circumstance. For a young man of Villella's background to even think of himself as a dancer, he had to commit himself to becoming a star—the kind of star who commands wealth as well as prestige. From the beginning of his tenure with New York City Ballet, this ambition of his got him into trouble with Balanchine. Balanchine permitted the TV performances, the shows, and the guest shots with other companies—he even choreographed some of them—but he did not approve. He did not like the idea of Villella's participation in a 1958 Gene Kelly special called "Dancing Is a Man's Game"—the TV appearance that set off all the others. "There are only three men that you should work for," he told Villella at the time (he meant besides himself, of course). "Stravinsky, Picasso, and—and Cocteau." Villella was mystified. Cocteau was not planning a TV special that year. When Villella made the down payment on his town house—he remembers it as a great day in his life—Balanchine tried to dissuade him, saying, "It will own *you.*" I once asked Lincoln Kirstein about Villella's stubborn quest for respectability, thinking Kirstein, too, might have taken a dim view of it. I was wrong. All Kirstein would say—and he said it forcefully several times—was "Eddie was a martyr."

To himself Villella has always been a businessman, shrewdly marketing his talents and investing his earnings. For a time in the sixties, he was part owner of a popular East Side disco called Arthur. Until three years ago, he had an interest in a motel on Cape Cod. But his N.Y.C.B. career was the most precious thing in his life; to have lost it would have been to lose all. He maintained it as loyally as he could, but it paid peanuts—no more than about a hundred dollars a performance at best. Balanchine did not begrudge Villella his need of money, much as he may have resented it. He made Villella the center of some of his most marvellous ballets: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Tarantella," "Harlequin-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ade," "Rubies." He awarded him nearly all the principal male roles in the repertory, and the ballerinas to go with them—Diana Adams, Allegra Kent, Violette Verdy, Melissa Hayden, Gelsey Kirkland. With Patricia McBride, Villella forged one of the most memorable partnerships in the history of the company.

It is difficult, as one looks back on all that, to see how Villella could have been more artistically or commercially successful than he was in the sixties. The public had made him the company's No. 1 box-office attraction; he had a six-figure income and more outside offers than he could accept; and he regularly appeared, the sole American, on every critic's shortlist of the world's best male dancers, numbered among such men as André Eglevsky, Igor Youskevitch, Erik Bruhn, Jean Babilée, and Vladimir Vasiliev in the first half of the decade and Rudolf Nureyev, Yuri Soloviev, and Anthony Dowell in the second half. To Villella, however, his career was in eternal jeopardy. He was still the outsider, the black sheep, the semi-crippled boy who had appeared on Balanchine's doorstep demanding a place. He venerated the purity of style that comes of sound classical training and that was exemplified by such men as Eglevsky and Bruhn. (Youskevitch, who retrained himself late in life to be a classical dancer, was an exemplar of a different kind.) In Copenhagen, where Villella studied further with Williams in 1962, he admired the noble bearing of Bruhn's contemporary Henning Kronstam. What these men had—pedigree, credentials—Villella sought to acquire by working himself into the danseur-noble roles, for which he wasn't constituted by physical type. "His small stature (5 feet, 8 inches) rules him out of the romantic repertoire," *Time* announced in its issue of December 13, 1963. At N.Y.C.B., "romantic" ballets tended to be the province of Jacques d'Amboise, two years Villella's senior and tall enough to partner the tallest ballerinas Balanchine could find. Villella worked hard to be worthy of "Swan Lake," "Scotch Symphony," "Raymonda Variations." (Baryshnikov, who is the same height as Villella, had to wage a similar battle at the Kirov against the system known as *emploi*—typecasting.) But it wasn't just his physical limitations that Villella sought to overcome—it was the

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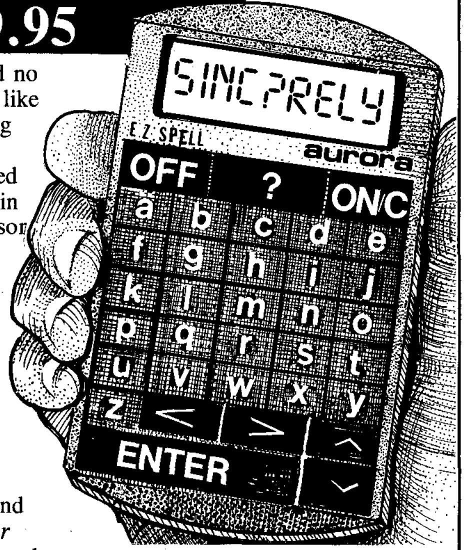

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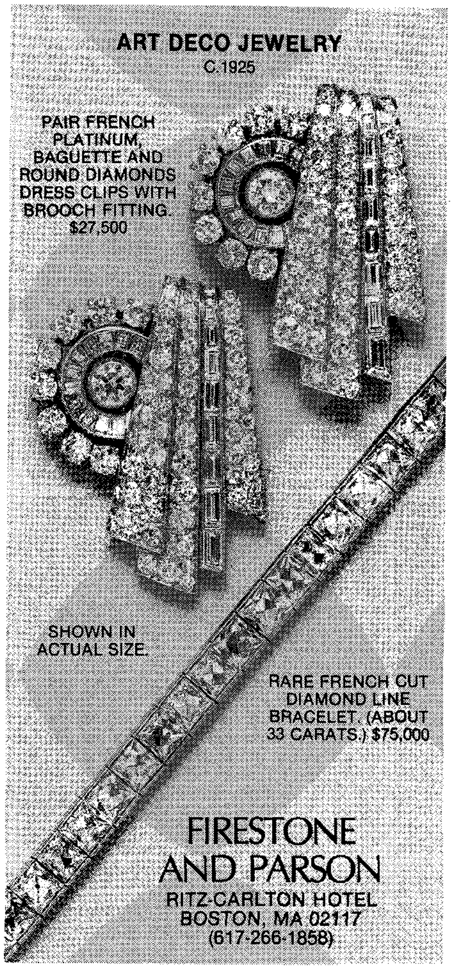
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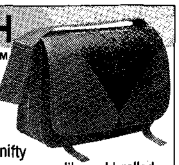
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gaps in his training. He was like the upstart who envies not the gold-plated bathrooms of the rich but the gentle upbringing; he wanted class. It's debatable whether he ever got more of it than he already had by nature. For many who watched his career take shape, Villella's greatness lay in his instinctive virtuosity—the "explosive animal force," as Robert Garis characterized his performance in "Rubies," which Balanchine captured again and again. Villella *did* refine his technique, and he did become stronger. The difference between his Prince of Lorraine, in the pre-Williams ballet "The Figure in the Carpet," and his Oberon, in the post-Williams "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was like the difference between the prewar and the postwar Olivier in Shakespeare. By the end of the sixties, the mature Villella stood in relation to the paragon Bruhn much as Olivier stood in relation to Gielgud. Villella's elegance was neither glacial like Bruhn's nor exotic like Nureyev's. And his love affair with academic classicism had deepened into obsession.

Villella genuinely believes in the humanity of classical training; it is not too much to say that he passionately believes in it. Every great dancer writes in his mind his own book of technique. Villella's is unusually compendious and analytical, probably because his career was prefaced with so many physical setbacks that he was forced to go through it considering closely the implications of his every move. And Villella is unusual in being able to communicate his passion. Except among themselves, most dancers dislike discussing dance matters, but Villella enjoys finding the words that will convey complex dance ideas to a lay audience. Though by nature he is a silent man, he is also an articulate one. From our conversations, which began about ten years ago, I have the impression that the subject of technique is *something he is continually turning* over in his mind. The book isn't closed just because the dancing career has ended. Not long ago, I asked him to enlarge upon his statement that dancing is about freedom, not discipline.

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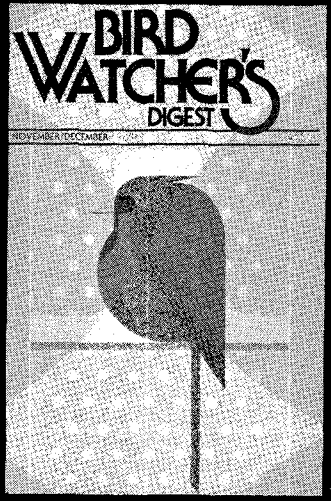
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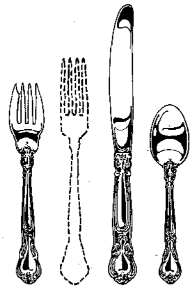
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First position—heels together, toes turned out in opposite directions—human and simple?

Villella grinned. "I didn't say it was normal," he said. "It isn't normal. It isn't easy. It *is* simple. But simplicity is the single most difficult thing to come by."

Youskevitch had been a gymnast, a fact widely noted in the years (roughly 1938 to 1958) when he shared Eglevsky's crown as king of American ballet. But Villella's athleticism brought him to the feverish attention of copywriters, sports columnists, film and TV producers. In every era of the century, a star has come along to prove to Americans that dancing is a man's game: Mordkin, then Youskevitch, then Villella, the most popular of them all. (Youskevitch would not have been recognized in Toots Shor's; Villella would have been.) There had been virile native-born American dancers before Villella appeared on the scene; Kirstein had featured most of them in "Billy the Kid" (1938), and in the fifties he and Balanchine would launch one other outstanding career—that of Jacques d'Amboise. D'Amboise's success with the public was based on his all-American-boy image. In Villella's case, biographical facts conspired with image to produce instant legend. It was as a native-born American ballet star from Queens whose father ran a trucking business in the garment district *and* who had been a champion boxer that Villella was lionized by the press, which soon found out that he talked a good game, too. He quickly developed another sideline, as a lecturer, and his lectures invariably drew analogies between ballet and sports. He was criticized for this by the very people he meant to help—the ballet establishment. Balanchine, neither a member of the establishment nor a snob, saw the value of sending Villella with his macho message into city schools and of having him pose for countless publicity photos punching a bag, or doing grands jetés in Yankee Stadium. To someone who cared nothing for sports, Villella's analogies could sound defensive. Today, they sound a bit corny. But Villella isn't putting on a front. The sports emphasis comes naturally to one who might well have been a professional athlete. Besides, Villella uses his illustrations to make the point

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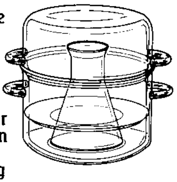
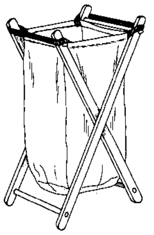
that ballet is *not* like baseball or basketball; a layup shot is *not* like grand assemblé. He doesn't take a fun-and-games approach to dance. Today, many coaches and sports-medicine experts believe that ballet conditioning improves a player's efficiency and helps prevent injuries, a view Villella has held for years and has advanced in the especially-for-athletes dance seminars that he teaches from time to time. But he stops short of putting athletes on the stage, as ballet companies have done now and then in the hope of attracting sports fans to the art. Just as Villella doesn't take a fun-and-games approach to dance, he doesn't believe in aestheticizing sports.

THE Miami City Ballet poster is almost the first thing one sees on landing at the Miami airport. It depicts endless blue sea with, in closeup, a pair of stretched feet in satin toeshoes standing on point in the surf. Open a Miami City Ballet program and out drops a flurry of brochures bearing the names of corporate subscribers—American Savings & Loan, Burger King, Cigna Dental Health, Florida Beverage, Freixenet, Joe's Stone Crab Restaurant, and on and on. There is a special Corporate Series subscription. The yuppies have their own subscription and their own organization—TOES (Team of Enthusiastic Supporters). A Saturday-matinée series for children is supported in part by the Barre—an association of young ballet-struck attorneys. Spend an hour at company headquarters—a made-over storefront studio on the Lincoln Road mall, in Miami Beach—and it seems that half of Miami is giving money to the ballet while the other half is out looking for unique ways to raise more. One easily gets the impression, in fact, that ballet in America is being Americanized in ways Balanchine and Kirstein never dreamed of—that, after fifty years of earnest cultivation by a cultural minority, it has worked itself deep enough into the fabric of American leisure-time activities to be able to ask for real money and get it.

The gala opening night of Miami City Ballet's première season was like a night in Old Hollywood. A searchlight played the air outside the Gusman Center. Stretch limos lined the streets. CenTrust, the new building by I. M. Pei, was lit up in turquoise and purple, the official colors of the ballet. Inside the theatre, a renovated movie palace with Arabian Nights décor, the audience was sipping champagne. For a New Yorker raised in the comparatively ascetic social atmosphere that until recently surrounded New York City Ballet, it was all more than gala enough. What could "Concerto Barocco" mean in a place like this? Who was Villella, really, to all these handsome, fun-loving people? The new Miami seemed to me pretty much the same as the old one; it was full of women and men who looked like New Yorkers, only with more beads and brocades and metallic threads in their wardrobes. But the question of identity was resolved on the stage. As Villella had said, the program was designed to show "who we are." In "Allegro Brillante," the curtain rose on a stageful of dancers already in motion. (It is the only Balanchine ballet that begins that way.) The sight seemed to mirror the unreal pace of the events that had led up to it, and so did the tempo of the ballet. "Allegro Brillante" was followed—a one-two punch—by the showpiece "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux." The evening was half over before the audience could catch its breath. The two new ballets were both Latin-inspired, but "El Amor Brujo" was murky and comparatively uneventful. It remained for "Transtangos" to administer the definitive shock of self-recognition. The biggest hit to play Miami in recent years had been "Tango Argentino." Gamonet's choreography for "Transtangos," as his title suggested, translated the voluptuous tango duets into semiclassical pas de deux, with the women on point. His touch was light, his emphasis was on a neutral, consistently well-focussed rhythmic continuity rather than on a presumed analogy between two styles. Which is another way of saying that Gamonet is a musical choreographer no matter what the context, in this case the *nuevo tango* of Astor Piazzolla. And the ballet wasn't hurt by the scenery (designed by Carlos Arditi), which suggested the Art Deco hotels of Collins Avenue.

The dancing all evening had been on a high level; Laurie Horn, the dance critic of the Miami *Herald*, wrote the next day, "Nobody proud to call Miami home has ever danced like this *in* Miami before." But "Transtangos" gave the audience something special to celebrate about, particularly





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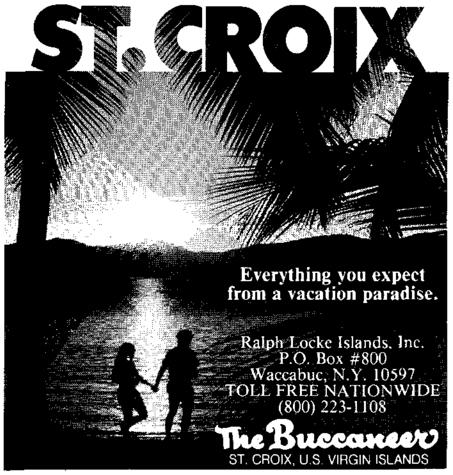

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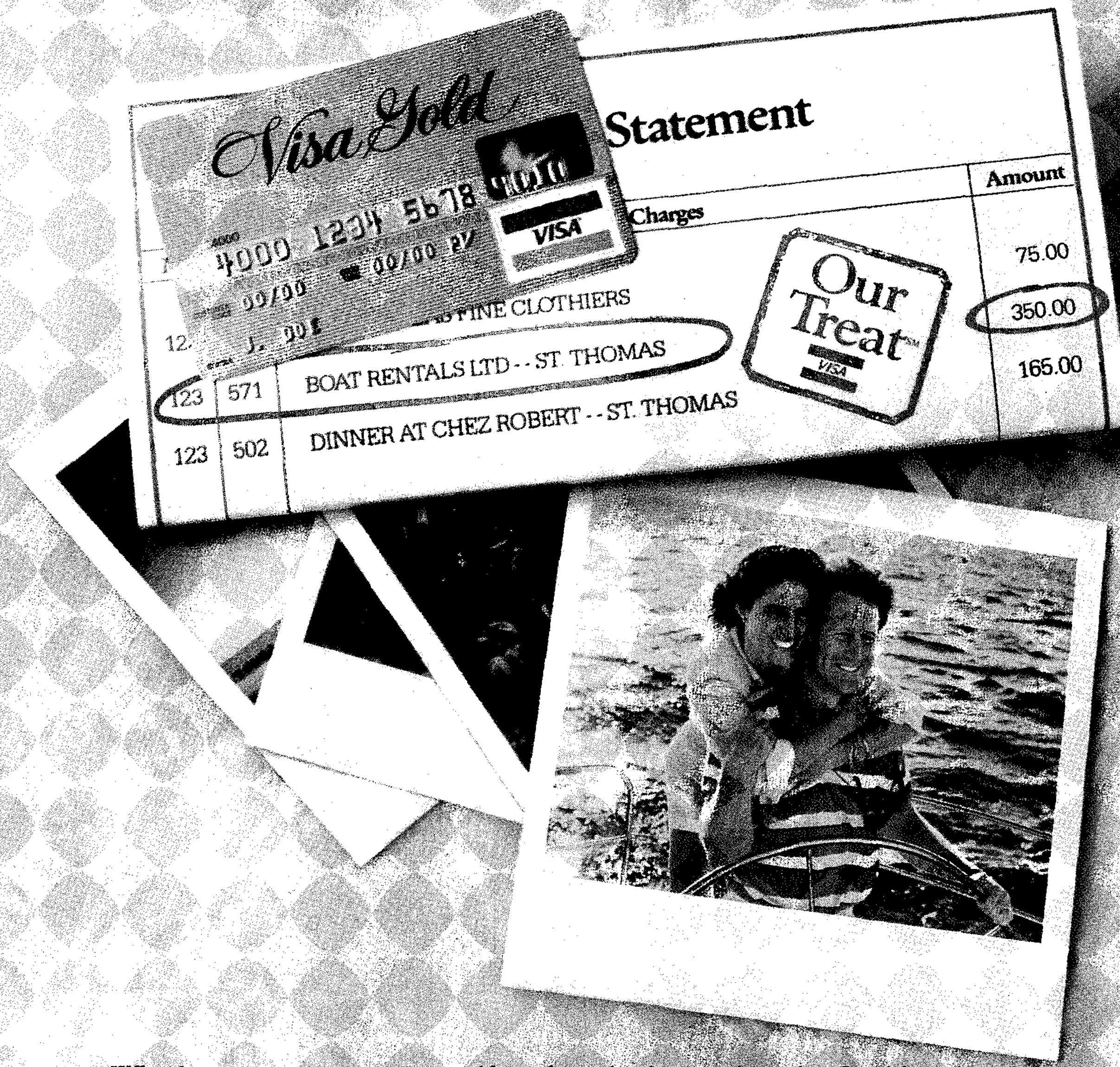

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the Miami Hispanic Heritage Festival Committee, which had commissioned it. At the party afterward, a very boom-boom affair held in the pink marble Inter-Continental Hotel, corporate Miami erupted, boogying on the dance floor and clapping in rhythm when Villella led in his dancers to the tune of "When the Saints Go Marching In." A year later, the company celebrated its first anniversary in much the same fashion, with a party in the same hotel. But the celebrants had got younger and more closely knit, and they all knew each other. There was a less purposeful edge to the gaiety. Or so it seemed. Probably nothing had changed except that Miami had become, in its own way, a ballet town. The ballet was part of it, not just a bit of color hauled in to liven up a segment of "Dynasty" or "Falcon Crest." For the first time, the fact that the city had canals, like Leningrad and Copenhagen, seemed significant.

VILLELLA's Miami Beach home is on La Gorce Island, where the long palm-lined vistas and the baby yachts lie side by side. A circular drive leads up to the house; thick, fragrant vegetation surrounds it. There is a large living room, not used for much besides storing Villella's collection of antiques and Early American art. The family gathers in the glassed-in porch off the patio, which Linda Villella has turned into a cozy den, with plump couches, rattan chairs, and stereo and TV equipment. In contrast to the house on Sixty-ninth Street, almost no ballet memorabilia are on view; the only mementos of Villella's dancing days are some official White House photographs, showing him with various Presidents and First Ladies. The one with the Fords is poignant. It was after performing for them and their guests one evening in 1975 that Villella underwent the most physically excruciating and terrifying experience of his life. For the previous few years, he had been under extreme pressure, staving off total surrender to what the medical specialists believed were the inevitably disabling effects of the old back injury. In 1973, Dr. William Hamilton, the orthopedic surgeon who acts as a consultant to New York City Ballet, told Villella he was through. Villella put together a new program of therapy, diet, and massage, and thus self-medicated he continued perform-

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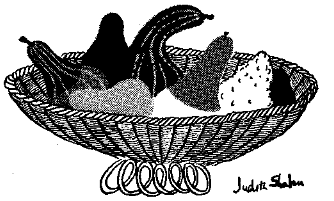
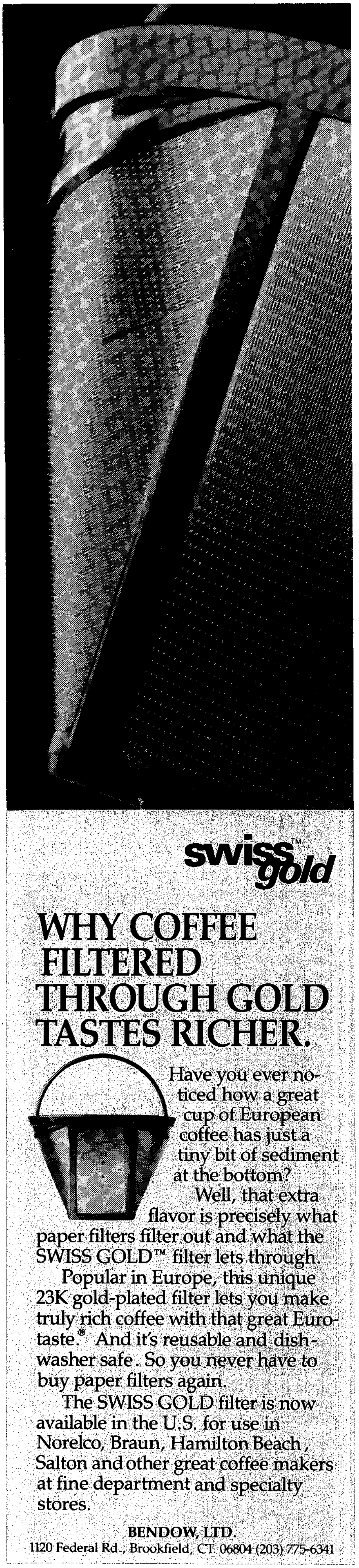
ing, with very few the wiser. At the White House, he danced the then popular "Corsaire" pas de deux, with Violette Verdy, and felt well enough afterward to attend the party; he even danced with Betty Ford. Then, after he had gone back to his hotel and taken a shower, he found that he could barely crawl into bed. His right leg was locked at the hip. Some dancers' careers end abruptly, with a snapped Achilles tendon. Villella's had hung on for more than a decade, defying all medical prognostications. Yet when the final blow came it came in a way for which he was not prepared. He lay awake all night, not daring to move. Each time he tried to change his position, red-hot pain seared his hip socket. The next day, he managed to drag himself aboard the first shuttle flight to New York, where X-ray photos revealed that the cartilage cushioning the femur had worn away, leaving him with the equivalent of a broken bone in his hip socket. He would never regain rotation in the socket. The head of the femur had been bone grinding against bone; now it was frozen in place.



Villella's feelings about having to stop dancing can only be guessed at. When he discusses the subject, it's usually in terms of financial loss. "It was just like being bankrupt," he has said. "One day I was a dancer, the next I was wiped out. I would wake up in the morning and wonder, What do I do today? My engagements went unfilled. There was no way of making up that income, because I used to have to take five or six jobs just to pay alimony to my ex-wife. I was dead broke when I met Linda—in fact, I was thirty-five thousand dollars in debt to my business manager. Then my car was stolen—a Shelby GT-350—and with the insurance money I financed my hip operation." But that wasn't until five years after the White House catastrophe—five years ("and three months," in Villella's reckoning) during which he endured what must have been agonizing hip pain. If he sometimes gives the impression that his sufferings were more financial than physical, that's only because when it comes to pain, Villella, like most dancers, is a stoic. He didn't know in 1973 that his hip was deteriorating; even if he had known, nothing he could have done would have saved it. "Because of my back pain," he says, "I had been unconsciously putting more pressure on my right hip than my left. My cartilage would have worn away even if I had retired when they told me to. The trouble was, I was only thirty-seven. It's become the thing for dancers to have hip implants, but they weren't intended for dancers. They're for old people who lead sedentary lives. I had figured on having five more years. Actually, I only had two, and I stole them. I'll never forget Bill Hamilton coming backstage one night just before 'Rubies.' There I was in costume and makeup. He looked as if he'd seen a ghost. He said, 'What the hell are *you* doing here?' I think that if I'd known the true condition of my hip I'd have gone on performing anyway."

There's no question that the saddest loss Villella suffered when he finally did quit was that of the Balanchine repertory. I have vivid memories of him in his last season dancing "Rubies" and "The Prodigal Son" and "Pulcinella." After 1975, Villella kept working—his identity as a dancer depended on it. He learned to compensate for the lack of rotation in his hip by rotating his body. But he worked out of financial need more than anything else. He travelled around the country, staging ballets, lecturing, and teaching master classes. He directed and/or choreographed dance shows for television. ("Harlequin: A Patchwork of Love" won him an Emmy in 1975.) He tried Broadway, contracting for a revival of "Pal Joey," in which he would play a song-and-dance man. Both Balanchine and Jerome Robbins jumped in and helped compose his routines, but before the show opened he withdrew. "Broadway," he told me with a sigh, "is not the world we know." One of his great accomplishments in this period was as a much needed, much quoted ballet spokesman and general arts advocate before Congress. As an early member of the National Council on the Arts, appointed by Lyndon Johnson, he had been one of the strongest links between Phase II and Phase III of the regional-ballet movement. He served a full term on the National Endowment's dance panel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and a partial term as chairman of New York City's Commission for Cultural Affairs. But this life was—well, sedentary. He had entered the special limbo reserved for the star who, no longer able to perform, remains visible, even valuable, in some ambiguous way.

In Los Angeles to film a TV show with the skater Dorothy Hamill, he got acquainted with the young woman who had been hired to assist him, the former Ice Capades star Linda Carbonetto. She told him he was not commercial enough for the work he was trying to do, though she didn't go so far as to say he should be working for Jean Cocteau. (Balanchine, in suggesting Cocteau to Villella, may have had in mind Cocteau's work with Babilée—in particular, "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort.") In 1980, she and Villella were married, each for the second time. Their daughter, Crista Francesca, was born the following year, and Villella unofficially adopted Lauren, Linda's five-year-old daughter. Linda Villella had never seen her husband dance, and until that final performance, in 1979, of "Watermill," a Robbins ballet in which Villella was required to move very slowly or remain still for long periods, she had had no idea what he looked like on the stage. He kept a film-and-video library of his performances but was reluctant to show it. As a pioneer of dance on television, Villella is painfully aware of the shortcomings of these performances, and he is in no hurry, he says, for his family to get a distorted impression of what his dancing was really like. Besides, much of the collection is on three-quarter-inch videotape, incompatible with modern VCRs. Gradually, it is being converted, and Linda and the girls are getting bit-by-bit glimpses of the TV appearances that made Villella famous throughout America.

Depending on which day of the week you encountered him, Villella during this period was either a constant and lively symbol of his art or a fallen angel who could not find his place. His old repertory was being danced by Baryshnikov and other men. The "ballet boom" was still on; dance journalists seemed to forget that he had ever been part of it. His physical condition weakened to the point where he was forced to walk with a cane. Janet Roberts, then Villella's agent, recalls a visit to her house on Cape Cod when Villella cut himself a cane from a stick

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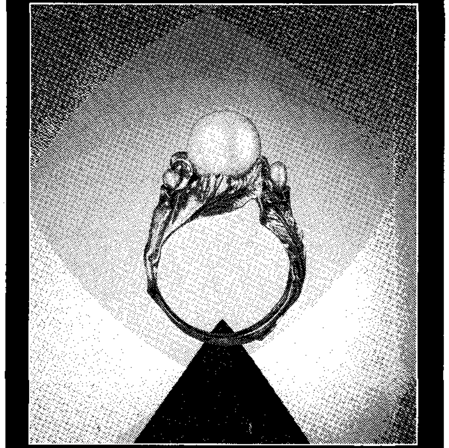

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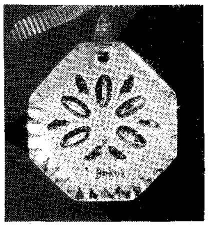

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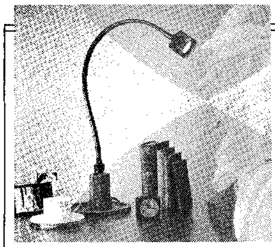

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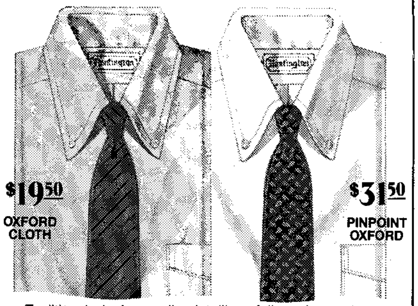

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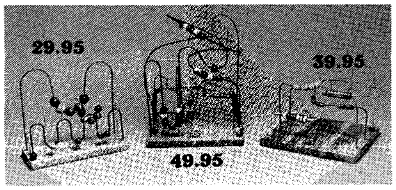

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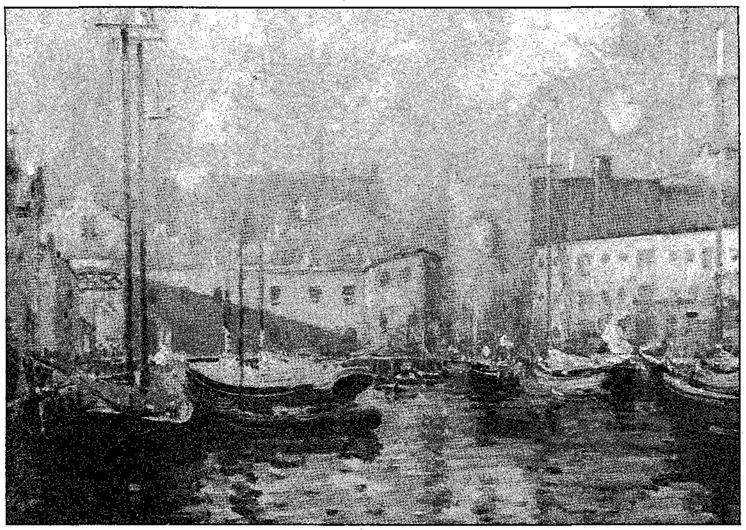
he found on the beach. Mrs. Roberts, who had known him from his corps-de-ballet days, was shocked at the sight, and was moved to think Villella would let himself be seen that way, even among friends. Soon afterward, he flew to London for his hip-implant operation, and things started looking up. His old energy came back. He took on more duties, more interests. He even appeared in public on crutches, with Linda at his side. I ran into them one evening as he was hobbling into the State Theatre—our first meeting since the operation. He caught sight of me and called out, "No more pain!" For the first time in years, it seemed that he had a future as well as a past.

In his elation, Villella at first tried to do more work than he could handle, just as he had on returning from college to the ballet. His critics complained that he was spreading himself too thin. But I noticed a difference in the interviews he was giving on his lecture tours: he had finally begun referring to himself as "a retired dancer." Whenever I visited the house on Sixty-ninth Street, the mood would be up. The Villellas would discuss the good news of the day and the bad with the same equanimity. The latest setback—their failure, for example, to win full custody of Roddy, Villella's son by his first marriage, to the dancer Janet Greschler—was merely the prelude to a new attack on the problem. Probably, Villella's outlook could have been understood even then in terms of his movement philosophy. One does in truth go down to go up. One goes backward, but with a forward impetus, as in Oberon's great solo. Though Villella couldn't dance, he hadn't stopped thinking like a dancer: Stay over your balance, rotate out, out and up. He was recentering his life by a series of small upward turns. Marrying Linda was an upward turn—a big one.

Linda Carbonetto is the daughter of a career officer in the Canadian diplomatic service. As a little girl, she took up figure skating for exercise and pursued it in various world capitals. When her father was posted back to Ottawa, she began training in earnest and participated in the 1968 Olympics, in Grenoble. She became the women's national skating champion of Canada in 1969. When family finances gave out, she went pro and joined the Ice Capades. With her lithe figure, small blond head, and dainty bones,



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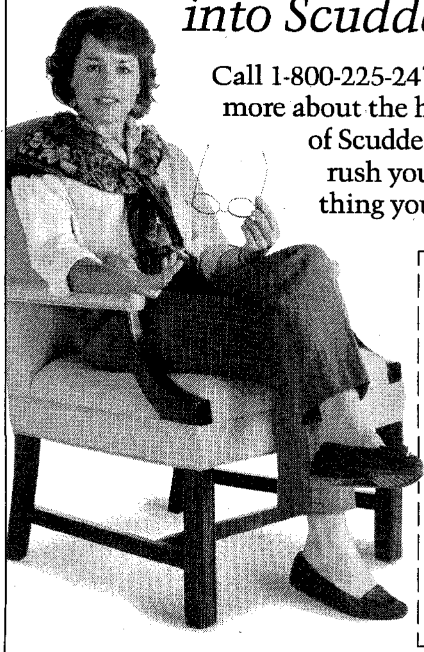

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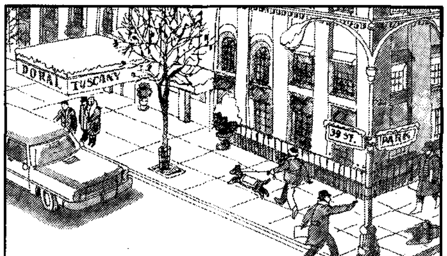
Linda Villella could be taken for one of her husband's dancers. In fact, a skater's regimen is nearly as hard as a dancer's, and the touring life is harder. But when Linda Carbonetto met Edward Villella they didn't spend much time commiserating; they were too busy giggling together in TV studios, in restaurants, on beaches, in airports. Linda has described their courtship as "six months of foolishness." Villella would take any engagement that got him back to the vicinity of Los Angeles, where she was living. He accepted lecture fees as low as a hundred and fifty dollars. Then he would go off with Linda and spend his fee.

"Sometimes I would attend the lecture," Linda told me, in her soft, confiding voice. "I got so tired of Edward's life story. I'd sit there listening to all the blood and guts, and think, Wow, they're really sorry for him. When I met Edward, he had this terrible, really frightening hip pain, he walked with a limp, and he slept about two hours a night. It was tragic. But all he talked about was having to retire from dancing *early*. He was practically forty years old. Is that early? I had to give up championship skating at twenty-one, and I couldn't understand what was so upsetting about having to give up dancing at forty. I didn't feel a bit sorry for him."

Linda's attitude, Villella says, was a dash of ice water in the face, and it helped him get his bearings. Balanchine had once told him that it was better to go out in glory than in decline, a piece of advice dancers often give themselves and seldom follow. Villella knew that he had been spared the indignity of decline; he told a reporter in 1981, "It was a painful thing to leave what was the love and passion of my life, but it would be far more painful to be hanging around onstage trying to be what I was ten or fifteen years ago." But he really felt that he hadn't been given a choice. His injury had made the choice for him, and, as he now admits, he resented that bitterly: "I didn't want *it* to retire me, I wanted *me* to retire me." And so, at forty-four, with a plastic lining in his hip, he set about devising a proper farewell to dance. He went back to class.

Eventually, he got back onstage for two performances of the pas de deux from Balanchine's "Apollo," followed by Robbins' "Afternoon of a Faun." I missed this event, which took place



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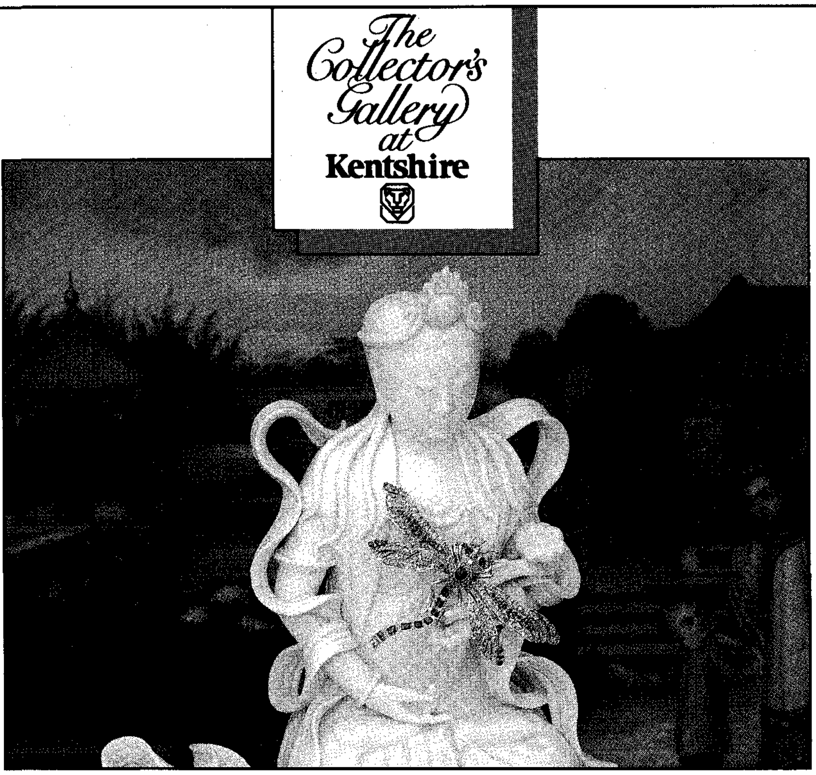
in the Hancher Auditorium at the University of Iowa, on November 13 and 14, 1981, but not long afterward I saw Villella during a lecture perform Apollo's second solo and a bit of the first pas de trois from "Agon." Though the performance was reduced in scale and intensity—Villella announced that he would only "pass through" the steps, not dance them full out—it was obvious to me from the steadiness and security with which he moved that he had found the transition he was looking for. Even among dancers, Villella has always stood out as a physically supercharged creature. Long years of pain and then weeks of recuperation had put him out of touch with what he calls "my physicalities." And there was now something new going on in his right hip joint, which he needed to know about. How great this need was can be measured by a story Linda Villella told me. Only four months after Villella got off his crutches, he tested himself physically by skiing—and he had never skied before. The two of them happened to be at a winter resort. Villella spied the ski slopes, and the doctrine that slower is faster got tossed to the winter winds. Before his wife could stop him, he was on his way up the mountain in a chair lift. She watched in horror as he came back down, weirdly bent over, elbows flapping up to his ears, all but out of control. Villella looks back on this madness with characteristic aplomb. "I just had to do it," he says. He never skied again. Normally, the way a dancer gets a grip on reality is by performing—going straight through a role from beginning to end, on a stage, in front of an audience. When Suzanne Farrell underwent a hip operation similar to Villella's, he counselled her in a general way on what to expect. Both of them knew that Farrell would have to find out the particulars for herself. Villella's 1981 stage performances weren't comebacks, like Farrell's 1988 ones. Specifically, they told him that he could function professionally as a dancer—that he needn't brush up his maritime skills or start selling marine insurance. From performing, he gained a kind of physical self-knowledge that no amount of classwork or physiotherapy could have provided. The most important gain of all was probably psychological—the feeling that he was back in charge of his destiny.

The two "Faun"s (with Heather



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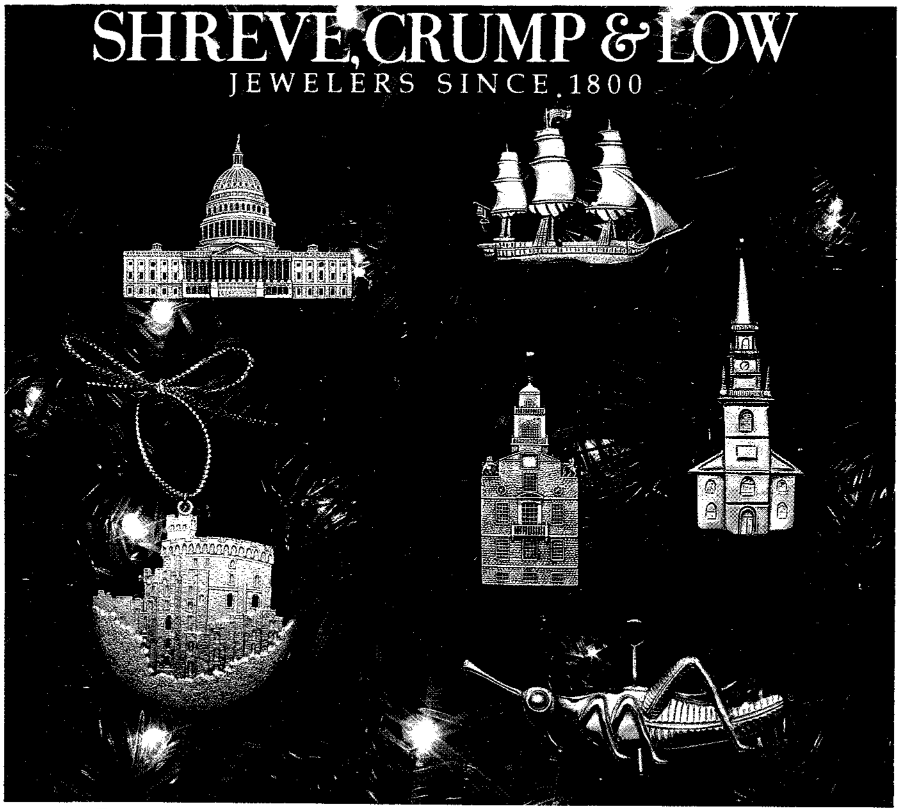

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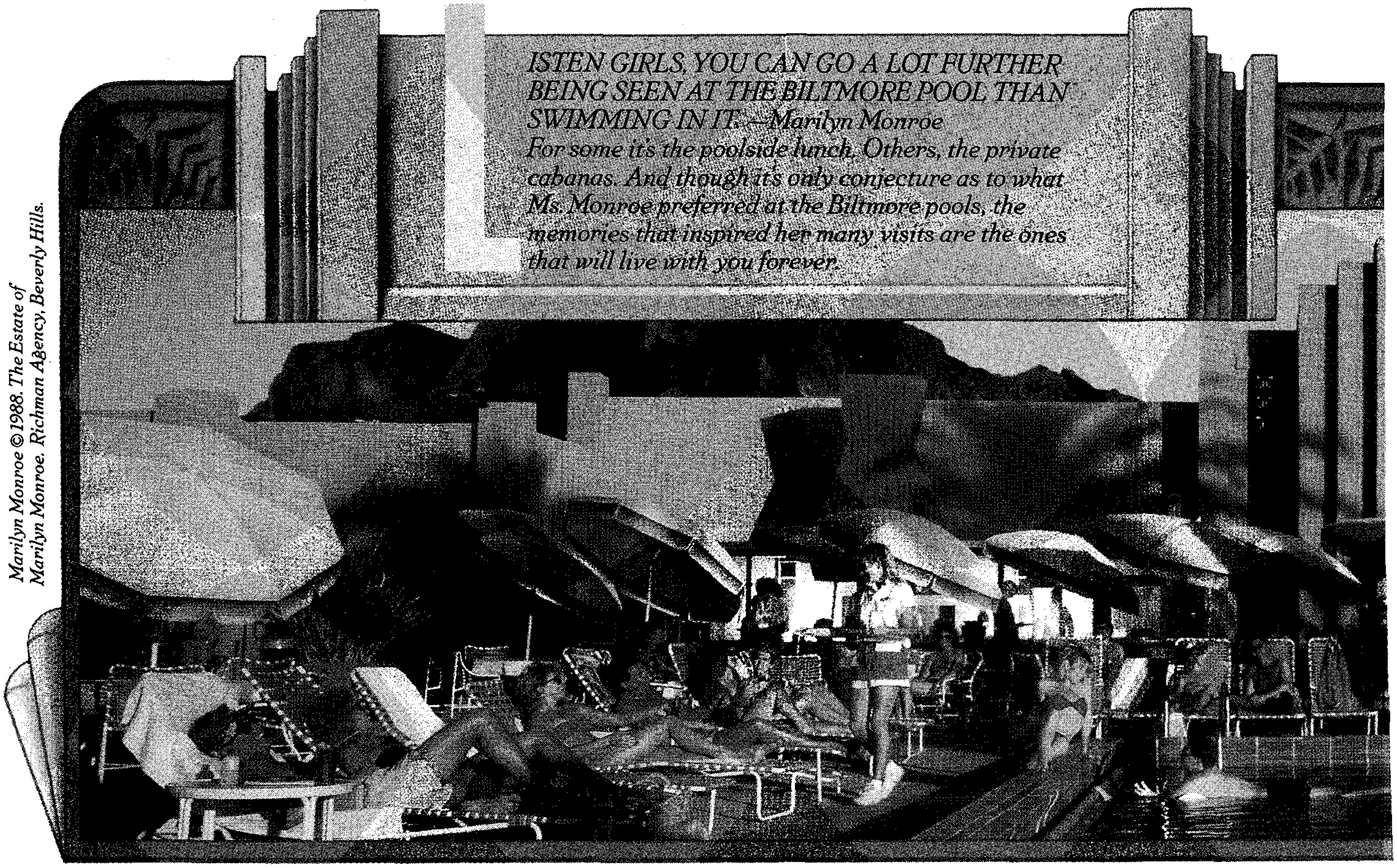
Watts, replacing the scheduled Gelsey Kirkland) brought his performing career full circle. The Faun had been his first principal role: he danced it two weeks after joining New York City Ballet. In a sense, Villella *is* the Faun. Robbins says that he based his choreography on a memory of Villella as a boy taking class one afternoon in a shaft of sunlight. On May 20, 1982, Villella was reunited with his first Nymph, Allegra Kent, in an all-star gala benefit program at the Metropolitan in New York. They came on together to dance Villella's pas de deux "Shenandoah," and were greeted with the biggest ovation of the evening. Villella the dancer has been in gradual retreat from the public gaze all through the eighties. Bit by bit, the curtain comes down. In 1984, he appeared in Ann Arbor and Albany, dancing in "The Waltz Project," a ballet choreographed to his measure by Richard Tanner and including a special waltz composed "for E.V." by Morton Gould. Villella continues to present the "Apollo" and "Agon" excerpts in his lectures. They are not billed as performances—his contract forbids it. He asks the audience's indulgence while he "revisits old friends." The effect is like a great operatic tenor singing falsetto—an experience complete in its own terms.

While Villella was busy preparing his farewell to the stage, his N.Y.C.B. life was rapidly becoming a thing of the past. His last link with it had been coaching Baryshnikov in his old roles. (When Baryshnikov danced for the Carters at the White House, Villella was there to introduce the program, which included "Tarantella," the "Rubies" pas de deux, and parts of "Harlequinade." During rehearsals in the East Room, Baryshnikov's manager, Edgar Vincent, whose other clients are mostly singers and musicians, watched in wonderment as the two dancers ran through "Tarantella" together. "This is amazing," he said. "Nowhere in the music world would you ever see a thing like this—one star coaching another.") Those roles were still alive to Villella; they were his other selves, and he would spend hours talking about them into my tape recorder. We thought of a book in which he would discuss his repertory in detail and I would somehow transcribe words and movement together onto the printed page. Later, I realized this could be better done on videotape, with Villella visibly demonstrating steps to another dancer. The book project got going during the "bankrupt" years, when it seemed that Villella would not move expansively again, but much of Oberon was recorded—more or less—with him bouncing around his living room. Were I a camera, I would have captured the felicity of Villella demonstrating. All I got was a soundtrack. Here is the *sound* of the moment that begins Oberon's variation:

E.V.: I think I take three or four steps, and then I stop and pose, but I don't stop. My hand is going up, up—and as my hand hits the top of the pose I'm moving into something else. What I tried to do was put one phrasing against another, so that you saw something like slow motion and an elongated stretch, and then—suddenly an attack, where the whole body turned, but turned in one [count]. And this is something that I talk about in class: you don't turn *around*, but you *turn out* to turn around. So your whole body is turning around. It is all in one, and the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body doesn't change, it just rotates.

A.C.: Whips, sort of.

E.V.: It whips around or snaps around in one. It is, first, posing but not stopping. The pose is in motion. And then it is that slow, elongated stretch, and *then* the quickness of going *whuump!* and taking off.

A.C.: Well, it was one of the most thrilling openings. The attack of it was like this big, wide exciting dégagé-soutenu swoop, and you knew fireworks were about to explode.

E.V.: It was all juxtaposition.

From specific description Villella would often veer off into rumination:

"Look at [Balanchine's] variations. They're all dances; they're not trick, trick, trick, run. They're full of these bubbling little delicacies. In Oberon, I like to think that he was thinking 'scherzo' and 'power' at the same time. That is to me the big challenge of that variation. It's to have the power to jump it and also the speed to do it musically and play with it musically. That really was the most difficult thing to do, and it's probably why people have so much trouble with Oberon today. They prepare themselves for power and they don't deal with speed. See, the big problem when you dance quickly with power is that you bunch and tense. You are not purely classical, and Oberon cannot be other than purely classical. That's where this business of slower being faster comes in. You can't be abrupt. It has to be with speed, but you can't be abrupt within the speed. When you are going down through the plié, you have to do the whole plié. You can't shorten it in any way. If anything, you have to elongate it and still not be late. But what a pleasure to do a variation like that! Look at all the stuff there is to play with!"

Our taping sessions were mesmerizing, and we talked about many things besides dance. By the summer of 1983, Villella told me that he was flying around in class, doing sixes and eights, and even turning better than he could when he was performing, "because without pain I can feel the turn." It was impossible not to feel a pang as Villella said this. Balanchine had died that spring. "Pulcinella," the ballet in which he had given Villella his last starring role, would never be performed again. I suppose it is no great loss; except for the novelty of seeing Villella in a role unlike any he had done before, "Pulcinella" hadn't amounted to much, and Balanchine's failure to include it in the Stravinsky Centennial Celebration the previous spring was tantamount to declaring it defunct. With some further revision (Balanchine had revised the piece before), Villella could probably have got through it. But, by the time of the Stravinsky Centennial, Balanchine was too ill to do more than a few token bits of choreography.

WE still thought we had a book to do, so when Villella drove to Saratoga that same summer for a speaking engagement, taking Linda and the baby, I went along, too. We checked into one of the duplex dorms at Skidmore College. The Villellas had left Crista's nurse at home. This was done, I now realize, to accommodate me in the Ford Tempo they had rented for the weekend. It wasn't a good idea, because Crista, who had slept all the way up in the car, suddenly got rest-

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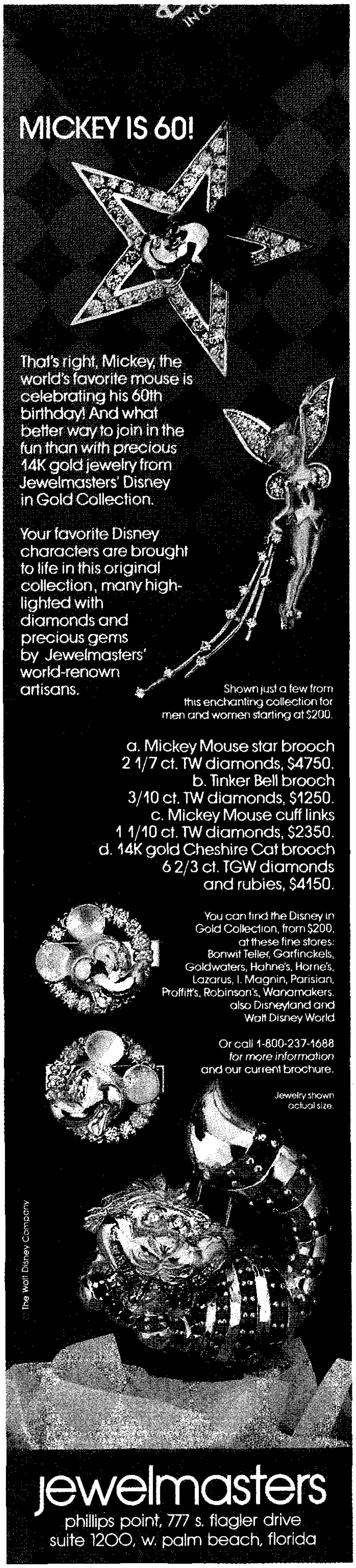
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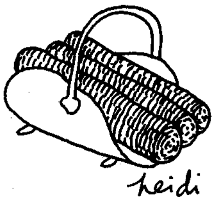
less. It turned out that she had a high fever. After dinner, Villella changed into a light-blue pin-cord suit and, leaving Linda to put the baby to bed, drove to the Filene Music Building, where a crowd of about three hundred awaited him. This was one of his more informal talks, with no dancing. His subject was Balanchine, and he spoke off the cuff. Here are some of the things he said:



On "Rubies": "He took an American jazz style and put it on a classical plane. He gave that to us and said, 'What are you going to do with it?' Now, when he showed you steps, his whole body spoke. And I am looking at what he is doing in front of me, and it is all about dignity, it is about integrity, it is about economy. And I am trying to imitate that, because that is what we dancers do—we imitate. But I am not just imitating, I am referring. I am referring to the days when I was in high school and college, and dancing to 'Sing, Sing, Sing' and all those old Benny Goodman records. And he never said, 'Don't do.' I think he liked it."

On Balanchine the man: "There was an aura about that man, no matter where he was, whether it was in a restaurant, a rehearsal studio, at a performance, or standing in the wings. An aura that not only attracted you—you couldn't get your eyes or your mind off him. There was instant authority coming from this man—that's what I saw. When I think of Mr. B., I see a profile—a very sharp, clear, almost hatchetlike profile. It's a very clean linear image. And to me as a kid he was definitely the man I wanted to please. He walked into the studio, and he was coming from somewhere and he was going somewhere. And he knew all about it—that was the wonderful thing. He knew, he knew."

On dancing: "The best part of it was going through space at an angle, with the wind past your ears. The feel of the wind, the sound of it."

Question from the audience: "Why did Balanchine pick Peter Martins?"

Answer: "He was concerned not only about the survival of his work but that the premise, the ideas, the style should go on. Peter Martins has Bournonville in his background. He has Petipa. He has Balanchine. And he has been willing to work at being a choreographer. I put steps together, but that's different."

Question from the audience: "Was George Balanchine loved?"

Answer: "Everybody loved him. The thing was to have him love and respect us—that's what we all wanted. Some of us got that love and some of us didn't."

Villella didn't elaborate. The truth of his relations with Balanchine wouldn't have borne telling. But in private he lets the worst be known: that he passed most of his N.Y.C.B. career on the outs with Balanchine; that there even was a time when he and Stanley Williams both believed he would have been fired if Balanchine had had anyone to replace him. Yet Villella can go about the country singing Balanchine's praises, and there's no hypocrisy in it. He's still doing his utmost to please that man.

When Villella got back to the dorm, Crista was still up. She was up most of the night, and so was Linda. In the morning, the temperature was gone, and the baby was fine. Villella said that she was the same kind of hyperactive child he had been. "I couldn't take piano lessons because I couldn't sit still, I was so antsy," he said.

"Maybe Crista should dance your roles," Linda suggested. "She could, too, with those thighs and that temper. I put her down for the last time last night—it was daybreak—and I remember thinking, If she goes, she goes, I've done all I can." Then, without having slept a wink since she left New York, Linda spent the day gamely chasing Crista around the Saratoga pool house while Villella and I did some taping.

We went to a performance of New York City Ballet at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center and saw "Who Cares?" Villella had little to say about it. The leading male role, created for d'Amboise, "takes American jazz and puts it on a classical plane." Was it a role he might once have envisioned himself in? Probably. Officially, there were no regrets. Among the remarks he had recorded that afternoon were "I've had my hits, from now on it's all dessert" and "There's no place I'd rather be right now than in the studio with my dancers." (He was running three schools in New Jersey at the time and working regularly with the New Jersey Ballet as

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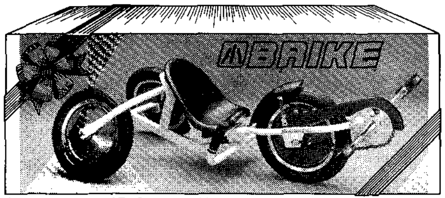

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Balanchine was much on our minds. The Villellas had been to see him in the hospital. He had met Linda before and flirted innocently with her. Sick as he now was, he did so again. "You"—he pointed to Linda—"sit here." Roguishly, he patted the bed. "And you"—he pointed to Villella—"sit over there." He indicated a chair by the foot of the bed. They'd all three had a little chat, just as if everything were absolutely normal; then, not wishing to tire Balanchine, the Villellas had left. Balanchine's bedside had become something of a shrine in the last weeks of his life. Some people, thinking to right old wrongs, went to him and poured their hearts out. Villella couldn't do this. Throughout his life, it was the cool and correct Balanchine whom he idolized; no dancer—no Eglevsky or Bruhn—had been a more impressive model of deportment. Onstage and off, Villella's manners are a mixture of Old World Italian propriety and Balanchinean reserve. How much his visit meant to the dying man he will never know. If he had hoped at long last to soften Balanchine's fixed view of him as an outsider, he hadn't succeeded. That summer, when he discussed his roles with me it was with an underlying sense of what might have been. Once I asked him point-blank what he had lost by quarrelling with Balanchine. Were there roles unmade that would have been more brilliant than Oberon, than "Rubies"? Were such things conceivable even by Balanchine? Villella sensibly did not attempt an answer. He merely replied, "I was not in his thoughts." It sounded mild enough, yet not to be in Balanchine's thoughts was for a dancer of Villella's stature to be cast into outer darkness.

"Some of us got that love and some of us didn't." In and around the company, Villella's reputation always was slightly shady. I never understood why, and, since no one seemed to think it extraordinary, I never asked. "He has no friends," I once remarked to Edwin Denby. "He doesn't need them," Denby shot back. That was that. Such was the Byzantine atmosphere of Balanchine's court. Anti-Balanchine opinion in the dance world held that Balanchine was "punishing" Villella. When Villella had to stop dancing his Balanchine roles, the punishment theory went into overdrive. I

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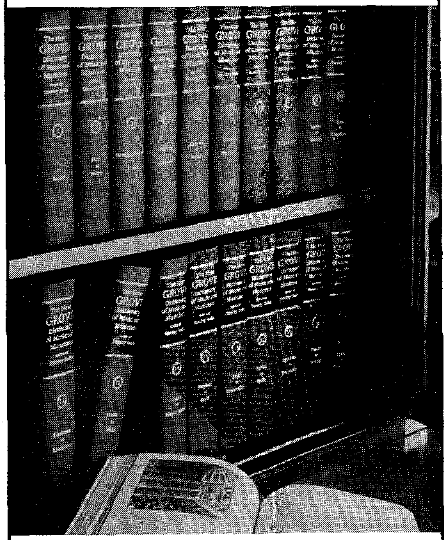

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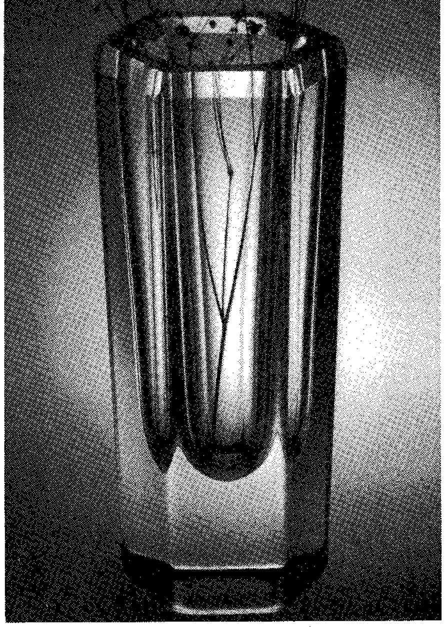

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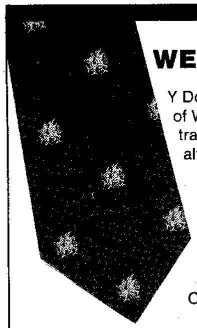

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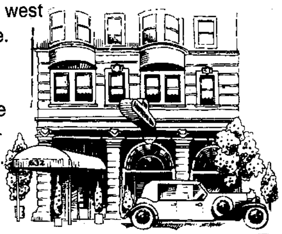

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was authoritatively informed that the choreographer had deliberately broken the dancer, in body as well as in spirit. If there had been anything to this, we may be certain that we would have heard about it from Gelsey Kirkland, in the anti-Balanchine chapters of her recent memoir, "Dancing on My Grave." Villella was a childhood hero of hers, but though she is dimly aware of Balanchine's displeasure with him, she certainly doesn't see him as a fellow-victim. To Kirkland, Villella is someone who successfully defied Balanchine. He is also one of the few ballet figures to emerge from her book with any sort of commendation, and although Kirkland is strangely impersonal (she doesn't mention Villella's efforts to help her salvage her career or his importance as one of her first partners), the dance world barely took notice when she accepted an award from the National Rehabilitation Hospital for having overcome drug addiction and Villella was the only dancer who would consent to introduce her. His speech, at a Kennedy Center ceremony, appealed to dancers to forgive Kirkland on behalf of the art, and it fell on deaf ears. "There's a seeking of dignity that we do onstage, and I think we've got to do that offstage as well," he told the audience. "There's a great deal of dignity in forgiveness, especially for troubled colleagues."

Villella's sense of dignity is offended by the taste for society gossip which has lately pervaded the dance world. "The big product of ballet in the eighties is scandal," he says gloomily. Dismayed by the scandalmongering of the Kirkland book, he sought to repair the damage by making a statesmanlike gesture. This was generous but not very Balanchinean of him; Balanchine, as Villella well knew, did not so easily forgive offenders. The things that matter to Villella—status, property, family, dignity, always dignity—are things that Balanchine didn't care about. The thing that he did care about was loyalty, and on this score Villella was destined to fail him time and time again. Perhaps Villella saw something of his own clash with Balanchine mirrored in Kirkland's rebellion, even if Kirkland didn't. The week Balanchine died, I didn't try to get in touch with Villella. At the funeral, I saw him, obviously overcome, approach the casket, one of an unforgettable procession

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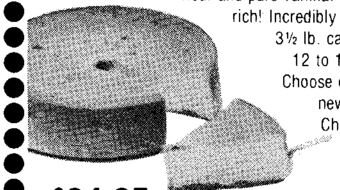

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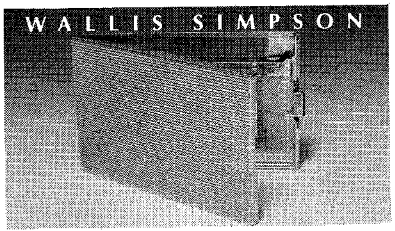

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of grieving dancers. But all I ever heard him say, more in wonder than in sorrow, was "We never knew a time when he wasn't there." For all their differences, the two men were emotionally, I would even say spiritually, very much alike. It is strange to think of Villella, who was Balanchine's most independent dancer, bearing so intimate, so filial, a resemblance to him.

—ARLENE CROCE

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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DEPARTMENT OF LIFE STYLES
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[*Excerpts from the Yale Alumni Magazine*]

From somewhat north of Wally—Cancun, Mexico, to be exact—I have a long letter from DAVE HENDERSON, with pictures of the launching of his new boat, *Triunfador III*. Says Dave, "Our shiny new putt-putt was to have been 163 feet overall, but after Marge's father kicked the bucket last year, we figured we could go another 30-40 feet. So, we re-did the whole plan, and now it's 197 feet stem-to-stern, fitted out with every electronic marvel known to man, and furnished like a Sultan's harem! I feel like a kid with a new toy, and so does Marge! The other day she walked into the owner's suite—the whole thing's done in white-on-white—collapsed on the bed, and began to cry, she was so happy! Incidentally, we've got a wonderful new chef on board, and we're heading for Italy and the Cote d'Azur in May. Any '43-ers who spot us in one of the harbors in that neighborhood are hereby invited to come aboard for drinks and some of Andre's gourmet chow . . . !"

Your Secretary realized an ambition in November when he hiked in Nepal for three weeks, in the stout company of two daughters and a son-in-law. We climbed up to Annapurna Base Camp, with the considerable aid of Sherpas and porters. A highlight of the trip was a chance meeting with LARRY VAUGHN. The U.S. Embassy in Kathmandu had advised us, when we checked in, that we might run into an American Buddhist monk named Lawrence Vaughn at the Chonro Lamasery at 13,000 feet, the highest populated place on our route. We camped near there late one day and visited the Lamasery. Sure enough it was our Larry and we were permitted to chat with him. He was wearing a maroon homespun cassock and sandals, and his hair had been shaved but by the time we saw him was just close-cropped. He was in fine fettle, and said he is spending two years as a monk there to find himself anew and to meditate on the future. He said he'd gotten out of the market in mid-1987, so he doesn't worry about that. Claudine and their daughter Fleur, now four years old, are staying at the Vaughns' villa in Porto Cervo on Sardinia until Larry finishes his stint in the Himalayas. Claudine flies to Paris every week where she is taking her doctorate in Comparative Greek Literature at the Sorbonne. Larry sent his best to all Classmates, and says he'll make the 45th Reunion in June '89 for sure.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

ULSTER SPRING

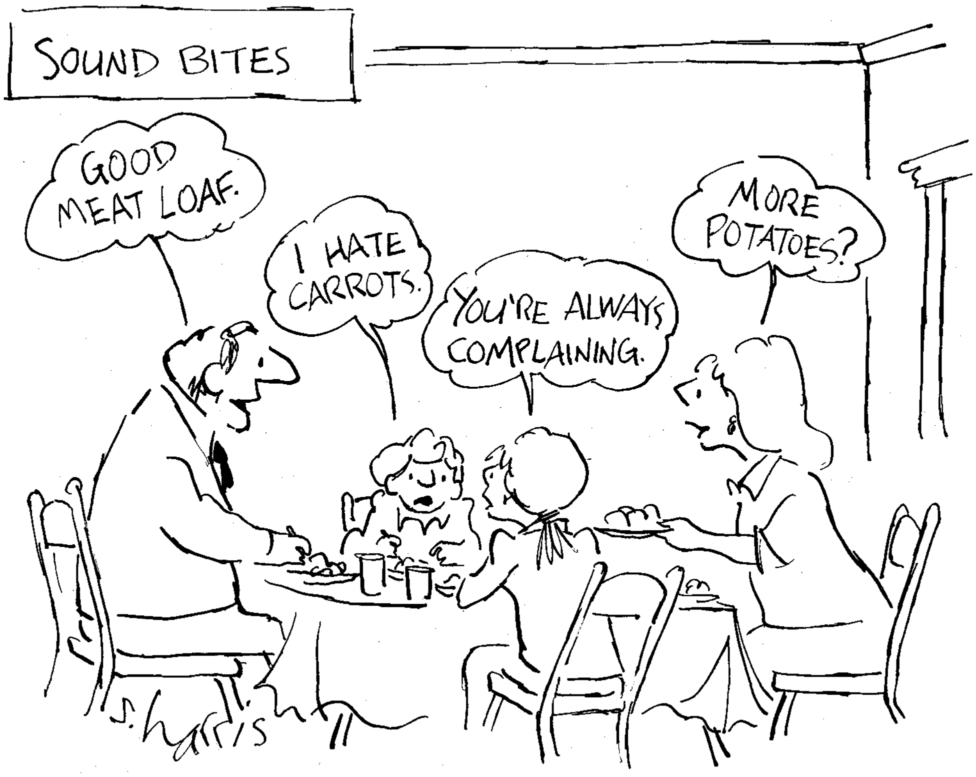
IN Belfast last spring, I had a room at the Wellington Park Hotel, near Queen's University. It isn't a fancy place by American standards, but the staff is friendly and polite, and if you take advantage of the free breakfasts, which are served in a dark little dining area, you can go straight through until evening on the country eggs, streaky bacon, and doughy pancakes that make up an Ulster Fry. My windows looked out on a back parking lot, where empty beer kegs were stored; a front parking lot was protected by a guard, closed-circuit cameras, and a ten-foot-high fence. All the security measures put me off at first, but I soon learned that they had to do less with preventing terrorist attacks than with keeping rowdies out of the lobby bar on weekend nights. Like so many things in the city, they were deceptive, double-edged, not at all what they seemed to be.

In my room at the Wellington Park, there was the usual assortment of international motel furniture, along with a color TV, on which I always watched the evening news. Almost everyone in Northern Ireland is addicted to the news, and events of importance are constantly reinterpreted, so that sometimes it's impossible to be sure what really happened. Although the newspapers are expensive—about seventy-five cents on the average—you have to read at least three of them daily, each offering a different viewpoint, to get any sense of the actual. I started clipping stories when I arrived in May, and before long I had such a pile of print that the maids were afraid to disturb it, as if it were something the Druids had left behind.

Quite early in my stay, I saw that it would be impertinent to take a judgmental, overly sympathetic, tongue-clucking attitude toward the Troubles. Local people become agitated when outsiders carry on about the sadness of Ulster, and they are doubly offended when an American does it, since our own history is so violent, racist, and imperialist. It's fair to say that journalists, even some of the ones in town, are regarded as a lower form of life. The easiest way to start a pub fight is to mention Beirut in reference to Northern Ireland. The reporting in English papers is roundly despised, because it often treats the Irish as if they were unwashed children in need of moral instruction. Only foreign TV crews are heaped with more abuse—they disseminate the sensational images that give Belfast its bad reputation. There is a much talked-about tragedy involving a French crew that, facing a deadline and unable to find anything dramatic to film, hired a few punks to drink too much, knock each other about, and toss a petrol bomb over a wall. The bomb supposedly killed a milkman and his teen-age son.

The hotel where most journalists stay is the Europa. It's an ugly curvilinear concrete slab near the city center, and it has been bombed so often that it has a spot in the "Guinness Book of World Records." When I first walked by the Europa, I wondered how it had ever passed architectural muster; nobody had told me yet that you can put up anything you want in Belfast as long as you pay off the Ulster Defence Association or the Irish Republican Army. These paramilitary organizations, especially the I.R.A., like to be thought of as pure in heart, but both of them thrive on graft and corruption, and they control the building trades in most of Northern Ireland, just as the Mafia does in parts of the United States. Sometimes they even work hand in hand to shake down developers and contractors, plowing their profits into Swiss bank accounts, dummy corporations, and arms shipments from Libya.

The best aspect of the Europa is its location, directly across the street from two of Belfast's oldest and finest pubs, the Crown Liquor Saloon and Robinson's Bar. The Crown is owned by the National Trust and has a Victorian atmosphere, with stained-glass windows, elaborate woodwork, and a series of cozy booths called snugs, which have curtains for privacy. If you sit in a snug with some oysters and a glass of stout, you start imagining liaisons between men with mustaches and women in rose-colored garters. The Crown brings to mind the autobiography of Frank Harris, while Robinson's, where the barmen wear blue-and-white striped shirts and long aprons, has a more wholesome, Gay Nineties feel. The clientele in both pubs is a mixture of Protestants and Catholics,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S. Harris

WONDERS ANCIENT AND MODERN

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The heart of the old city is an immense square known as the Zócalo. Two of Mexico's oldest and most important buildings are here — the National Palace and the Metropolitan Cathedral. The palace is an enormous structure that houses the office of the president, the national treasury, and other government agencies. It also contains one of Diego Rivera's most famous murals. The cathedral is the biggest in the Western Hemisphere and is filled with paintings, tapestries, and gold and silver ornaments.

THE ZÓCALO, MEXICO CITY

The city's many theatres offer musical and dramatic events throughout the year. The National Symphony Orchestra, the National Opera, and the world-famous Ballet Folklórico de Mexico all perform at the Palace of Fine Arts. This massive white marble structure contains outstanding works by the great Mexican muralists Diego Rivera, David Siqueiros, José Orozco, and Rufino Tamayo.

FOLK DANCERS

A visit to Mexico City would not be complete without seeing the National Museum of Anthropology and History, located in handsome Chapultepec Park. Not only is it one of the most beautiful public buildings in the world, but it is also the home of Mexico's greatest treasures, including the sacred Sunstone (or Aztec Calendar Stone), and the art of Olmec, Mayan, Toltec, and other Mexican cultures.

Well worth visiting are the Pyramids of Teotihuacan, which are the remains of a religious center of an unknown tribe. The Pyramid of the Sun here is as high as a twenty-story building.

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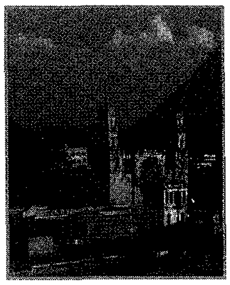
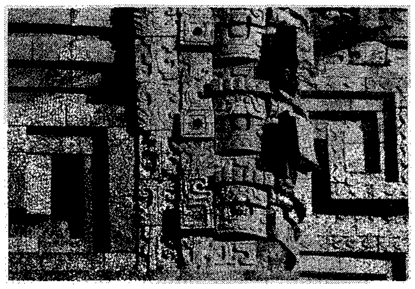
A visit to the fabled jungle ruins of the Yucatán is an experience best described as awe-inspiring. The jumping-off point is Mérida, the largest city in the Yucatán. Among the sites to see here are the huge, lemon-colored cathedral that faces a tree-shaded plaza; the Casa Montejo, home of the first governor and one of the finest sixteenth-century mansions in Mexico; and the Museum of Archaeology, an excellent place to gain an introduction to the Mayan ruins.


CATHEDRAL IN MÉRIDA

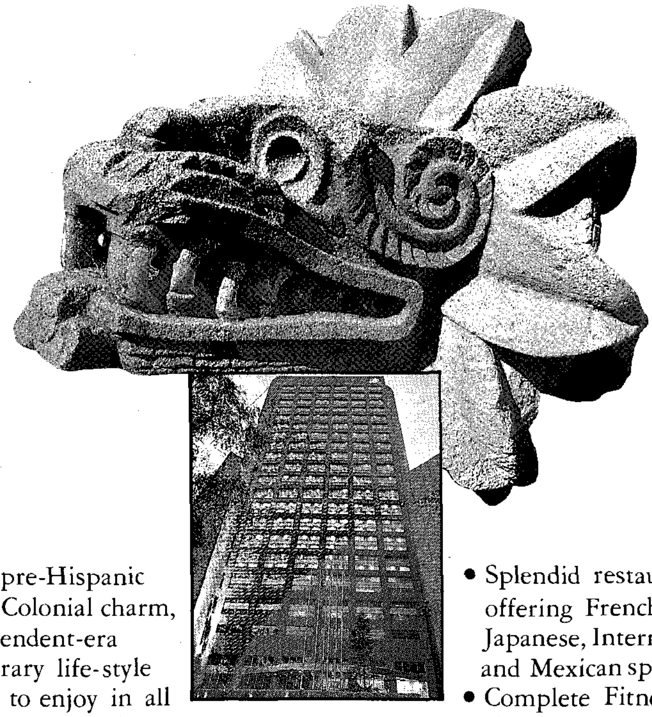
The ruins of Chichén Itzá and Uxmal, the great Mayan cities, are 75 miles east and 48 miles southwest, respectively, of Mérida.

Chichén Itzá was built around 400 A.D. and prospered until about 1200 A.D., when it was invaded by the hostile Toltecs. Among the most memorable temples are El Castillo, a massive pyramid containing a temple with a Toltec rain god and bright red jaguar-shaped throne encrusted with jade discs; the Temple of the Warriors; and the Temple of the Jaguars.


MAYAN CARVINGS, UXMAL

Smaller than Chichén Itzá, Uxmal's structures are considered the purest expressions of Mayan architecture.

MEXICO CITY, ENCHANTING AND DIFFERENT



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About fifty miles south of Cancun are the coconut groves and beautiful beaches of Cozumel. This island was sacred to the Mayan people, and archaeological ruins can be found nearby.

The reefs surrounding Cozumel are majestic; snorkeling or skin diving is a richly rewarding experience here. You can see more than two hundred feet down in the Caribbean waters, particularly in the Palancar Reef, one of the greatest reef systems in the world. And travellers aren't limited to those underwater pursuits: explore the ancient temples, sail, water-ski, or simply relax in the sun of this tropical paradise.

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Acapulco is set amidst mountains and jungle, and overlooks a magnificent bay. One of the most relaxing ways to see the area is on a bay cruise. Leave in the morning, and enjoy cocktails and lunch on board. Other possibilities include glass-bottom boat tours to see the underwater statue of the Virgin of Guadalupe, or a trip to La Quebrada to watch the daredevil divers jump from the 136-foot stone cliff.

The nightlife in Acapulco can be as glamorous or as down-to-earth as you please. Nearly every big hotel has a disco or other type of live entertainment, and locations in downtown Acapulco can be explored to get a taste of the excitement that exists in the heart of this resort.

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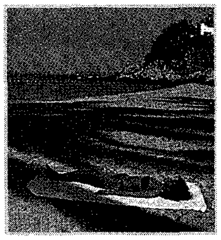
PLACID BEACHES

The town itself is a striking, colorful vision, with its cobblestone streets and pastel-colored buildings with red tile roofs; the bougainvillea that flourishes here adds to the town's festive look.

The Museum of Archaeology on Isla Río Cuale has a fascinating collection of pre-Hispanic tomb artifacts.

MAZATLÁN

Jutting out into the Pacific Ocean, Mazatlán is a paradise for sportfishing. It is one of the few places where sailfish or marlin can be caught year-round. There are also sea bass, tuna, bonito, and red snapper in abundance in these waters. If you're more spectator than sportsman, a visit to the fine Mazatlán aquarium is a must.

Other attractions here include the Cerro de Crestón Lighthouse, the highest lighthouse in North America; the hamlet of Concordia, famous for handcrafted furniture; and the sixteenth-century mining town of Copola, known for its beautiful pottery.

In Mazatlán, travellers can combine sunbathing with shopping: vendors on the beach sell everything from costume jewelry to clothing.

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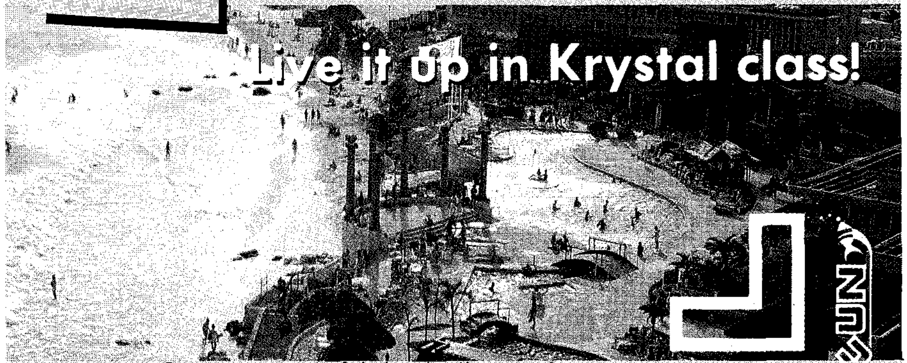

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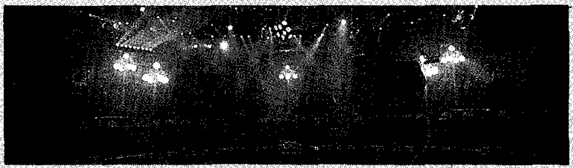
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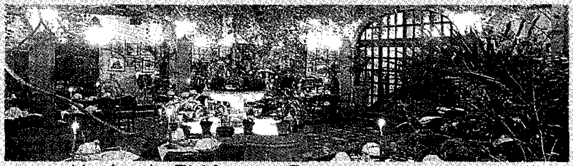
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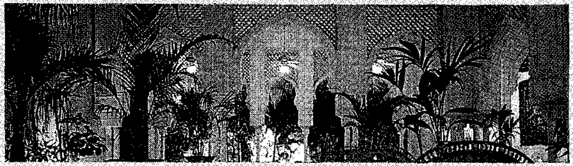
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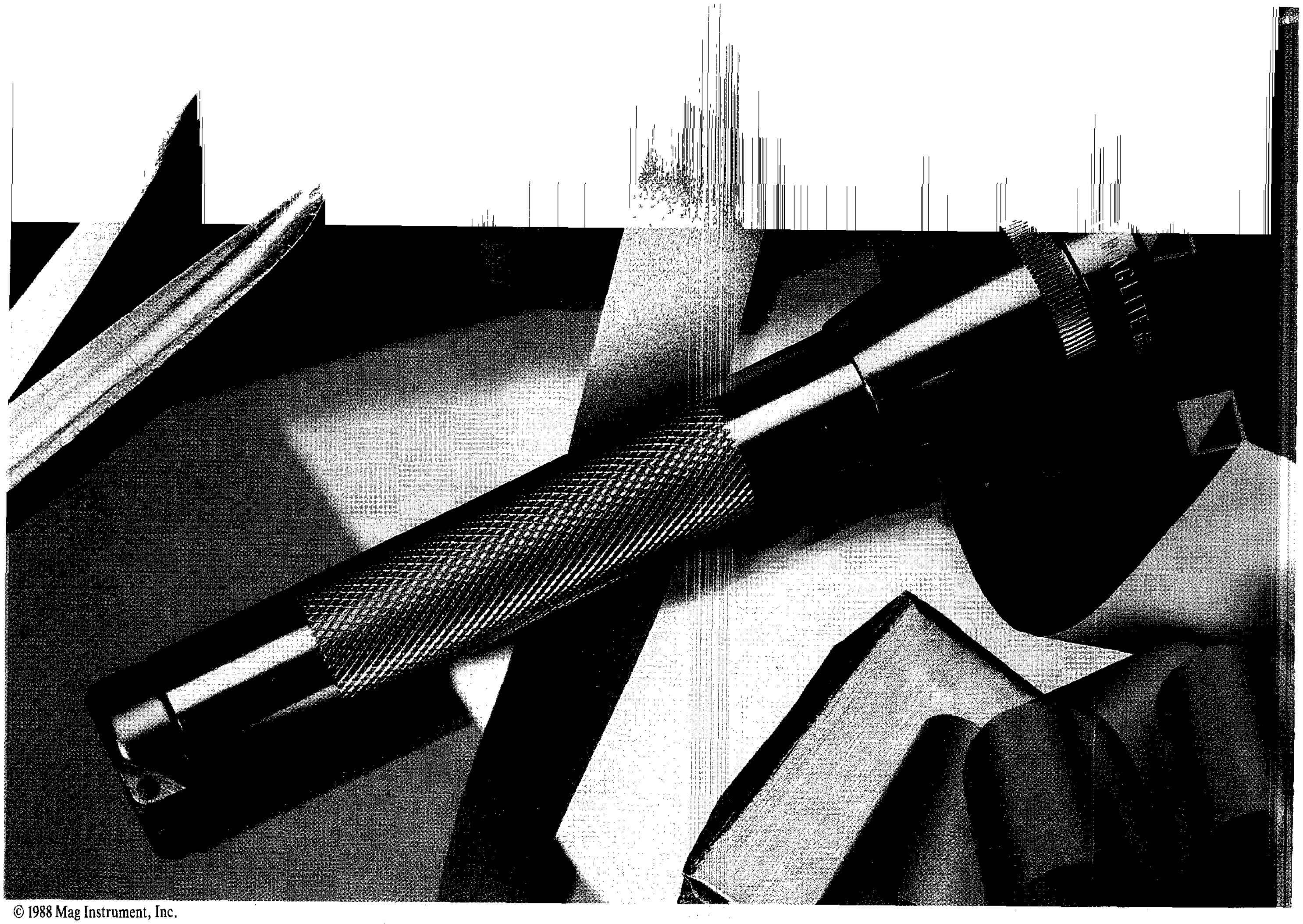

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and religion, as a topic of conversation, gets about as much play as trigonometry, baseball, or the breeding habits of newts.

In Belfast, the nineteenth century isn't a distant memory. The city is still a monument to the Industrial Revolution, all brick and iron and grit, and its style remains resolutely working class, long on muscle and short on frills. Around 1900, it had a population of about four hundred and fifty thousand, the largest in Ireland, and almost everybody was employed by the shipyards or the linen mills. (Today, the population is about three hundred and fifty thousand, and is rising again after two decades of decline.) Its industries didn't collapse until the nineteen-fifties, so you meet lots of middle-aged people who were sent off in their youth to work in factories. Often they had harsh childhoods, sleeping two or three to a bed, using a back-yard privy, and doing their homework by candlelight because electricity was too dear. Alcohol ruined many fathers, and mothers made some extra cash by taking in laundry and boarders, or scrubbing floors. Families were usually big (bigger on the Catholic side), and they occupied the sooty row houses you see in most districts even now. The houses fan out in every direction before giving way to farms, hills, and open fields.

The phone book for Northern Ireland lists twenty-six pages of farmers. They still drive into town on Saturdays to visit their relatives, do some shopping, and have a few pints of beer. The ones I met were not unsophisticated, but they all wanted to know how Belfast, so physically compact, had become so prominent in the eyes of the world—as if geographical size were a measure of notoriety. They would insist that the city is just "a wee small place," and I never bothered to argue, because it's true that you can walk from one end of town to the other in a couple of hours. If you take a central route, you notice hardly any signs of a conflict—only some broken windows and an occasional vacant lot gone to rubble. The full weight of the Troubles can be felt only in the Catholic ghettos, where the British presence is most evident. When you consider that the I.R.A. has fewer than two hundred activists in Greater Belfast, it's astonishing how much money is being spent to keep an uneasy peace. About sixteen thousand troops are scattered from Antrim to Armagh, and the Royal Ulster Constabulary has an armed force of about thirteen thousand police.

Coming out of Robinson's one afternoon, I nearly bumped into four British soldiers on foot patrol. They held rifles against their chests, crept forward in a semi-crouch, and craned their necks to check the roofs of surrounding buildings, probably in response to a rumor of a sniper. They wore regimental berets and jungle camouflage, and all four had pimples and wispy mustaches. I was struck by how jittery and inexperienced they looked—it was impossible not to think of Vietnam. Their assignment, too, was difficult and a bit embarrassing, since they had to track an invisible enemy through an obstacle course of cyclists, elderly matrons, schoolchildren, and women pushing prams. You could tell that they wanted to appear noble and brave but it wasn't going well for them—and yet at every moment their lives were in danger. The Army is composed of just such young men thrust into just such hopeless, equally confusing predicaments. The soldiers are often recruited from England's depressed industrial areas, and it must shock them deeply to travel north on their military adventure only to arrive in a city that looks, smells, and tastes exactly like home.

IF there was one thing I didn't expect from Belfast, it was lovely weather, but the spring storms that usually blow in from the Irish Sea stayed away, allowing the chestnut and elder trees to blossom. The temperature rose into the seventies, and the Botanic Gardens, adjacent to the university, were filled with picnickers, lovers, and sunbathers turning improbable shades of red. They stretched out on blankets or on the grass and listened to radios—U2, Van Morrison, Hank Williams singing "Jambalaya." Everywhere, men strutted around bare-chested to show off their tattoos, which ran the gamut from snarling tigers to hearts melting in rings of fire. A few amateur jobs were also on display—inscriptions such as "MUM," "UDA," and "PIRA" which had been done with safety pins and ink on nights when the beer got mixed with strong cider and then with whiskey.

Along the Lagan River, which flows down from the hills, a handful of men sat on campstools holding long poles

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and offering a bait of maggots to fish that seemed to have no interest in biting. The Lagan is a murky, slow-moving stream that has none of the Liffey's Joycean torque, and for some time now it has been in a state of decay, polluted with chemicals and other waste. When children go for a swim, they head for one of many leisure centers around town, where for about a quarter they can splash and paddle in a big indoor pool. The centers are part of a government plan to combat violence by promoting exercise—the theory being that adolescents who have exhausted themselves in athletics will be less likely to join in the ritual rock and bottle throwing that occurs on every Peace Line, especially in summer.

Peace Lines crisscross working-class Belfast, separating Protestant and Catholic turf and creating a sectarian map that bears little relation to the city as it appears in official atlases. The map gets drummed into every child as soon as he or she can walk, and it colors the way everyone thinks about space and property. For boys and girls who live in Ballymurphy, a tough Catholic slum where poverty is endemic, Belfast is no larger than a few square blocks. This causes a mental as well as a physical diminishment: children are deprived of the right to dream of a future that might be any different from the past. The pressure to conform, to abide by the myths and traditions of an inbred group, is enormous, and it comes at them from all sides—from parents, siblings, and priests whose dreams have already been crushed. Around Ballymurphy I saw kids of ten who were so jaded and weary I felt they might stick a knife in my back for the price of a candy bar. Even their skin looked raw, as if the innocence had been scrubbed from it with a wire brush.

It is often said that the Troubles have left a scar on entire generations in Northern Ireland, and to some extent this seems to be so. Children who have been exposed to the horrors of terrorism do sometimes suffer from nightmares and other problems associated with posttraumatic stress, but most of them survive intact and begin to develop a resilient personality that may be peculiar to Ulster. It's a personality built upon rock—quiet but defiant, with an inner strength that anchors one in reality. The inducements to

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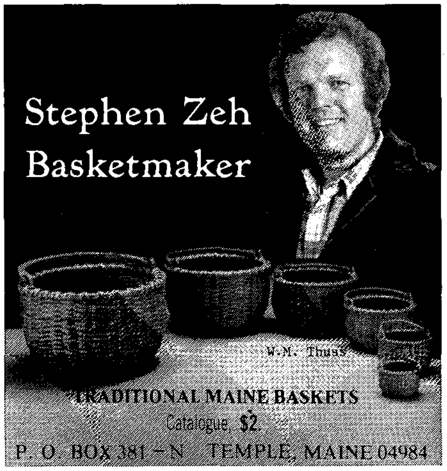
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paranoia are so constant that people become ultra-sane; they turn into no-nonsense types who seldom indulge in flights of fancy. Without such a defense, you can easily fall into believing that every stranger has a gun beneath his jacket and every stray parcel is destined to explode.

Words are mistrusted in Belfast, precisely because they can be fickle, twisted around, put to a variety of purposes. Hardly anyone except zealots, or people in their cups, pays attention to speeches or polemics. The best poets in the North still write formal verse, with much of the tension buried under a surface of restraint. If you scratch the surface, you're likely to touch a frustrated naturalist, somebody who longs for the exactness of taxonomy. It's considered bad manners to put on airs; Yeats in his frock coat wouldn't have lasted five days in the city. At a literary gathering one night, I heard a fine poet in excellent health announce that he would read a poem about his funeral—it was really a loving catalogue of what he'd miss when he *did* die—and, before he could begin, a dishevelled man in a mud-spattered shirt rebelled against the conceit, shouting, "Is the funeral to be soon, then?" The whole program lasted just fifteen minutes, and copious wine and beer were served throughout, free of charge.

This mistrust of language, and of embellishment, sometimes makes Dubliners suspicious of Ulstermen. Where the one inflates, relying on blarney and a well-turned phrase to see him through, the other deflates, blocking the pain of hard times with irony, cynicism, and black humor. In Belfast, both men and women tend to be soft-spoken, direct, honest, bawdy, and intimate. Surprisingly, you encounter very little bitterness or self-pity. Instead, a manic good cheer often holds sway, particularly during the evening hours. It amounts to an existential giddiness of the sort you get in any place where death hovers over things. Everybody seems to have a heightened awareness of the passing seconds, and a determination to squeeze all the juice from them. But at the same time no one is romantic about living on the edge; rather, people worry about becoming inured to the misery around them, about losing the ability to feel. In every neighborhood, regardless of its religious bias, I found a powerful craving

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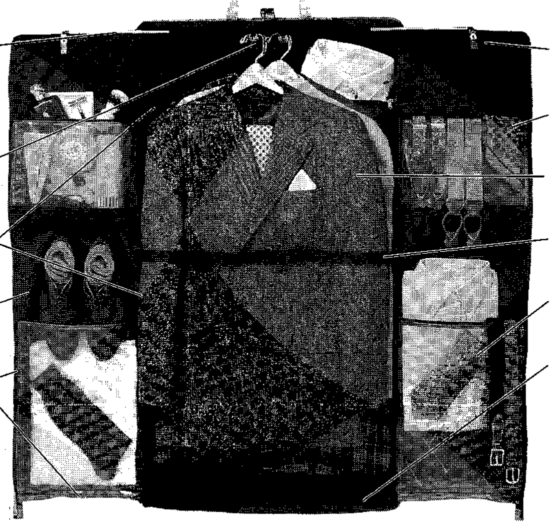
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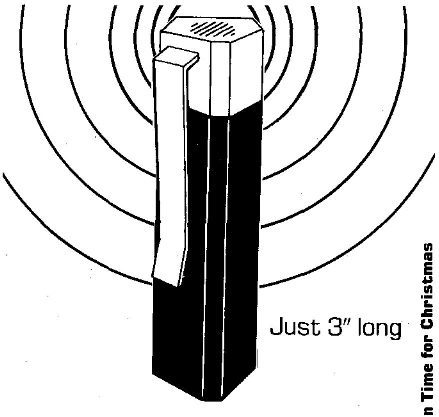

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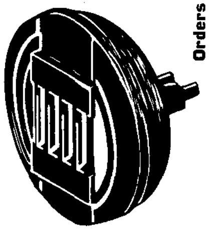

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Still, days in town can be so pleasant that an illusion of normalcy sets in. On those warm spring mornings, I would leave the Wellington Park and walk down University Road and Great Victoria Street toward the city center, going by Queen's, where students were hustling to classes, and then passing through Shaftesbury Square, where workmen in overalls were hammering away on a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet, which they were modernizing, piece by franchised piece. Usually, the sight of creeping Americanism is appalling, but Belfast is so insular, so obsessed, torn, and starved for contact with the rest of the world, that even the presence of Colonel Sanders can be viewed as a healthy sign. As an old plumber said to me once at the Crown, philosophically sipping his whiskey, "maybe we've been blowin' up the place to let a little light in."

Of all the spots in town where a bit of hopeful light shines, the city center is the brightest by far. It's a pedestrian shopping district about a mile square, bounded on every side by a spiked iron fence. To enter it at any point, you must go through a gate, where civilian search officers stand guard. Ten years ago, everyone was stopped and frisked; packages were unwrapped, the contents of purses were unceremoniously dumped out, and men had to empty their pockets. A Catholic from the Falls Road, in the heart of the ghetto, might be pulled from line and strip-searched, merely because of an incriminating address on a driver's license. People darted in and out on business, rarely lingering for fear of being victimized in a paramilitary operation. The area was deserted by five o'clock in the afternoon, and at dusk the gates were locked, allowing the Army to begin its ceaseless patrols.

But now, because Belfast is much more stable, the center is animated and upbeat, jammed with shoppers eating pizza and ice-cream cones, resting on benches, or gazing into windows. Land Rovers circle, soldiers march, police in flak jackets gather intelligence, but they lose their intensity in the sea of human energy swirling about them. In most department stores, the security is less intrusive than at Bloomingdale's, and you see women browsing through bins, racks, and shelves, handling blouses and skirts with the gentle deference of those to whom possessions do not come readily. On corners, newsboys hawk the Belfast *Telegraph*, crying "Tel-*ly!* Tel-*ly!*" in the nasal voices of Dead End Kids, while disgruntled gamblers emerge from betting shops, blinking, cursing, and casting scraps into the gutter. The scene looks so calm and unthreatening that you get lulled into thinking that the Troubles must be easing; but then, inevitably, something happens to remind you where you are.

THE first person to be murdered while I was in Belfast was Terry McDaid, an unemployed Catholic bricklayer. He lived uncomfortably close to a Peace Line in Tiger's Bay, a Loyalist stronghold, and while he was watching TV with his wife and his parents, sipping a cup of tea before bed, two gunmen broke into his house and shot him at point-blank range. The killers, who were rumored to belong to an outlawed paramilitary group, fled in a stolen Cortina and ditched it off the Shankill Road, in hard-core-Protestant territory. According to the Royal Ulster Constabulary investigators, the murder appeared to be sectarian in intent, committed solely to produce a wave of fear and bad blood. McDaid had no ties to the I.R.A., or to the Republican cause, and was known as a quiet, unassuming fellow who tinkered with cars and machines and liked to take his children swimming.

In the morning, I expected the city to be paralyzed, but everyone was carrying on in the usual way, riding buses to work or to school, and I began to understand how ritualized terrorism has become in Northern Ireland, and how few people are directly endangered by it. The impression you get abroad is that anybody in town is fair game, and though that may have had some validity in the past, it doesn't anymore. If you avoid certain tense areas, such as the Falls and the Shankill, your chances of being harmed are minimal. The number of civilian deaths has dropped steadily in recent years, and in 1987 only sixty-six civilians died. Even this figure is misleading. When a psychopath runs amok, he often does so within the handy framework of the Troubles (as Michael Stone did in Belfast, throwing grenades into the crowd at an I.R.A. funeral), and this can skew the statistics.

In a barbershop that afternoon, a

fiftyish barber put scissors to my hair and shyly explained why he had no desire to visit San Francisco, where I live. "I'd be skeered of the earthquakes," he said, in thick Ulsterese, proving again that the idea of risk is relative. You don't have to face AIDS, drugs, or plane crashes in Belfast; even traffic fatalities are uncommon. There are virtually no homicides, no muggings or drive-by shootings, and none of the bizarre mass murders that make American tabloids so distressing to read. It's as if the residents of the North were blessed with the psychological space to accommodate the specific miseries with which they are burdened. Furthermore, the violence has a recognizable rhythm, much like a poker game, rising or falling as the stakes change, and you can almost predict when an incident will occur—although you never know for certain who or what has been targeted. If an uneventful week passes, you can feel a growing tension in the streets, and everybody starts to be more cautious. There are more troops around, more R.U.C. vans and coppers on the beat, and they keep multiplying until something explodes.

For an outsider, it was interesting to watch how the press dealt with McDaid's murder, transforming the victim into a martyr. His picture was featured on every front page, sometimes next to a photograph of his wife in her wedding gown. He looked curly-headed and inoffensive, a typical enough lad of twenty-nine. The actual killing was described in gruesome detail: we learned that the children slept through the shots, that McDaid's mother was nicked in a leg, and that his widow tried to battle the intruders by swinging around a vacuum cleaner. The Irish have an untiring fascination with death, perversely celebrating its mysteries, and they seem unable to get enough gossip about the private lives of the lately departed. All the papers cater to this taste, adopting a confidential tone borrowed from the old washerwomen of legend, who whisper their secrets over clotheslines, behind doors, and in the rear pews of churches.

The murder was reported to be especially irritating to the R.U.C. because it didn't follow the established pattern—McDaid had been chosen randomly. Such random killings used to be standard, but they've almost vanished from the terrorists' repertoire, partly because

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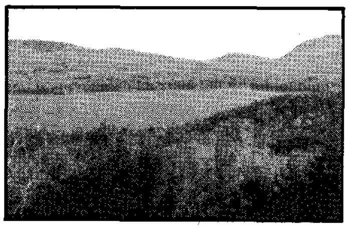

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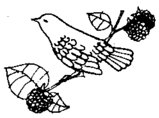

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of the efforts of the British to make the city safer, and partly because of the way the leading paramilitary groups are currently conducting their business. For instance, a subgroup of the Ulster Defence Association, the Shankill Butchers, once made a career of slaughtering Catholics by slitting their throats, but since 1979, when eleven Butchers were sentenced to life imprisonment, attacks on innocents have been few and far between. Instead of wreaking havoc, the U.D.A. now squirrels away the money it skims from its drinking clubs and its protection rackets, while simultaneously burying caches of arms in sympathetic rural villages against the possibility of an Armageddon. The U.D.A. isn't revolutionary or idealistic; it most resembles a Chicago mob of the nineteen-twenties, dispatching thugs to sell "insurance policies" to publicans and shopkeepers.

The Irish Republican Army also profits from illegal schemes, but its devotion to its long-standing campaign to drive out the British cannot be questioned. At its core are a handful of canny veterans, who identify themselves with liberation movements worldwide and offer a philosophy that is a poorly digested bit of Marxism. Divided into cells, the I.R.A. is highly disciplined, and controls every downtrodden Catholic neighborhood, punishing petty crooks and unruly juveniles by kneecapping them, sometimes with bullets, sometimes with a Black & Decker power drill. The degree of crippling one receives is supposed to be a reflection of the gravity of one's crime. Anybody who fails to heed such a warning may wind up floating in the black waters of Belfast Lough.

The I.R.A. has a revolutionary manual, the Green Book, and its members look to it for advice on everything from munitions to resisting police interrogation. Such interrogations can be brutally sadistic, for the R.U.C. uses beatings, threats, humiliation, and other kinds of torture to extract confessions. I heard stories about prisoners forced to stand naked for hours in a winter chill, about bashings with cords and truncheons, and about men having to subsist for months on a diet of cold oatmeal and warm water. In the face of such treatment, the Green Book urges a volunteer to remain "COOL, COLLECTED, CALM, and SAY NOTHING." The bulk of the I.R.A.'s money still

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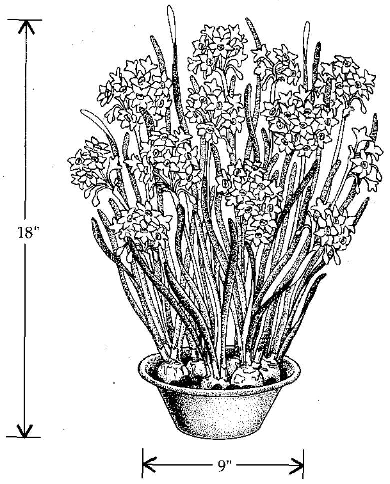

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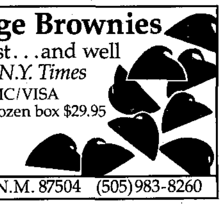

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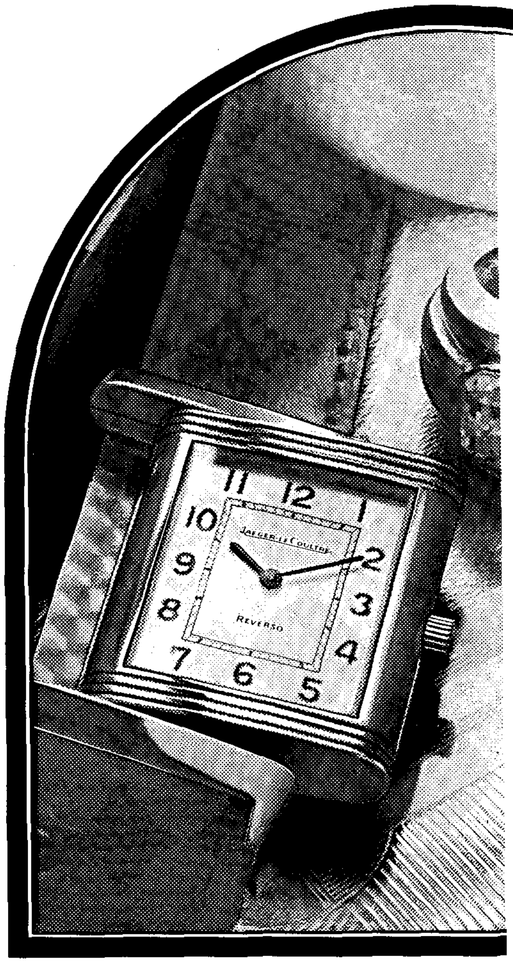
comes from partisans in the United States—who are sometimes bilked into thinking that they're giving to widows and orphans, not to terrorists. Each member of the organization receives a small weekly stipend of about thirty-five dollars, and from supporters in the community he may get free groceries and amenities, and plenty of free drinks —alcohol fuels the I.R.A. and succors all its myths.

The military arm of the I.R.A. is known as the Provisional I.R.A., or Provos for short. The Provos can do crackerjack work, but they also have a habit of botching their missions. After I left Belfast, a Provo bomb meant for a British patrol on the Falls Road accidentally blew up at a leisure center, killing or maiming several children and adults; a bomb meant for a High Court judge killed a Protestant family of three instead; and a bomb meant to destroy a military vehicle in County Tyrone failed to detonate because cows chewed through its green detonator wire. In each case, the I.R.A. made its excuses, but it remains dedicated to violence and explains its errors by saying that accidental casualties happen in any war. Few people credit this explanation, except for Republican fanatics, and it's conceivable that the I.R.A.'s support would dwindle if it didn't intimidate its friends along with its enemies.

In some quarters, there is a naïve belief that the I.R.A. is invincible, but that isn't so. The group was almost defunct in 1969, when the Troubles began; its arsenal consisted of just ten rifles. The British deserve credit for reviving the Republican dream, since England's indirect rule in Northern Ireland had so abused the civil rights of the Catholic minority—denying it jobs, education, and decent housing—that the I.R.A. hardly needed to recruit. The first British soldiers to invade Ulster were a walking advertisement for the opposition. It's not difficult to imagine how out of context they must have looked, marching down alleys and cobbled lanes, past horse carts, peat-roofed cottages, and gangs of awestruck kids. The soldiers rousted old married couples from their homes, poking and prodding them as if they were livestock. They pushed around priests and women, and tanks began to roll through districts where nobody owned an automobile. All the prejudices of the realm were made mani-



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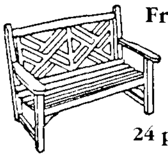

fest, and law-abiding citizens, people who had always paid their taxes and saluted the Queen, picked up rocks, bottles, and bricks and started hurling them, in outrage and in self-defense.

The ranks of the I.R.A. soon swelled to bursting, but it had no single leader and didn't yet see itself as a guerrilla band. Factions fought for control of the organization—and for control of the cash pouring in from overseas. In the early seventies, the Provos, responding to Loyalist atrocities, embarked on a disastrous campaign of car bombings and blowing up places of public assembly, like hotels and restaurants, many of them in the city center. The campaign is supposed to have been devised by John Stephenson, who was born in England, of an Irish mother, and who turned Republican while doing time with some I.R.A. boys in Wormwood Scrubs prison, changing his name to Sean MacStiofain. (A Belfast joke has it that the worst Irish are always Englishmen in disguise.) Many civilians died in the bombings, and sympathy for the I.R.A. —and contributions to it—took a serious dip. A paramilitary group, too, must respect the bottom line, so the I.R.A. refined its methods, eliminating a source of bad publicity, and these days it tries to hit only representatives of the Crown, usually while they're unarmed, off duty, or asleep.

IN Catholic West Belfast, I became friendly with Laura McIlhennon, an American who is married to a native of the city and has a house off the Falls Road. Before I went to visit her, my acquaintances advised me to be careful. In the Falls, there's a casual air of menace that a stranger recognizes immediately. You feel that a single false step might lead you down a path of no return. The look of the area is also disconcerting. Some neighborhoods are ravaged, strewn with trash, marked by half-demolished buildings, boarded-up windows, piles of broken glass, and walls covered with pro-Republican graffiti. Wherever you go, people keep an eye on you, trying to figure out your purpose, wondering if you might be connected to the security forces. Sinn Fein, the political arm of the I.R.A., has its headquarters in Andersonstown, a neighborhood in the Falls, so surveillance throughout the area is heavy and incessant.

Laura lives in a part of the Falls

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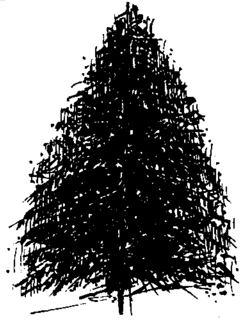

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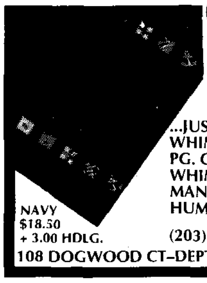

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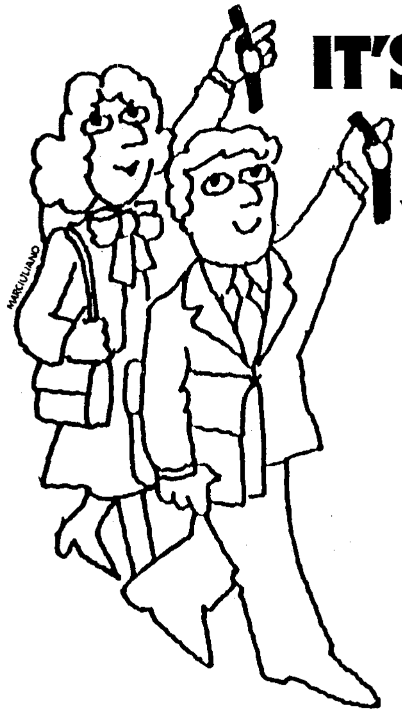
called Clonard, or sometimes Little India, because the streets have names like Bombay and Kashmir. The house she owns is indistinguishable from those around it, being built of brick the color of ashes, and fronting on a ribbon of concrete sidewalk. Her street is narrow and seldom carries any traffic, so on nice afternoons you find women sitting outside on kitchen chairs, taking a break from the dusting or the cooking to smoke a cigarette. There is an ease to such moments, a familiar intimacy, and I was always reminded of what a tightly knit community the Falls is, with mothers living three doors down from daughters, and almost everybody having at least one relative within shouting distance. This nearness of kin is a great comfort as well as a protective shield of sorts, and even when people earn enough money to move to a better part of town, they do so reluctantly.

Rain or shine, children are always running around on Laura's block, both boys and girls, dozens of them, playing tag, kick the can, and other games that require no special equipment. For the most part, they come from families struggling to get by, and they look their best in school uniforms, all polished and rosy-cheeked, but at other times you can read the poverty and neglect in their soiled T-shirts, ragged trousers, and dirty faces. There's a lot of rough wrestling, pushing, and shoving among them, and they swear vigorously, too. Once, I saw a bunch of tough little boys pretending to be soldiers, chasing a lame old dog and taunting it with sticks. When the dog howled, they just laughed and kept after it, driving it down an alley. It was an ugly scene, and it had a brutal side that's indigenous to places where cruelty is woven into the fabric of life.

Laura's house dates from the beginning of the century. She paid about sixteen thousand dollars for it in 1986, using the proceeds of an inheritance. It's three stories high and shares common walls with its neighbors, which means that arguments, loud music, and the sounds of couples making love are also shared. The rooms are compact and have low ceilings. You walk directly into a parlor furnished with a couch, two armchairs, a stereo, and a TV. On some shelves are books pertaining to the Troubles, including three histories of the I.R.A. and two biographies of Ian Paisley. There's a



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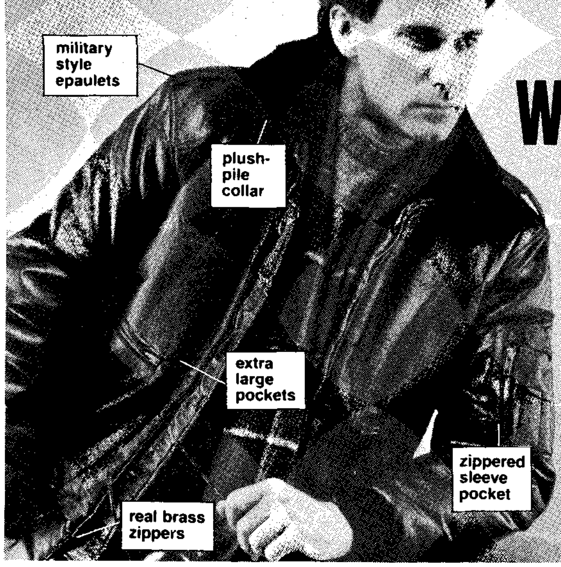

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small fireplace, and Laura burns coal and peat in it every winter—peat is cheap and sweetly aromatic. A plate-glass window looks out onto the street, and when somebody goes by on the sidewalk, which is flush against the house, he seems to be striding right through the parlor. A kitchen, tidy and functional, is behind the parlor. It has a door that opens onto a cement back yard, maybe five feet by ten feet, but the door hasn't worked properly since a soldier kicked it in during a raid. The view from the kitchen is of Mackie's, a foundry the I.R.A. keeps bombing, because it hires many more Protestants than Catholics.

On the second floor, up a treacherous staircase, are two small bedrooms and a bath. More stairs lead to an attic, which is slowly being remodelled and turned into a study. In all, the house is pretty and adequate, if a bit cramped—probably an average accommodation for a family in the Falls, although many people are renters, not owners. The poorest Catholics, those who depend on welfare, would be delighted to have it, since at the moment they must live in government-owned blocks of flats around town. The flats are overcrowded and run-down, as hideous as our worst urban-housing projects. Pipes leak, rats and mice scurry about, toilets overflow and are never fixed. An apartment suitable for two might be home to six. It might have a broken stove, and no electricity or central heating. The roof of the building might well be full of holes. Every complex of flats is packed with alcoholics and teen-age hooligans, and the R.U.C. is constantly on patrol, sometimes provoking the violence it ostensibly seeks to contain.

Laura is in her early thirties, bright, independent, and articulate. She met her husband, Barry, six years ago, when she came to Belfast as a graduate student to do some research toward a master's degree in Irish history. Barry used to be a butcher, but then was unemployed for more than two years, having got tired of cutting meat. He worked at a shop in a Loyalist district, and it took him an hour and a half to get there by bus, and just as long to get home. One evening while he was waiting at the bus stop somebody took a shot at him for no reason, further reducing his interest in the commute. For several months he was on the dole, making almost as much as he did on the job. He played a lot of golf—it's a passion in Ulster—and talked of going into the catering business, but in July he got a job as an on-site technician for a construction firm.

In 1978, when Barry was twenty-two, he was arrested for throwing a petrol bomb during a riot, and was subsequently imprisoned at Long Kesh, which is known as the Maze, on account of its H-block shape. (A petrol bomb is just gasoline mixed with soap shavings in a glass bottle; a saturated rag serves as a wick.) He spent almost four years there and briefly shared a cell with Bobby Sands. For about half his term, he was "on the blanket," joining more than three hundred other Catholic prisoners in a protest against being denied Special Category Status—a status that allowed men to wear their own clothes, to move about freely, and, in general, to be treated like political prisoners, not ordinary convicts. Refusing to put on a uniform, Barry went around naked under an Army blanket, rarely washing his hair or bathing. Even with the protest, his sentence should have been much shorter, but there is nothing logical, or even very fair, about the British treatment of protesters.

At Long Kesh, the guards were mostly Loyalists, and that added to the tension, since they assumed that anyone from the Falls must be a Republican and quite possibly in the I.R.A.—an assumption that's as wrong today as it was then. There are people in Clonard who despise the I.R.A. and wish it would disappear, but they don't speak out in public, for fear of reprisal. A large percentage of the youngest prisoners had no political beliefs at all when they were jailed. They had tackled a soldier or run a barricade in the heat of a moment, responding to what they interpreted as an assault on their homes, and they were shocked at being dealt with so severely. (Protestants, too, have been arrested for rioting, but in much smaller numbers.) Once the men were inside, living in miserable conditions and being pushed around by their keepers, they were easy prey for Republican propagandists and quickly became radicalized, learning under the tutelage of seasoned professionals to hate the British.

Sometimes Laura feels that Barry

hasn't completely recovered from his time inside, and I was told similar things by other women who'd married former prisoners. It is routine for the men to be depressed and to lack direction, drifting about with no real sense of purpose. They went into Long Kesh as innocents, but they returned in a hardened state, with a long list of unaddressed grievances. Like prisoners of war, they had been through an experience that is nearly impossible to put into words. A man released from the Maze is an odd combination of hero and victim, and in the Falls he acquires a badge and stripe for having survived. He enters a caste of abused, powerfully emblematic individuals whose value to the I.R.A. cannot be overestimated.

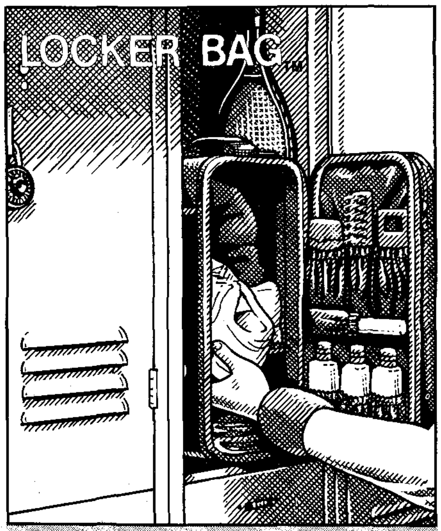
ONE afternoon, Laura gave me a tour of the Falls, starting around the corner from her house, on Cupar Street, at the most spectacularly depressing Peace Line in Belfast. It is a brick wall about twelve feet high, chipped by bullets and scribbled upon, which separates Clonard from the Shankill Road. Built in 1972, it's supposedly a barrier to keep the warring factions apart, but many Catholics believe that the real intent of the British in putting it up was to define the limits of the ghetto and simplify matters for the Army and the R.U.C. The wall makes such a dull, primitive statement about human beings that you can't look at it for long without getting angry. In the weeds growing at its base I found many beer cans and rocks, which might have been thrown by teen-agers; sometimes they are so indoctrinated they feel compelled to hurl objects at their purported enemies even when the enemies can't be seen.

Years ago, before the Troubles, Catholics used to cross over to the Shankill to do their shopping, because they assumed, with good reason, that Protestants got better bargains than they did. You can still do this, and I crossed over by myself one afternoon and was surprised to discover how much the two neighborhoods resemble each other. They are about the same size, and have about the same scale and population density. The same amount of free demolition work appears to have been done to them. Although the murals and the graffiti in the Shankill all praise the U.D.A., not the I.R.A., a visitor unfamiliar with the local political signs and symbols might be hard-pressed to differentiate it from the Falls on a dark night.

From Cupar Street, Laura led me past Clonard Monastery to the Falls Road, a busy thoroughfare buzzing with taxis and motor scooters, that links one Catholic district to the next. As we strolled along, she stopped now and then to greet her friends, most of whom were young married couples. "How you keepin', Eamon?" she asked one man, using a common greeting, and reaching down to pat his small daughter on her sunbonnet. Laura doesn't have any children of her own, which makes her an anomaly in the Falls, where broods still run to six or eight and an infertile wife is considered a good enough excuse for a husband to turn to strong drink. There are countless other excuses available, from a minor headache to a personal tragedy, so it was predictable that every pub we went by would be smoky and crowded, including the infamous Felons' Club, where Republicans hoist glasses in honor of their dead and imprisoned comrades, whose pictures decorate the walls.

The sad truth is that the Falls has little except drinking to offer in the way of entertainment. There are no movie theatres, no theatre companies or amusement parks, no discos, hotels, or ice-cream parlors. A video store did open recently, and among its most popular tapes are such Provo favorites as "The Deer Hunter," "Apocalypse Now," and pretty much anything else having to do with Vietnam. Whenever new businesses try to come in, the I.R.A. does its best to discourage them, clamping a lid on the community and leaving people no choice but to patronize its various clubs, where the beer is always a third cheaper than it is in regular bars, and where you can hear a bit of approved, traditional music on weekends. Young men and women may have no particular fondness for the clubs, but they'll go to them anyway, to save some money, and also because they know they'll be safe.

The Falls is a ghetto, but it isn't necessarily a slum—at least, not in every neighborhood. At its center, there's a big, lush park with rolling lawns, finely tended athletic fields, and sparkling flower beds, and Laura and I walked through it and watched some schoolgirls playing a game of camogie, the women's version of hurling. Farther on, we came to a side street where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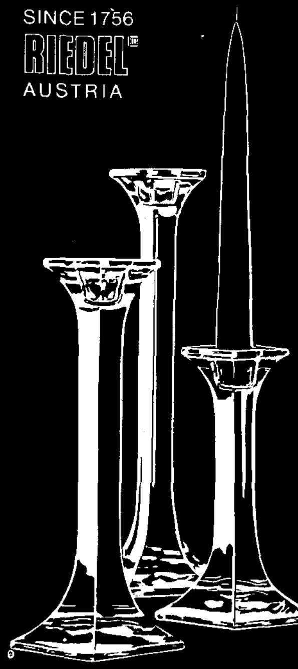

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the houses were rather elegant, with yards and gardens, and roses climbing on trellises. I don't think we ever went more than a couple of blocks without passing a church. A few of them were humble and obviously impoverished, but more often they were the nicest buildings in the vicinity. One convent we saw had grounds as lovely as those of a French château, its trees, fountains, and benches secure behind a wrought-iron fence. To be anywhere close to it was to feel the nearly organic power of Roman Catholicism in Belfast, and to realize how deeply its roots extend, binding family to family over generations.

After we'd been walking for a while, I became aware of how many men were gathered in knots on corners, idly talking or just staring into space. A majority of them were in their late teens or early twenties, and they had the rough, bored, intransigent air of those who are eager for something—*any*thing—to happen. The unemployment rate in the city is given officially as twenty per cent, but in parts of the Falls it's more than forty per cent. In Ballymurphy, about half the heads of households are unemployed. There are some cunning ways to stay afloat; one is "doing the double"—going on the dole, while earning additional cash by part-time work and getting paid off the books—and another is committing petty thefts. Any delivery truck parked on the Falls Road with its back doors open may be liberated of some merchandise, which will then be sold in alleys, where the black-market trade is brisk, or through an ad in the classifieds, under the heading of "Unwanted Gift." You'd be amazed by what people don't want—TV sets, tape decks, couches, washers, dryers. A man without a job can also make some spare change by running errands for the I.R.A., acting as a go-between or as eyes and ears in a section of town where a Provo's presence might be noticed by the R.U.C.

It's on these street corners that you can see the conflict of Ulster in embryo. For every soldier patrolling in the city center, there are six patrolling in the Falls, supplemented by police convoys and inspectors performing surveillance duties, driving around in unmarked vans that have small antennas on their roofs. The area is often crawling with men in uniform, so that you can't go out to buy a quart of milk without encountering a roadblock. Laura told

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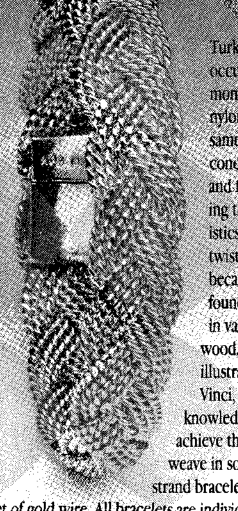

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me that the troops are better trained than they used to be, but she still resents the constant infringement of her civil rights. A copper may have wonderful manners, but you still don't like him knocking on your door at three in the morning and asking if you'd please let him have a quick look around your attic. The I.R.A. comes calling at odd hours, too, taking over houses as bases for its missions, and this constant pressure, the quality of living in suspension, never knowing when you'll be violated next, rubs everybody's nerves raw and helps to fire the sales of liquor as a general anesthetic.

There is a humorous side to the pressure, of course, as there is to almost everything in Belfast. In Little India once, right after a bombing, Laura peeked through her lace curtains and saw two slack-jawed, pasty-faced men in dark suits standing outside, about to ring her bell, and she flew into a panic. The formerly imprisoned are picked up over and over again for questioning, so she hustled Barry out the back door and waited a few moments before letting the men in. They turned out to be Mormons promising salvation and equipped with brochures about Salt Lake City. Meanwhile, Barry, who's a military buff, had wandered off to watch a bomb squad run its robots through the debris on the next block. Whenever the police show off their technology, they draw an appreciative crowd, and sometimes the terrorists who caused the damage are in the middle of it.

But there's nothing funny about the attitude of the young men hanging around on corners. If a soldier comes within yards of them, they bristle. This has nothing to do with politics, or with the rightness or wrongness of the British occupation. It's a reflex action, pure and simple—a knee-jerk response created over the last two decades. They're hostile because they've been taught to be; antagonism toward the Army is part of the code of living in the Falls. And, regardless of how hard a soldier tries to counteract the hostility, he's destined to fail, for what has been bred in *his* bones is a sense of moral superiority—the colonial impulse in a nutshell—along with a desire to serve a high ethical standard he's been subconsciously instructed to believe that the Northern Irish can never grasp.

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and they crackle with negative emotions barely suppressed. A soldier passes by on his rounds; he may nod or look stern, or maybe make a small attempt to be cordial, but whatever he does will be met with derision. The young men (and sometimes young women) will turn away. They may swear, spit, or mumble insults. If children are close by, they may throw stones and then run and hide. And if the soldier makes the slightest move to retaliate, perhaps only by asking to see someone's identification, he pushes things nearer to the boiling point. He's supposed to be above provocation, keeping a stiff upper lip, like the guardsmen at Buckingham Palace, but it is a supremely difficult task—the same task Great Britain has set itself in trying to defuse the I.R.A.

An army caught in such a bind suffers morale problems, and when soldiers return to England from the North they're often confused about what has happened to them. Some of them claim to have been bothered less by the fear of death than by the frequent humiliation. They talk about how it feels to have a gob of spit land on your cheek, or to be castigated by children, or to stand silently at attention while a woman old enough to be your grandmother calls you vulgar names. The R.U.C. is even more susceptible to this sort of subtle, peasant warfare. Its members are paid extremely well for accepting hazardous duty in Ulster. But alienation from the community seems to get to them after a while, and they have soaring rates of alcoholism and divorce. Suicide is rare in Northern Ireland, but since 1978 thirty-three R.U.C. men have killed themselves. All but two of them used their own service revolvers.

THE last place Laura took me to visit was Milltown Cemetery, in the upper reaches of the Falls Road, where the I.R.A. buries its dead. Though the cemetery occupies a large plot of land, it wasn't the first thing I noticed as we approached. Instead, my eye fell on Andersonstown Barracks. It stands on a low hillside just beyond the massed gravestones, and its buildings are a blackish gray and seem to be made of a durable, hard-edged metal. Every foot of fencing around the complex is topped with coils of concertina wire. From the fence to the barracks runs a net of steel mesh, to intercept grenades

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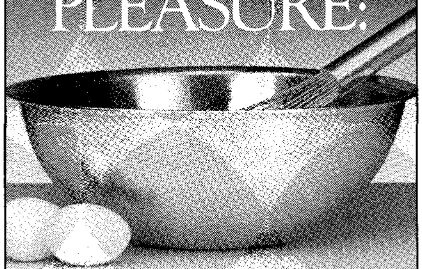

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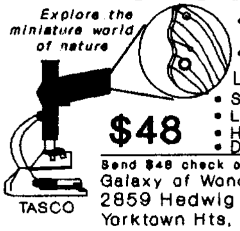

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and other missiles. A soldier stationed at the barracks must feel that he is living in a cage, always looking out at a society from which he's excluded, and this has to contribute to the Army's sense of isolation and, ultimately, to its despair.

The rows of graves that stretch toward the horizon must also play on the soldiers' minds. For the wealthy, there are monuments of granite and marble, but nearly everyone else lies beneath a simple concrete slab inscribed with his or her name, a comforting or sentimental message, and the dates of birth and death. Some graves are marked only by homemade crosses—two sticks of the plainest wood nailed together. Grass grows in clumps throughout the cemetery, and paths worn into it connect one relative to another, an aunt to a distant cousin, illustrating again the bonds of family, and the continuity provided by death. At Milltown, you can see how an innocent victim of the Troubles, a boy accidentally shot or a girl burned in a fire, reaches out to touch, however lightly, every person in the Falls.

On an elevated patch of ground, in the shadow of the barracks, the I.R.A. has its graves, more than fifty of them. A green picket fence sets the area apart, and as you wander from headstone to headstone you feel the grip that the dead hold over the living in Catholic Ulster—their undeniable power. There is a collective historical weight in the loss of so many sons and daughters, and it is a weight not easily shed. For a Republican, giving up the cause is the same as delivering an insult to fallen comrades. Yet in Northern Ireland there are ironies even in cemeteries, and when I came to the grave of Bobby Sands, a man with a Protestant name, I thought how curious it was that the I.R.A.'s greatest saint should have moved the world through passive resistance, not violence.

ONE means of getting away from the intensity of Belfast is to ride a train into the countryside, where the troops and insurgents are few. I did this on a pleasant Sunday, going to the Botanic station and boarding a local to Bangor, a pretty seaside town northeast of the city. Crammed in among couples with infants, I began to relax. Across the aisle, a boy was tapping his sister on the knees with a badminton racquet while their dog howled, and this bit of

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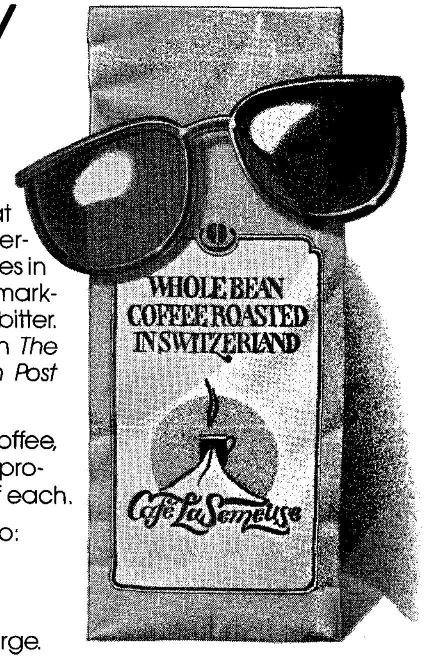

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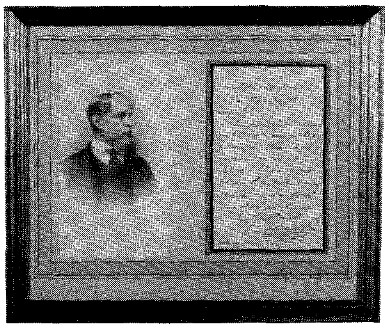

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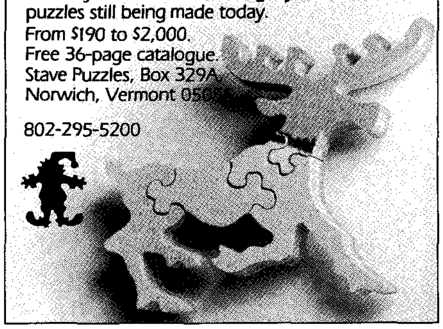

domestic comedy, too, had a calming effect, suggesting how ordinary life, with its amazing suppleness, can be a palliative to the terror. The train chugged over the Lagan and wound around the lough, and down in the marshy channels we could see children probing the muck for tadpoles and frogs, and dropping them into buckets. Soon a mild smell of salt blew in through the open windows, and we passed by suburbs with houses that were new and often quite impressive. They belong to Protestants of the upper class—judges, barristers, doctors—with some Catholics sprinkled in. As a friend put it, money tends to soften prejudices.

Bangor has a prosperous, conservative, tight-lipped air. Once, it was just a resort village with a small fishing fleet, but now commuters searching for peace occupy its hills, its flatlands, and its budding tracts. A three-bedroom house in Bangor isn't cheap; in a depressed real-estate market, it costs at least a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars at the current rate of exchange. But there is still a village quaintness to the streets, and little hotels and guesthouses fit for an E. M. Forster novel overlook a rocky strand dotted with kelp. The Troubles do not hit you in the face, as they do elsewhere; instead, they're translated into an overzealous scrutiny such as you get in moneyed enclaves—a scrutiny that has to do less with religion than with the fact that the residents have something to lose.

I walked for a mile or so along the beach, down to a little bay, where a swimmer coated with grease had drawn a crowd of families fresh from church, all dressed in their Sunday best and making a slow promenade. With a wave of the hand, he ducked into the icy blue-green water and began a gentle backstroke, to scattered applause. It was lunchtime, so I stopped at a place called the Sands and had to ring a buzzer to be admitted. This crude and mostly useless sort of security causes embarrassment, and a woman who must have owned the restaurant joked about it and led me to a table in a hushed dining room. For three dollars I had a price-fixed meal of roast lamb. As a waitress spooned turnips and potatoes onto my plate, she remarked on my accent and mentioned, blushing, that a Canadian had been in last week. Such information is always offered ten-

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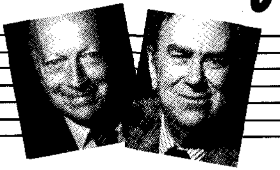

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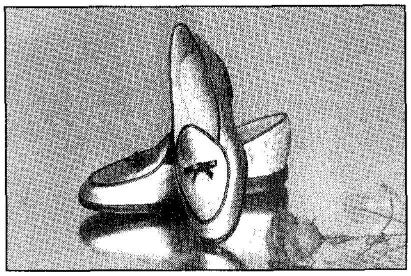

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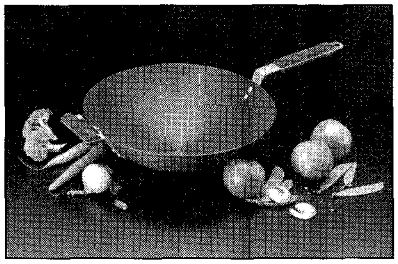

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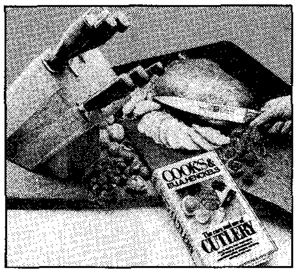

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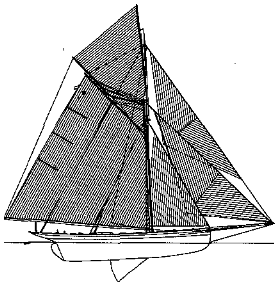

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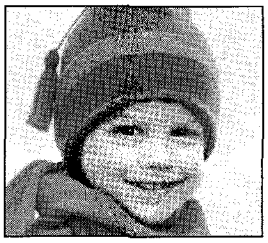

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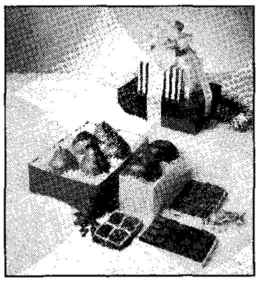

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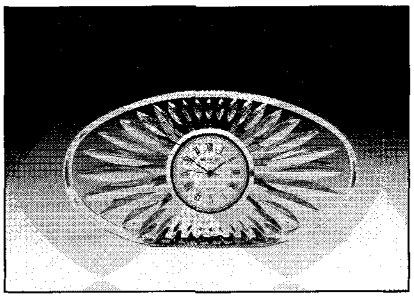

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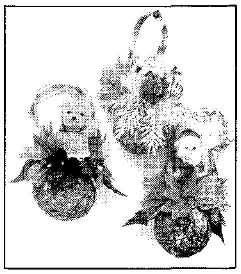

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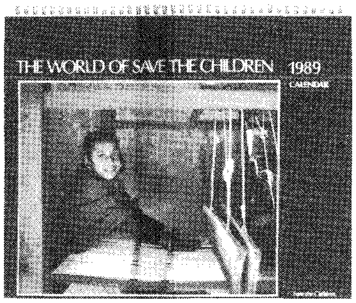

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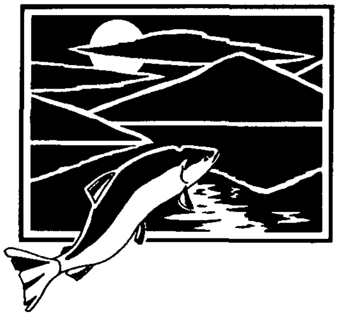

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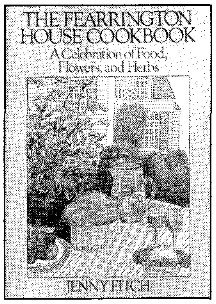

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tatively, with a quiet expectancy, as if the speaker were waiting to be reassured that other foreigners would be arriving shortly.

The sun was lower in the sky when I came out, and the afternoon was warmer. It's hard to describe how appreciative everyone is for the small gift of decent weather. Things have been going wrong for so long in the North that a simple cloudless day can evoke enormous gratitude. The chance to play a round of miniature golf on a lawn by the sea, to sit on a stone jetty and bask, to stroll on a beach with a lover and not have to think about bombs or rifles or death: so great is the deprivation that even the most basic aspects of experience cannot be taken for granted. It is no accident that all the travel agencies in Belfast advertise vacation trips to Majorca, the Canary Islands, and the Costa del Sol, or that cabbies save up for junkets to Fort Lauderdale. Imbedded deep in the struggles of Ulster is an unspoken dream of being healed.

On the train ride back, toward evening, a man sitting next to me held his pink-skinned baby girl on his lap and cooed to her sweetly, talking in nonsense syllables. Sometimes it can be painful for an outsider to witness public displays of affection in Ulster, because they don't come often, and everybody cherishes them so. In the presence of a moment of tenderness, I found myself becoming angry, understanding as I never had before that the ultimate goal of terrorists, whether conscious or not, is to destroy such human impulses, and to create an illusion that those of us on the outside have nothing in common with those who are suffering. We are meant to turn our backs, to be disgusted and sickened, to stay away. The darker and more bitter the landscape appears, the larger the profits to the paramilitaries. And as my comprehension of this grew, so did my admiration for the courage of the people of Belfast, who refuse, in an absolute sense, to let their best instincts be manipulated or controlled.

It was dusk when we reached the city. Instead of heading for the Wellington Park, I walked toward the center. An Elvis impersonator was doing a show later at the Limelight Club, and a few trendy students were already hanging around in front, their hair upswept and moussed into pompadours in homage to the King's. The pubs near

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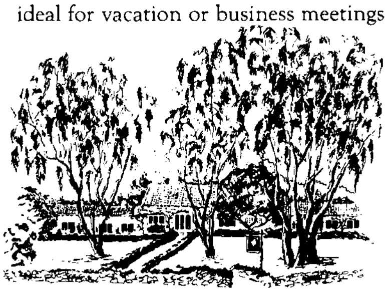
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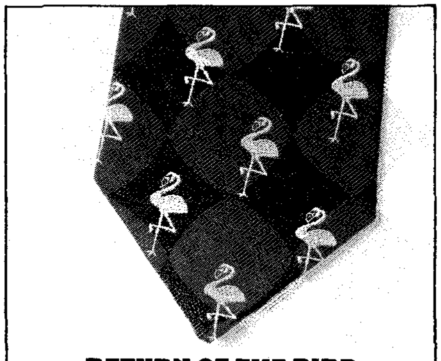
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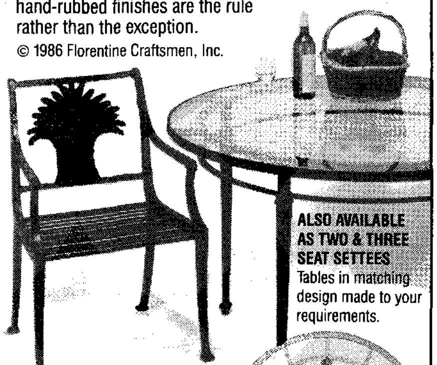

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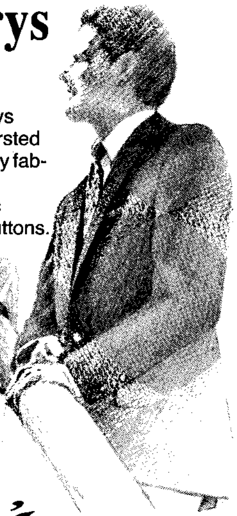

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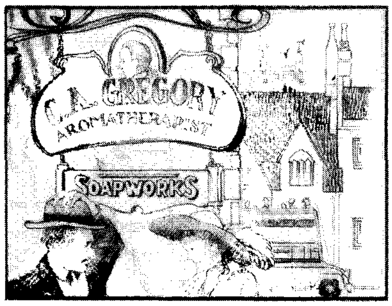
Shaftesbury Square were filling up, too, and out of them poured loud jukebox music and the usual manic reverberations of energy. You hear it said that the electric night life in the city is a by-product of its atmosphere of risk, but I always felt that it came from the breaking down of barriers, the smashing of taboos which occurs when young Catholics and young Protestants rub elbows. Old Orangemen may be set in their ways, just as aged Republicans are, but among the young, even some of those trapped in ghettos, there is a tremendous desire to be free of the burden of the past.

THE Avenue Bar isn't a place any stranger to Belfast would wander into on a whim. It's a drab corner joint downtown, not far from the absurdly named Unity Flats, where poor Catholics and a few poor Protestants live, and it has nothing to commend it other than the ordinary tavern attractions, like beer, gossip, and a plate of hot food. The interior is plain, and the floor is pocked with black marks from stubbed-out cigarettes. In spite of its anonymity, the pub was bombed twice in the seventies, and to get in now you have to press a buzzer, as two men did on a Sunday afternoon in mid-May, just before committing a spray job.

In paramilitary parlance, a spray job is a mass murder, and the usual instrument is a submachine gun. At the Avenue, one of the murderers, a member of the Ulster Volunteer Force, took such a gun from beneath his coat, aimed it at the twenty or so regulars drinking and talking, and indiscriminately opened fire. As the bullets sailed around, customers dived to the floor and tried to hide behind upturned tables. Some of them threw bottles and pint glasses, shouting for help. The attack did not last much more than a minute, and when it was finished the murderers left as calmly as they had entered, climbed into a stolen taxi, and drove off. A passerby walking his dog later described the scene inside the pub. What he saw was two men stretched out in pools of blood, and a third man near them, a bone sticking out of his leg, who was crying, "I've been shot! I've been shot!" All three of them died before they reached a hospital; ten other patrons were wounded and required stitches and surgery.

The spray job followed a pattern set by the McDaid murder, though on a



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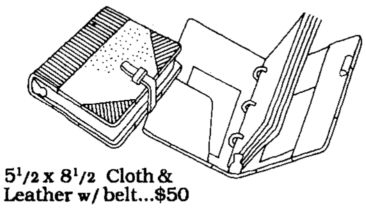

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grander, more vicious scale, and the ritual responses to the crime were equally familiar. First, the full newspaper treatment, with pictures of grieving widows, of the victims' bodies, and of children trying to peek into the pub as workmen washed the blood from the sidewalk. Then the statements of outrage and condemnation from bishops, ministers, and politicians. A call for peace by relatives of the dead, and then the moment of apotheosis, when the dead themselves took center stage in the pomp and pageantry of funeral cortèges that moved to cemeteries through streets lined with mourners. There were flowers, prayers, and many tears.

At the same time that these rituals were going on, various parties were engaging in a war of disinformation, hoping to shade the event in a way that would benefit them. Sinn Fein, the political arm of the I.R.A., claimed that the police had been slow to arrive, even though a barman had pushed a "panic button" connected directly to the North Queen Street R.U.C. station, and that this dragging of heels always occurred when Catholics were under attack. The Ulster Volunteer Force issued a widely ridiculed rewrite of the murders, maintaining that its "soldiers" had been after a pair of I.R.A. men and had inadvertently killed and wounded civilians through human error. The R.U.C. rejected the U.V.F.'s account out of hand, and released documents to show that its emergency squad had reached the Avenue within minutes of the alert.

Of all the explanations given for the spray job, which was the first in years, the most plausible was that its motive was to disrupt the political process—especially the small moves toward consensus that were being made in talks revolving around the Anglo-Irish Agreement. For about a week, I had been hearing rumors about how discontented certain Loyalist extremists were with Ian Paisley, the militant Protestant leader, who had actually agreed to sit down with James Molyneaux, the Unionist leader, and Tom King, who runs the Northern Ireland Office for Great Britain, and discuss the possibility of forming a devolved government, as the Agreement, which dates from November of 1985, stipulates. This government would include the participation of the Republic of Ireland, and its Dublin chief, Charles Haughey, whom Loyalists regard as a close cousin to Old Scratch. Although Paisley told his party colleagues that he was merely seeking the leverage to get the Agreement scrapped and a more favorable one drawn up, there was a general feeling that his acquiescence signalled a new, realistic approach to the stalemate—in effect, progress of a kind.

Among most Protestants the Anglo-Irish Agreement is mistrusted. The prevailing belief is that England has sold out its loyal supporters, scurrilously casting them aside and pushing the North much nearer to chaos. All through May, a banner endorsing the majority view hung across the dome of City Hall, in Donegall Square. "Belfast Says 'No,' " it read. As for the I.R.A., its policymakers take the position that the Agreement is really a British ploy to allow for easier extradition of terrorists from the Republic, where Provos often turn up after an incident. While I was in town, the first such extradition was scheduled to occur, and when the terrorist in question was brought in manacles to the gate of an Ulster prison he broke free for a few seconds and dashed toward the open arms of his aged mother, with his comrades cheering him on.

If the Agreement has made all the politicians slightly uncomfortable by shuffling the status quo, that is precisely its purpose. No one in the Northern Ireland Office, or in the Thatcher Cabinet, would argue that it's a perfect document. Great Britain jammed it into place in order to create a new framework for dialogue, denying leaders such as Molyneaux and Paisley, who have been in power for two decades, access to their traditional tactics in debate. Like almost every aspect of life in the North, politics has a strong element of ritual, and the British think the ritual must be broken if the Troubles are ever to be resolved. Paisley has always been a hard case in dealing with the Unionists, but he is seasoned enough to detect a shift in the tide—and the shift is what bothers extremists. Paisley doesn't have the clout he once had; his image as a demagogue has softened, and that could be dangerous to him. It's rumored that the I.R.A. has let him live this long only because he serves the cause, by saying in public what they are cer-

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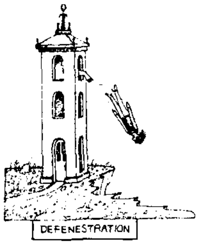

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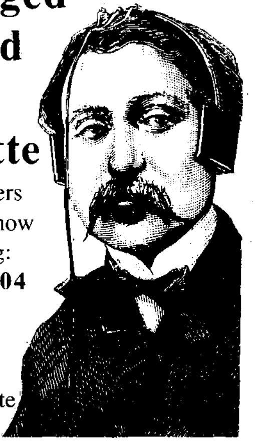

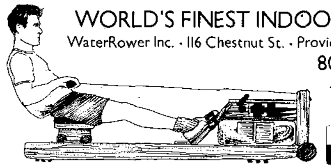

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tain every Protestant feels in his heart.

When news of the Avenue Bar massacre came over the television, I was in the Wellington Park, and I went into the lobby pub to watch the reports. The physical sensation you get in the aftermath of such violence is always the same—a queasiness in the pit of the stomach, as if you were in a plane that had taken a sudden drop in altitude. I stood next to a middle-aged man in a cardigan who was muttering about the stupidity of terrorists, and we struck up a conversation. When I told him I was a writer, he grew wary, convinced that I would crank out another black chronicle indicting the many with the few, but in time he turned friendly, and introduced himself as Stan Wright. He was a Protestant, his father had been in the military, and he'd recently returned to Belfast to take over a large company that supplies educational materials to schools. His wife and children, he said, were still in Dublin.

Wright was the first person I met who talked about the guilt many Protestants feel over the indignities that Catholics have suffered in Northern Ireland. In fact, I'd picked up on this guilt as I walked the streets; it comes across as a kind of embarrassment. A Catholic discussing the Troubles tends to be high-minded and proud, fiercely confrontational, and in no doubt about the ethics of the matter, while a liberal Protestant will lower his eyes, or look away, or remark on how disgraceful the situation is, just as liberals from the American South used to do during the civil-rights movement, when blatant injustices were being exposed. The comparison is apt, for there's a Belfast version of a redneck who, instead of promoting peace and understanding, tries to join a paramilitary group, or a right-wing lodge, like the Orange Order, where men old and prematurely old drink to the ascendancy of William of Orange. Catholics, for their part, are fascinated by the experience of American blacks and by the rise from slavery, and books like "Roots" are often assigned to secondary-school classes.

It seemed to me that the most debilitating thing about staying in Ulster, at least for any caring Protestant, would be the constant stress of seeing atrocities performed in your name. Across the Lagan, in Holywood, or out on the Malone Road, there are pockets of haut-bourgeois culture as refined as

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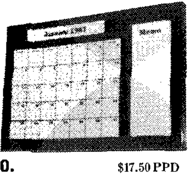

any in the world, but they're haunted by the Troubles. The nicest dinner party is subject to interruption, to a message about a bombing or a slaughter, and there's nothing to do except lock the doors and open another bottle of wine. "This has got to stop," people say, but it doesn't, and those with money sometimes develop a nihilistic streak, walling themselves inside compounds, as if a wall could keep the misery out.

When I mentioned to Wright that I had found a positive, even a hopeful, side to daily life in Belfast, he nodded vigorously and invited me to visit his company, where both Protestants and Catholics were employed, in about a sixty-forty ratio. The company, I found, operates from a warehouse in Newtownabbey, some five miles from the city center. There's a field behind it, and during summer teen-agers gather to indulge in the usual skull-bashing and hurling of epithets, although, as Wright noted dryly, they'll take a break if a good soccer game is on TV. (In the new, integrated suburbs cropping up around Belfast, this adolescent rite of passage appears to be giving way to a warped sort of religious humor, much like our own ethnic humor, with jokes about dumb Prods and dumb Taigs.)

Wright once had a job with Xerox, in London, and he's brought an enlightened style of management to the company. His workers find it exhilarating. Even with the boss out of earshot, they told me how pleased they were to be able to play a radio while they were loading trucks, or to wear jeans to the office every now and then. Some old-line Belfast firms are downright Victorian, enforcing strict dress codes and docking laborers for each lost minute on a time sheet, so the slightest acknowledgment that employees have rights causes a stir. What I saw in the warehouse was another example of how Protestants and Catholics are eager to coöperate if they're given a chance. One young Catholic woman, a clerk, offered me an account of her thrilling journey to visit a Protestant co-worker at home, on the Shankill Road. "My mother warned me never to go there," she said, with a laugh, "but it wasn't bad a'tall. I thought the men might be carryin' pitchforks, you know?" It isn't that people expect the past to be erased, much less forgotten, but that they don't want their future to be limited by its follies and its excesses. In Ulster, there's a middle-ground constituency waiting for a politician brave enough to articulate its concerns.

For Wright, doing business in Belfast has some peculiarities—not being able to deliver orders because of a roadblock, for instance. There are problems with phones going dead, and with graffiti. Hooligans hit the warehouse at night, scrawling UDA or PIRA in crimson, and you can't just paint over the letters, because the neighbors might construe that to mean you were in league with the other side. So Wright has to call in the municipal authorities with buckets of whitewash. Other small problems plague him, too, but he has decided to stay on. As I was leaving, he shook my hand and gave me a pen-and-pencil set—an ideal gift for a writer, he said.

ON a hillside in Newtownabbey stands Hazelwood College, one of eight integrated schools that have opened in Northern Ireland in the last five years. Its buildings are scattered over a nine-and-a-half-acre estate that once belonged to the Grays, a family of linen barons. The manor house is still intact, and it has twenty-foot ceilings and many windows that look out on the lough, close to where, in the old days, the Grays could see the smokestacks of their factories churning. When the Belfast Charitable Trust for Integrated Education, a private foundation, acquired the estate, in 1986, it was in the hands of the Belfast education authority, which had been running a Protestant girls' school on the grounds and had let everything fall into disrepair. Since there weren't enough children in the area, the city was about to close down the school and sell the estate at auction.

There are two hundred and fifty students enrolled at the college now, and two hundred and twenty-five more enrolled at an affiliated primary school down the road. (A "college" is roughly equivalent to our secondary school.) The children come from a wide variety of backgrounds, ranging from Holywood to the worst sections of Catholic Ardoyne and of Black Mountain Estate, on the fringes of the Shankill. They do not pay any fees, as they would have to at an independent church school. A number of them commute to Hazelwood in minibuses driven by parent volunteers. Parents

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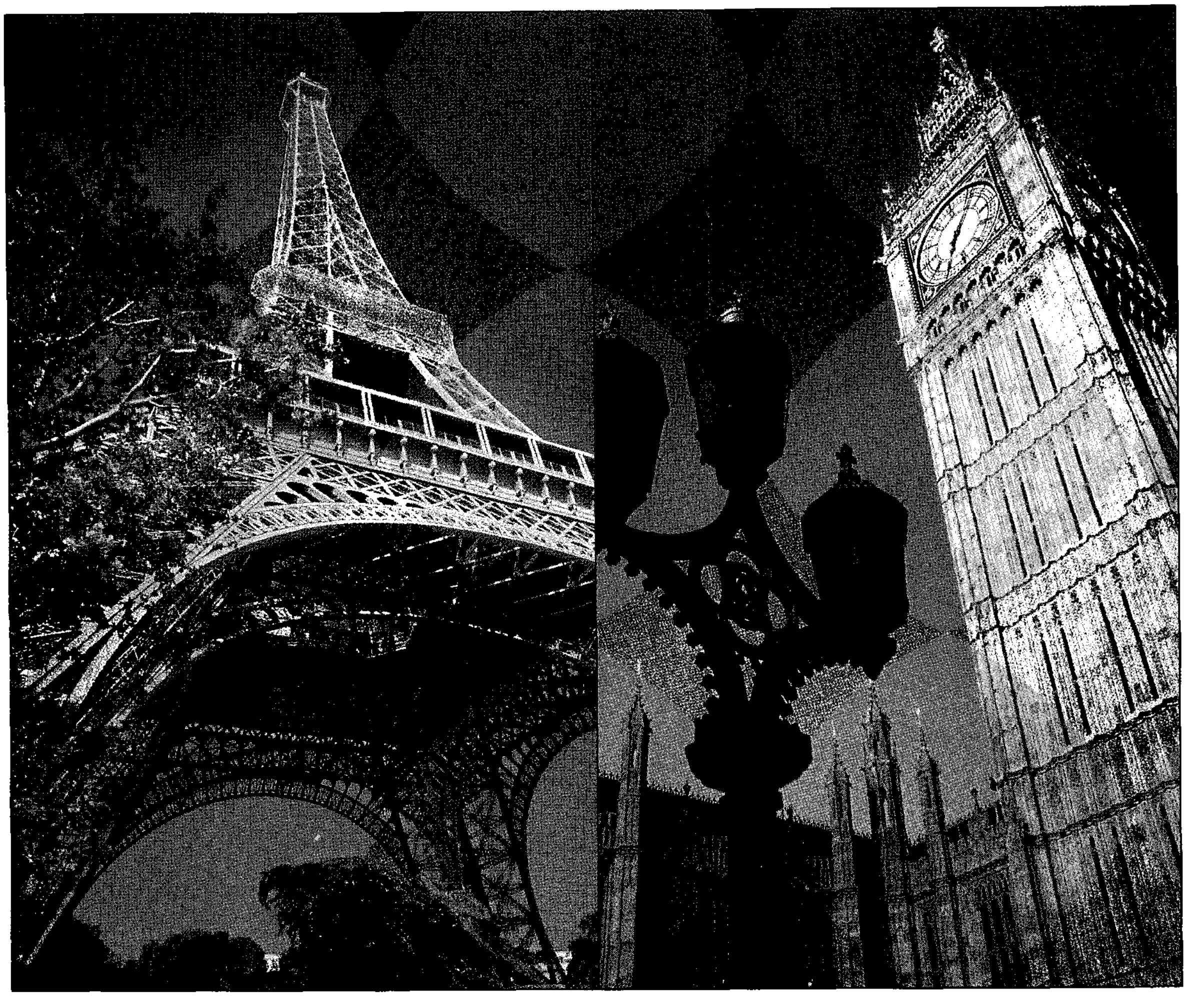

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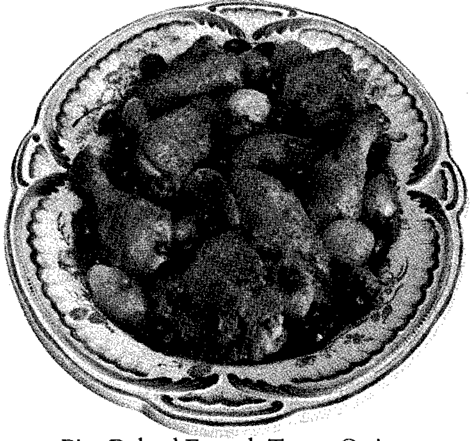

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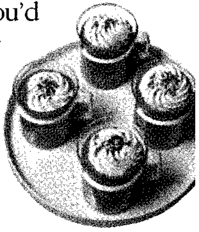

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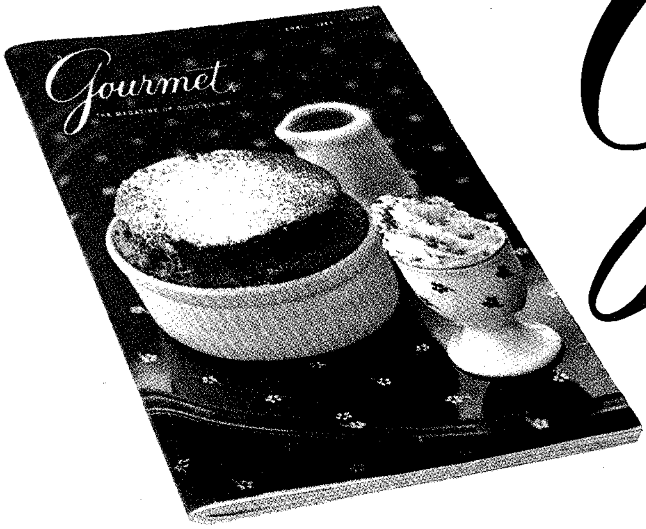

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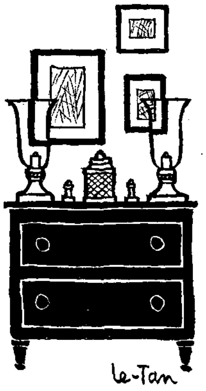
are active in every aspect of the school, from painting and patching it to evolving its curriculum. At most schools in the North, teachers concentrate on rote learning, to prepare pupils for the standard examinations that are at the core of the British educational system, and of its class system as well. But Hazelwood teachers are encouraged to improvise, to go beyond the prescribed texts and deal with the reality of what it means to be a child growing up in Ulster.

The school's director, Jo Mulvenna, is a wiry, athletic man of forty-nine who wears a full red beard and wire-rimmed glasses and looks like a Russian anarchist. Born in the Lower Falls, the son of a blacksmith, he has the bricklike character of a true Belfastman. If you ask him why he joined the movement to integrate schools, he says plainly, "To show that we're not all bigots over here." His little office is piled with books and papers, and his running shoes and a pair of aromatic socks are usually resting on the linoleum. It was Mulvenna who devised the Hazelwood crest, and also its motto, "*Facta Non Verba*"—"Deeds, Not Words." A pragmatist to the bones, he cares for accuracy, not abstraction. "If you can't measure it, it's worth no more than this," he said to me one afternoon, grabbing at the smoke from his pipe.

Since childhood, Mulvenna has been an avid reader. The writer who has most influenced his thinking is the American psychologist Carl Rogers, but he didn't discover Rogers until he was well into his adult years. As a boy in the Falls, he read adventure stories and pulp novels, often retreating under his blankets with a flashlight, so that he wouldn't disturb any of his six siblings. He describes himself as "a precocious little bugger," and to demonstrate his precocity he likes to tell a story about how a group of brutish older kids, all Protestants, once stopped him on July 11th—the night the Orangemen light bonfires in preparation for their big holiday—and threatened to beat him, because he was a Fenian. "Don't you know the Fenians are all dead?" Mulvenna replied, walking away, glad to have reaped the profits of a Jesuit education.

Mulvenna earned his teaching credentials in Dublin, and had returned to Belfast and was working at a public school when the Troubles broke out. For him, it was a torture to live through those early days of rioting. He felt that in three weeks he had been through psychological changes that ought to have taken three generations. In 1970, he quit teaching and took some jobs in community relations, eventually counselling former internees, both Protestant and Catholic, and then assisting with programs designed to cut down the tension. These included retreats in Donegal at which leaders of the paramilitary groups met face to face and went through encounter sessions, but nothing lasting came of them, and after eight years Mulvenna was tired and accepted a community-development position in Belgium, just to escape. Sick of Northern Ireland, he began to have insights into its turmoil almost as soon as he left.

In Brussels, he underwent a period of enlightenment. Travelling through Germany and France and other European countries that had been torn apart during the Second World War, he saw that it was possible for potentially divisive issues to be addressed in a political forum. He read Carl Rogers and was taken with the idea that a society could grow to maturity in the same way a person did, slowly unmasking its hidden griefs and becoming fully conscious. He remained at his base in Belgium for four years, and didn't go anywhere near the North until 1982. Then he moved to Shannon, in the Republic, to work on a European Economic Community project that had to do with child welfare. When he got an invitation from the Charitable Trust to come home and run an integrated school, he refused at first, because he "hated" Belfast—the fear, the terrorism, the closeness of death.



In Mulvenna's eyes, traditional, government-supported schools have always been a breeding ground for the Troubles. His view of education in the North is dark. Parents, he says, are simply "providers of children," and are granted no place in the scheme of things. Students are taught to memorize blocks of information, then to "spit them out at exam time." The first

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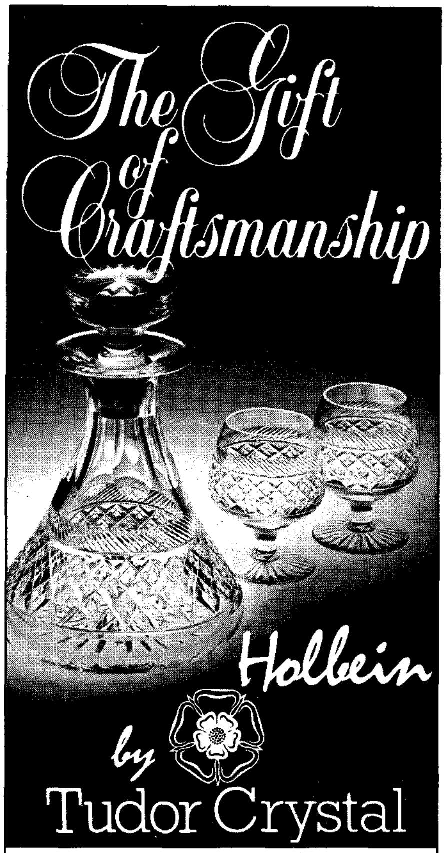

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major exam a child must take is the Eleven-Plus, which is given to the equivalent of our fifth graders. Anyone who fails to pass it is targeted for vocational instruction—a joke in Ulster, with unemployment so high. At this point, Mulvenna says, "you might as well award them a pack of cigarettes and a can of Harp lager and stand them out on street corners."

In May of 1984, he agreed to carry out a study—to see if integrated education could go forward. He felt that the first integrated college, Lagan, had done wonders, but had turned into a kind of symbol. It wasn't a challenge to the status quo anymore. Bigots used it to illustrate that they weren't bigoted. "Integration?" they'd say. "Why, yes, of course. There's Lagan College!" With Hazelwood, Mulvenna wanted an education system owned and run by both communities, in which traditions of each are cherished and developed side by side. His task, he knew, wouldn't be easy. The government had never shown much interest in the movement, and, in general, a sectarian culture resists change. You could count on the Catholic Church to be uncoöperative; the Protestants would be a little better, because the Protestant laity has a larger role in things. Curiously, the instruction in many Catholic schools is superior; the authoritarian nature of the Church keeps students toeing the mark. In schools unaffiliated with either church, discipline is slack, and vandals go on rampages.

When Mulvenna had settled again in Belfast, he started work, and was surprised by how willingly parents came forward to participate. They chose the name Hazelwood carefully, borrowing it from a park in the hills where families used to gather every Easter for picnics and games. The first planning meetings were held in a Protestant church annex, in Newtownabbey, and they amounted to a grassroots phenomenon. The minute the word got out, all kinds of people, including some with children too old for the school, were eager to pitch in—to cut the lawn and prune the trees and do the bookkeeping. To Mulvenna, this proved that there is support in the city for any endeavor that seeks to promote consensus; in every district, he found men and women who wanted to invest in a peaceful future. After the predictable pitfalls of getting the school started, Hazelwood Primary opened in

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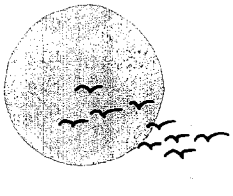
September of 1985, and Mulvenna invited Barry McGuigan, Ulster's famous boxer, to cut the ribbon. McGuigan, a Catholic, is married to a Protestant. Hazelwood College and another primary school opened soon afterward.

One afternoon, I walked around Hazelwood College on my own. It was a breezy day, and the lough below, as black as tar, was rippled with waves. Blossoming rowan and chestnut trees formed a border along a path winding from the main road to the school buildings. The atmosphere was pastoral. In the back yards of houses on the fringe of the path, amateur gardeners were doing some planting, potting flowers, and digging in mounds of compost. The Grays' old mansion is now a suite of offices, and there I found a boy with skinned knees being treated for a shiner he'd got on the soccer field. Other kids were scurrying back and forth, reciting sentences in French to one another, politely excusing themselves as they almost knocked me down, and again I was struck by how ordinary and rich life in Belfast can be, and by how much courage it takes to keep it that way.

Like most natives of Belfast, Mulvenna is subject to dark, depressed moods, but he was in a happy frame of mind when I stopped in to say goodbye. Word had reached him that an integrated school might soon be opening in Enniskillen, and perhaps one in Ballymena, too, on Ian Paisley's home turf. Offering me a phone to call a taxi, he said with conviction, "I suppose the test of what you're doing is that things like it are springing up elsewhere. Oh, I realize this school is just spit in the wind, but maybe it can have a bit of influence. We *will* have a pluralistic society someday. It'll be here before we know it, but until then we'll probably continue with the ritual murders. The unconscious griefs must be made conscious." He stretched his arms, then allowed himself a smile and nodded at a wall clock that was running a good half hour fast. "We're like that clock, you see. Just a little ahead of our time."

IN the days before I left Belfast, there was a big explosion at the Royal Ulster Agricultural Show, at Balmoral Showgrounds, on the outskirts of town. No one was hurt. The R.U.C. said a gas main had blown, while the I.R.A. claimed it had set off a bomb to kill some R.U.C. security men. The I.R.A. did not accept credit for the



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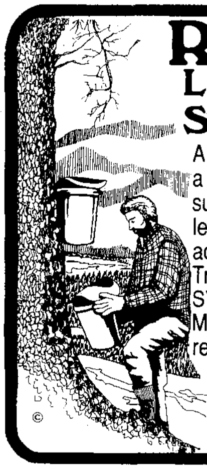

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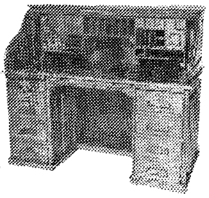

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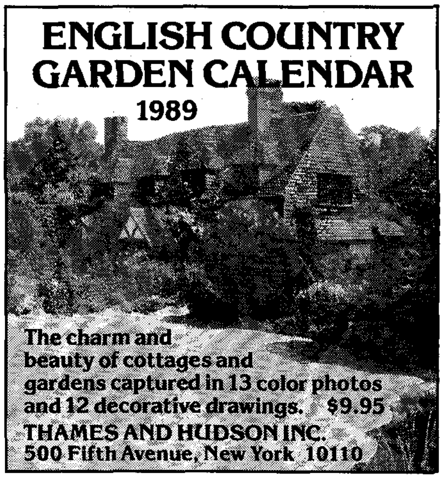

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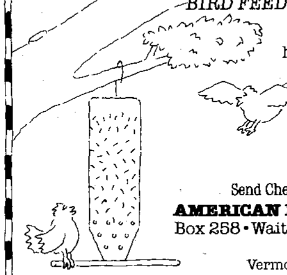

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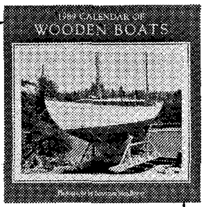

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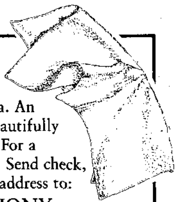

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bomb that went off near a military base in the Falls, slightly injuring three civilians and two soldiers, and destroying a Chinese takeout joint. Patrons of the Laurel Leaf bar next door heard a "deafening blast," then found the ceiling collapsing, its pieces splashing into their pints. Obituaries still ran on the second page of every paper, and the nostalgia column in the *Irish News*, a Catholic sheet, told how in 1921 a citizen, John Smyth—incidentally, of the Catholic faith—had been shot dead by Protestant gunmen as he was proceeding to his home.

Though I had been in the city for less than a month, I knew that when I met acquaintances for drinks or dinner these incidents would not be mentioned, or would be mentioned only in passing, with disgust—tossed aside dismissively, considered too boring for further comment. It was inevitable that somebody at a pub would make a joke about a fire sale of eggrolls, just a little charred, going on at the Laurel Leaf. There were many jokes about two new portable toilets that had been installed downtown—coin-operated models from France, which the Deputy Lord Mayor blessed by being the first customer. For additional comic relief, everyone turned to the plan of an architectural consultant, who was bandying about a scheme to build a new hotel in the Falls, near where another hotel had closed after a bombing attack, in 1983. This palace would have eighteen rooms and a twenty-lane bowling alley.

In Belfast, things are almost never so bad that a laugh can't help. A "crack," the locals call it, as in "It cracks me up," and whenever I heard the expression I'd think of a fissure through which all kinds of pressure and negativity could be released. A line from a poem by Louis MacNeice also kept rumbling around in my head: "Belfast devout and profane and hard." This appraisal of the place still seemed accurate to me—as accurate as it must have been when MacNeice, who grew up in a brick row house, wrote it. The toughness of the city both shields and hides its heart, and serves, too, as a mask for slow, steady signs of change.

The taxi-driver who took me to the airport was a woman. She and her husband had recently bought a nice house in the country, at a bargain price, from a police officer who was departing in a hurry, under death threats from the I.R.A. As we wound through the Falls, she pointed to the spot where an angry mob at a funeral had beaten and shot to death two British soldiers last winter. Here was my final taste of sightseeing, Ulster style. Down the street, we came to a roadblock. All around it troops were swarming, taking a bead on pedestrians with their rifles while simultaneously pinning three men against a car, and for the first time I felt the sort of fear every person in Belfast knows intimately—a raging paranoia that one's luck has just run out. As the saying goes, "he was in the wrong place at the wrong time." But a soldier merely waved us through, not even bothering to ask a question, and I made it to my plane, still irrationally afraid, thinking the engine would blow apart on ignition, and I didn't regain control of myself until we'd landed in London.

In the next couple of months, I learned that you do not easily leave Belfast behind. Even on a brief trip, you find yourself touched by the struggle. At the Wellington Park, I'd heard rumors about an arms buildup by the I.R.A. (Qaddafi was throwing more Libyan support to the terrorists, it was said) and also about an argument within the paramilitary ranks over whether to use more force or to work more diligently toward a political solution. It was obvious by August which faction had won, because the Provos then went on their heaviest rampage in years, bombing and torching British installations in England, Northern Ireland, and West Germany. The new campaign of violence made headlines, and there were the ritual photographs of coffins borne on the shoulders of mourners, but, as ever, that was only part of the story. Instead of reading the pieties and the laments, I found myself imagining a morning, any morning, in Belfast—imagining people, both Protestants and Catholics, taking to the streets in unspoken solidarity, going about their ordinary business, refusing to surrender their city to the madness.

—Bill Barich

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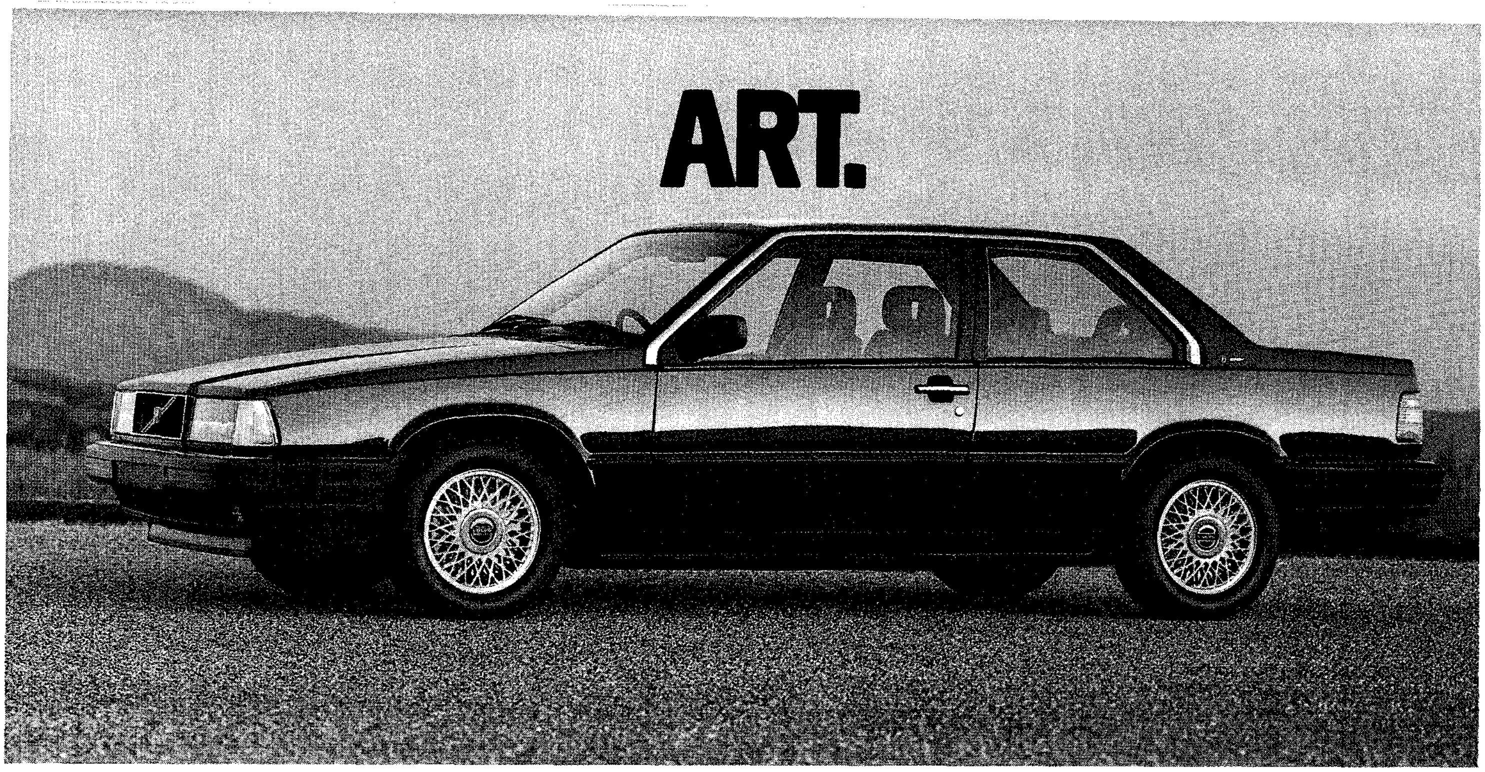

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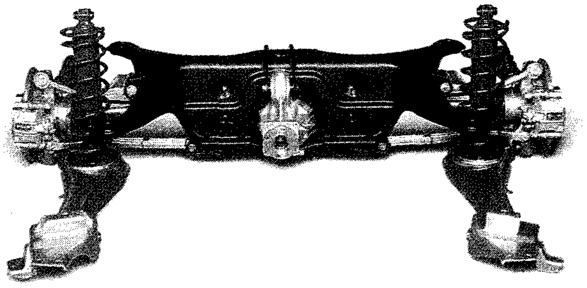

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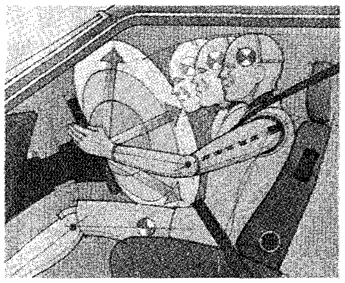

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THE THEATRE

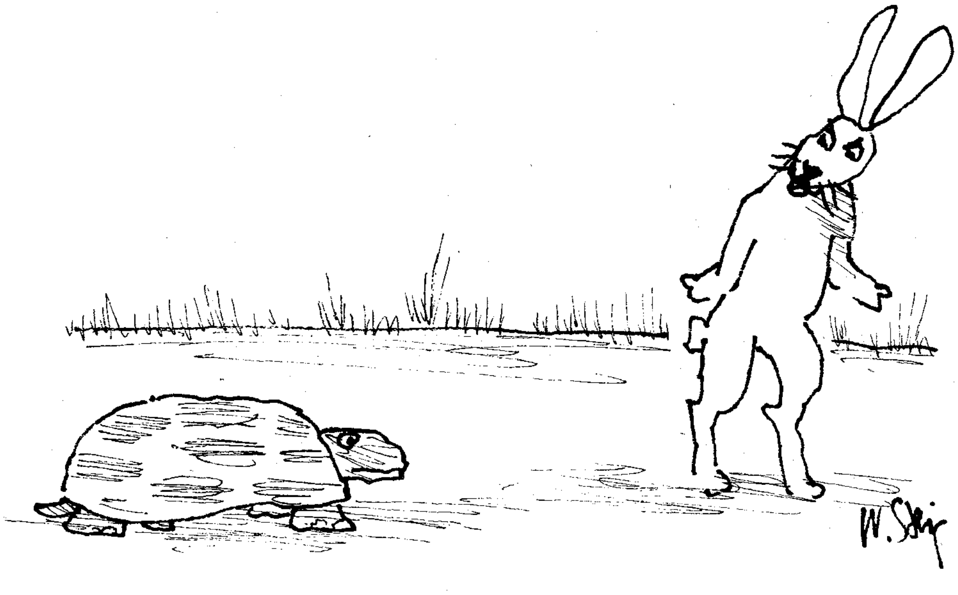
Hot Ticket to Nowhere

TO all those whose subscription membership to the Lincoln Center Theatre failed to procure them a ticket to "Waiting for Godot": Relax. Mike Nichols' overhyped, oversold all-star production—with famed comedians Steve Martin and Robin Williams, famed clown and mime artist Bill Irwin, and famed scenery-chewer F. Murray Abraham—turns out to be a big nothing. Not since "La Cage aux Folles" has anything so eagerly awaited proved so anticlimactic. The revival, which opened at the Mitzi E. Newhouse a week ago Sunday, has Mr. Williams in the role of Estragon (the tramp with boot trouble) and Mr. Martin as Vladimir (the tramp with bladder trouble), and Mr. Irwin and Mr. Abraham as Lucky and Pozzo, respectively. It's a washout on every count: as theatre, as cultural history, as entertainment—even as a chance to see Steve Martin and Robin Williams perform live. Beckett's bleak, absurdist expression of what an entire generation of intellectuals chose to regard as the fundamental existential dilemma confronting modern man, though it has moments of light, Carrollian humor, offers the two comedians little scope for their talents. On the whole, you're better off watching their movies, TV specials, and concert tapes—in short, spending time with them in situations in which they have control over the material.

The Lincoln Center "Godot" isn't even an interesting failure—just the tedious inexorable realization of a tedious bad idea. What can have been the point of casting two such idiosyncratic performers in roles created to embody universality and anonymity? Robin Williams is the guy who makes us laugh by assuming an oddness of manner—by talking too fast or in a funny voice. His signature role is that of an alien—the Russian émigré or the nonconformist d.j. so zany he appears to be from outer space. (Williams actually rose to stardom playing a sort of Martian on a television sitcom.) Steve Martin, meanwhile, has made a career of sending up universality. What the outward elements of his style—the aura of colossal oafishness and ineptitude, the nasal monotone, the squint, the seemingly unmanageable frame—add up to is a portrait of the average American male as a grotesque. More particularly, Steve Martin specializes in the exaggerated simulation of heightened emotion, undercutting the concept of yearning or indignation or uncertainty by means of the too ardently flared nostril or furrowed brow. Unfortunately, Martin performs Vladimir the way he performs everything else; consequently, it's impossible to take anything he says seriously. Among the simple utterances he can't get away with are "A running sore!" (Didi is examining Lucky), "Tomorrow everything will be better" (comforting Gogo), and "Was I sleeping, while the others suffered?" (musing aloud to himself). Just imagine Steve Martin delivering any of those lines and you have the key to the whole mess.

Nichols' idea seems to have been to use some of America's premier comic talent to highlight the comic side of Beckett's play. For, as the feature stories keep reminding us, Beckett has acknowledged his debt to such comedians as Buster Keaton, Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, and the Marx Brothers in the creation of Vladimir and Estragon; scholars have suggested commedia-dell'arte improvisation as the source of the tramps' halfhearted attempts to entertain themselves; the role of Estragon both at the play's disastrous American première, at the Coconut Grove Playhouse in Miami in 1956, and in the subsequent Broadway production was played by Bert Lahr; and the play contains a number of funny lines. But both vaudeville—which produced Chaplin and Lahr—and commedia dell'arte are highly traditional forms, built on stock types and routines. In the current production, Harpo's "Here, hold my leg" gag is played once or twice, and Bill Irwin, extraordinary as ever, does Chaplinesque tricks with his hat—tricks that Martin is in his element trying to imitate badly. (Travestying what the virtuoso does artfully is Martin's forte.) But these are Nichols' rare nods toward the idea of a comic heritage. Mostly, Steve Martin and Robin Williams just turn Beckett's two bowler-hatted tramps into a couple of wild and crazy guys.

Martin does his outrageous pantomimes and tantrums; Williams does his funny voices. He has some fun with noises and impressions, transforming Didi's name into the "Twilight Zone" theme, or into a heart monitor; imitating a game-show buzzer when Didi takes too long to answer a question. What is unique about his antics is how localized they are: he does an impression not of a man playing the harmonica or of a paparazzo but, rather, of the harmonica or the flashbulb itself. Still, what's a flashbulb or a harmonica doing in "Waiting for



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"Godot"? As an actor, Williams is adequate, but only just. Like Martin, he seems uncomfortable or insincere when he isn't doing shtick, and you can't help thinking how much more interesting and moving another actor might have been in the role. As Pozzo, F. Murray Abraham has one or two endearing turns, but, as usual, the assumption behind his performance seems to be that the character he is playing would not be interesting in its own right.

Actually, the Lincoln Center "Godot" represents an ill-starred encounter between two antithetical schools of comedy—one that came out of the academy and one that was a reaction against intellectualism. Mike Nichols is a product of the same era that brought forth Beckett, absurdist theatre, and existentialism in general. He belongs to the generation of Cold War comedians for whom to be at the University of Chicago in the early and mid-fifties was to be at the center of an intellectual movement, as it was for their audience. For the students who flocked to see Nichols and May, Shelley Berman, Alan Arkin, and the other Second City humorists, college was a heady experience and comedy was inextricably linked with social purpose. To their children, the generation that became Steve Martin's audience, college was something routine and expectable that young people felt they had to distance themselves from if they were to style themselves "intellectuals." What made Martin and his colleagues on the early "Saturday Night Live" appeal so to this generation was the open contempt the comedians affected for earnest, liberal, intellectual values. No wonder every time Steve Martin pronounces the name Godot you want to roar with laughter: it sounds so much like college parody. You can't help fantasizing about the kinds of things Martin and Williams are saying to each other back in the dressing rooms. But this isn't all their fault. "Waiting for Godot" invites parody. Although it quickly achieved "classic" status, it doesn't really stand up very well. Seeing the play isn't all that different from reading it, and today it can seem ponderous and superficial, with its heavy symbolism, its existential paradoxes, quips, and whimsies, and its endless theatrical jokes about art as a reflection of life's boredom. To a public that had lived

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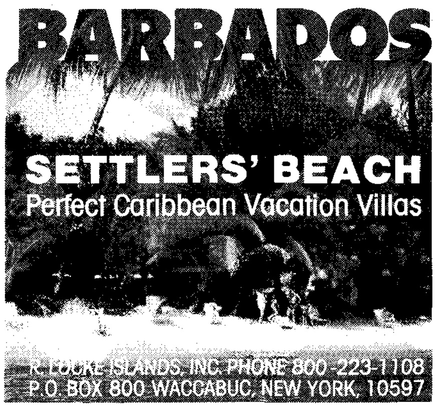
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through the Second World War, discovering the unspeakable and unimaginable in human evil and suffering, all those musings about the purposelessness of life and the impossibility of action and belief had meaning. But what can they mean to people lucky or influential enough to have landed a ticket to the Lincoln Center production?

Mike Nichols, who has had some experience directing works of absurdist pessimism or nihilism—"The Graduate," "Carnal Knowledge," "Catch-22"—seems to have no answer. In fact, he seems generally at a loss confronting the play. He directs Williams and Martin at breakneck speed, so that lines like "You're my only hope" and "Who am I to tell my private nightmares to if I can't tell them to you?" lose all pathos and resonance. He turns Pozzo into a Mafia lord and the messenger from Godot into a bad child actor. (The part is played by Lukas Haas, the beautiful-faced little boy from "Witness.") In terms of design, Nichols makes all the obvious choices. Ann Roth's costumes contain a reference to the homeless. (Robin Williams wears a hooded sweatshirt, complete with front zipper and severed sleeves.) Tony Walton's set looks backward to T. S. Eliot via Sam Shepard: a literal wasteland, scattered with natural and roadside debris—a truck tire, a Nevada license plate, bits of machinery, one or two animal skulls; even its withered tree seems bowed and bent with existential angst. Jennifer Tipton's lighting works hard to create a lasting afterimage: her last dimout lingers favoringly on the final tableau. In the end, though, Bill Irwin is the only memorable thing about the production. He manages to turn Lucky's dance and his long gibberish set piece into expressions of cultural and intellectual anxiety, respectively. Unfortunately, what's going on around him is so dismantling to the mechanics of the play that the figure of Lucky is almost lost.

Will people look back on this event years from now and say, "I was there when . . ."? Will they talk about seeing Robin Williams in the role of Estragon the way those who saw the original production—even those who admit there was nothing special about it—reminisce about seeing Bert Lahr? Probably. People have to come away with *something* after so much fuss.

—MIMI KRAMER

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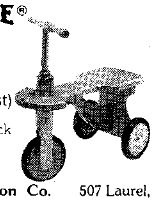

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THE ART WORLD

Alchemist

THE German painter Anselm Kiefer was born in a small town in the Black Forest in 1945, two months before the end of the war in Europe, and not long before Jackson Pollock began his first poured paintings. Kiefer's admirers believe that this configuration—Germany in ruins, Pollock in East Hampton, and Kiefer in the cradle—has an almost astrological significance, and that Kiefer was destined to heal a wound in the world which had been left open after the war. Many people who love Pollock and his contemporaries think that it was the genius of American abstraction to take over the elements of nineteenth-century northern romantic landscape painting—pure light, turbulent water, infinite space—and emancipate them from seasons and places. Abstract Expressionism (the familiar story goes) liberated the romantic spirit from its attachment to local soil—enlightened it—and showed that a love of the sublime could be distinct from the cult of romantic nationalism.

Kiefer and his admirers stand this story on its head. In their vision, the sublime spirits of northern light and northern space fled after the war into the world's museums. Spirits who once inhabited particular places became mute and cloistered, veiled in bright color, whispering only to each other. The sublime became mere form, and the deep human hunger for myth and magic and ritual was replaced by the narrow monasticism of modernist art. In his paintings Kiefer reinvokes the forbidden rhetoric of German romanticism—Nordic meadows and Nordic myths—in order to redeem it. He believes in aesthetic homeopathy—the cure for an illness is a little more of the same disease—and he wants to call the spirits back to their places, but this time in an elegiac rather than a triumphal mood.

Thirty-two of Kiefer's immense, heavily laden pictures have been drawing very large crowds and occupying very large spaces in a series of American museums for the past year, and they are now filling two galleries at the Museum of Modern Art. The scale of Kiefer's pictures—ten feet by twelve feet, or twelve by eighteen—at first resembles the "heroic" scale of Pollock or Rothko. But the emotional effect of a Kiefer is different from the emotional effect of most big modern pictures. Rothko once said, "I paint big in order to be intimate," meaning that the edgeless cloud of color that spread from one side of the canvas to the other was large in order to be lulling and enveloping. Kiefer paints big in order to be big. His paintings march in through a penumbra of sooty atmosphere and arrive at some vast hall or field. Many of his biggest pictures have subjects even bigger than they are. His favorite themes are the shells and ruins of romantic German culture—Wagner's halls and Herder's meadows as they might have appeared after the war.

Kiefer is a dark painter. His surfaces are often an impasto of straw, acrylic, emulsion, shellac, and moldering foliage. Part of the tradition of modern painting has been to make black pictures that are cheerful and dandyish—like Manet's and Ad Reinhardt's and Stella's. But, just as Kiefer's big means big, his black means black. His is the black of mourning clothes and ashes—the blackness of scorched earth, all light trapped underneath the surface. The extreme literalism of his art—big, dark paintings about big, dark subjects—is, for his admirers, a sign of his accomplishment: he has returned painting to history and to the natural order of human emotions.

In the past, Kiefer has been known to New Yorkers only as distant thunder. He is familiar through his books, and from a few paintings, usually shown in ones and twos and threes. Seen whole, his work is neither as impressive as many had hoped nor as sinister as some had feared. Kiefer is a showman, a theatrical master—full of quotations and effects and stage lighting. For all the invocations of abstraction, the deepest roots of his art lie in German theatrical design of the twenties—in Adolphe Appia—and in the tradition of emotional architectural painting that descends from Piranesi. Like many great scene designers, Kiefer combines a gift for the exquisite with a taste for the grandiose. Some of his smaller and less programmatic works—painted photographs and books—are mysteriously beautiful and moving. But, like other Piranesian artists, he takes advantage of the way that big, dark ruins are both sad and seductive, and relies on that ambiguity to conjure up an elusive appearance of moral and intellectual complexity.

Kiefer chose painting; it didn't choose him. His sense of what art is and ought to do—and his central ideas about German culture as well—came not from earlier painters but from the theatrical events and assemblages of his mentor, the German artist Joseph Beuys, who died two years ago, and who happens to be the subject of a small show at Hirschl & Adler Modern right now. Beuys performed pseudo-shamanistic rituals and displayed quasi-anthropological collections of objects. He evoked an imaginary prehistoric, tribal existence in which northern people and northern light and northern lore were parts of one magical, unbroken whole. Beuys thought that the only way around the dead hand of "culture" lay in the rejection of traditional painting and sculpture for ritual. But his real gift was for poetic indirection; some of his vitrines and assemblages—his reliquary box for Auschwitz, for instance, in which a collection of the most commonplace objects suddenly, through their sheer banality, achieves the force of a requiem—are resonant and beautiful. Perhaps inevitably, he ended up more a surrealist than a shaman. It was Kiefer who recognized that in our culture painting *is* magic. Our shamans—the marginal people who still command our

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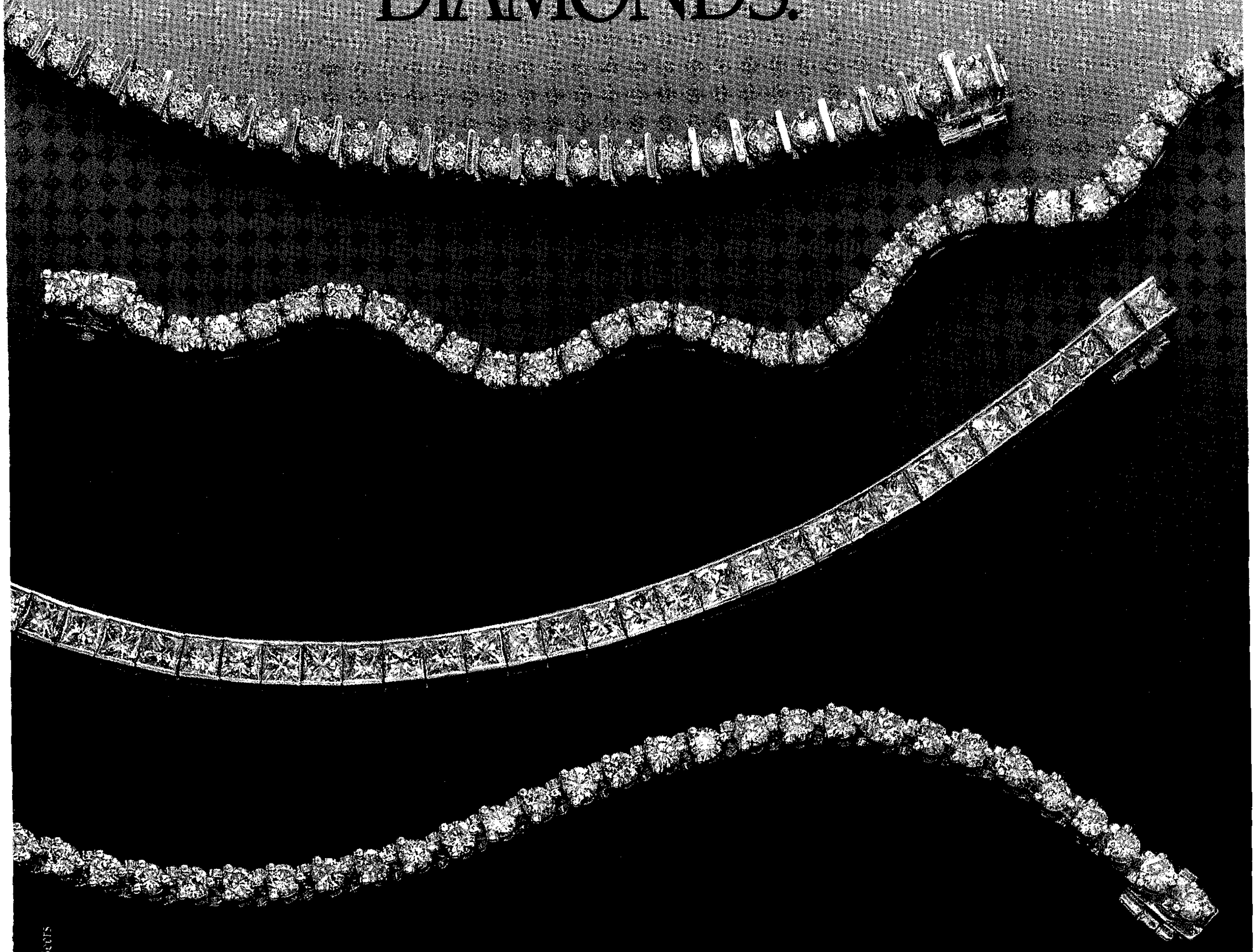

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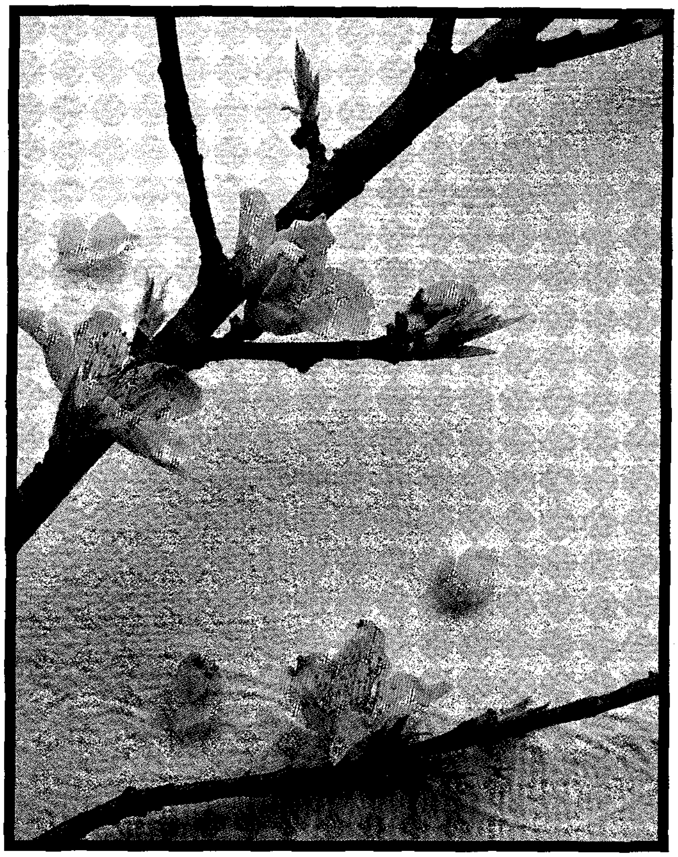

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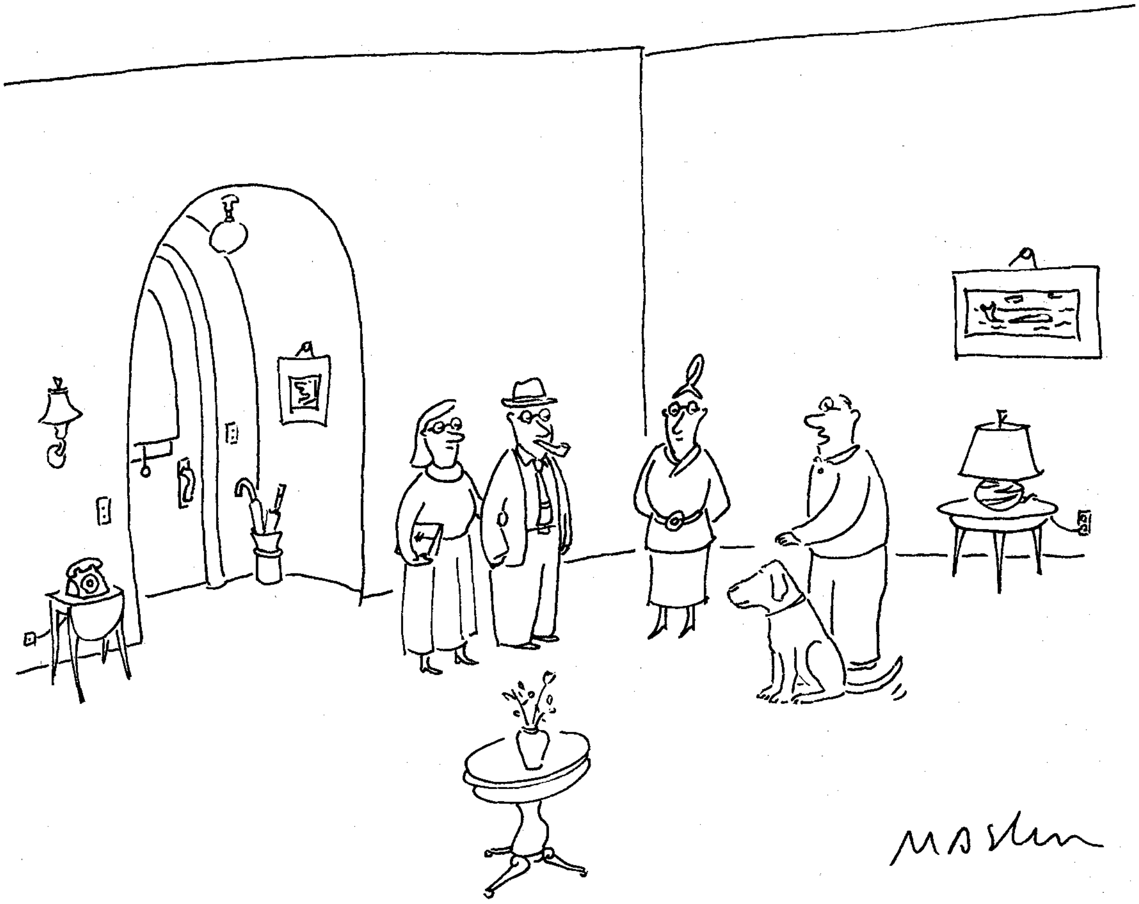

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• •

faith and are accepted as prophetic visionaries—are painters: van Gogh and Picasso and Pollock. But the old-fashioned paraphernalia and warmups of the painter—life drawings, and sketches from the motif, and perspective studies—are not important to Kiefer. Perhaps as a result, his art has grown or changed very little since the early seventies. Kiefer started out making three types of pictures, and he has been repeating these three types ever since.

One of the earliest of his landscapes, for instance, the 1974 "March Heath," and one of the latest (and best), "Nigredo," of 1984, have almost the same pictorial structure, and have the same emotional effect: a landscape recedes toward a high horizon, with the sky, at the top of the picture, only a thin band of dull gray and washed-out blue. The field beneath is a tactile paste of earth and straw. "March Heath" is a specific mage of a favorite landscape of the nineteenth-century romantics. Kiefer draws it as a charred ruin, and in one sense it becomes a memento mori for German romanticism. But Kiefer likes analogies between historical and natural cycles, and both pictures can also be read as images of a plowed field in winter—not ruined forever but torn up in order to blossom again. Like many Kiefer landscapes, they are at once symbolic elegies for the war and any German farmland on any winter dawn.

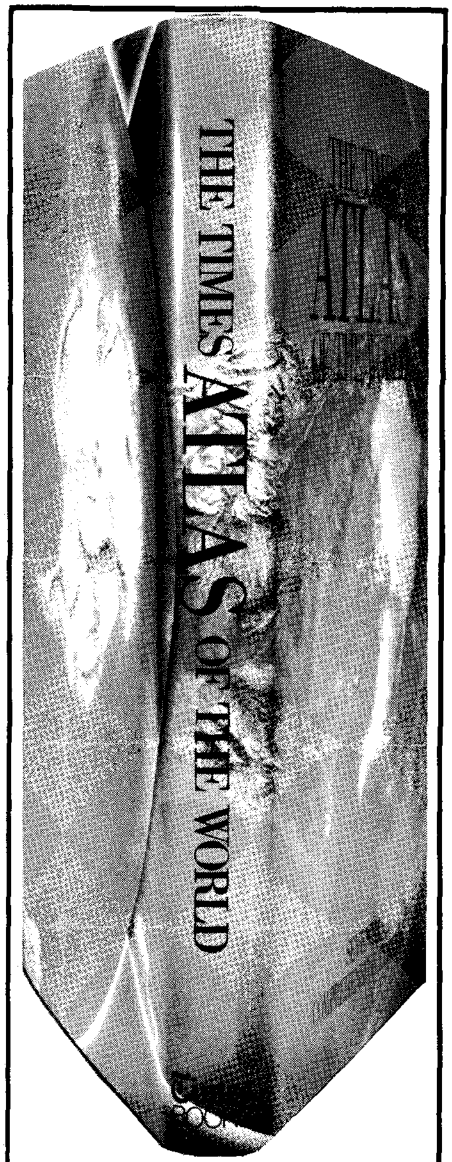
Kiefer's ominous, torch-lit archaic halls and brick cellars share a similar double meaning. Many American viewers seem to believe that these are mages of the Holocaust; in reality, a number of his architectural structures are actual Nazi monuments to fallen soldiers. Kiefer seizes on their resemblance to the crematoriums and barracks of the death camps in order to demonstrate a twinlike relationship between an obsession with martyrdom and a love of cruelty.

Finally, there are big fields of paint with a rusted or broken object—a wing or a coffin or a shepherd's crook—at their center. Perhaps the best of these is the simple "Wayland's Song (with Wing)," of 1982, in which a wing, made of lead, is superimposed on a charred Kiefer landscape; the title refers to the Nordic legend of a smith who made wings and learned to fly. Kiefer makes this story into a version of the Icarus myth: his Wayland falls to earth.

Kiefer's paintings often emerge from photographs. The "Nigredo," for instance, has as its base a big photographic enlargement of a landscape which Kiefer has overwhelmed with oil, acrylic, emulsion, shellac, and straw. And even when there isn't a real photograph underneath, the images still derive from other images. (Kiefer has never actually seen the landscape that is the subject of "March Heath," for example.) His theme is not perception but memory, and his images are either the commonplaces of romantic landscape painting or stock images of the Second World War.

Like so many artists today, Kiefer is essentially a cliché expert. But where other painters of his generation recycle clichés in a sardonic or nihilistic spirit, Kiefer is heartfelt. We expect media art to be cool and cynical, yet he is a passionate and committed media artist. His work may be in certain ways academic—his charred meadows and infernal cellars are the twentieth-century equivalent of the rolling eyes and beseeching hands of Counter-Reformation saints—but it is not fake.

Still, Kiefer belongs more securely to his generation than he might seem to at first. As much as any Neo Geo artist, he accepts the notion that the job of art in our culture is to make magic, and that art is increasingly unable to do that job. This sense is what leads many artists to become debunkers, cynically



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deprecating the whole idea of creating original objects, and making their art purposefully flat and affectless. Kiefer has taken on the higher task of trying to make painting magical again, by employing the props of passion—myth and primitivism and painterly angst. But beneath the borrowed rhetoric there is often nothing seen or felt or reordered—nothing really *made*.

The new ironists create art that is all object and no aura; Kiefer makes art that is all aura and no object. The surfaces of his pictures look agitated and gestural, and they can give the illusion of improvisation, but in fact Kiefer does not draw well, and his touch is not very different from Julian Schnabel's. Painting is for Kiefer not a way of discovering new ideas but a way of illustrating a vision that was arrived at a long time ago. All his energy for the past seven or eight years has been devoted to encrypting almost absurdly complicated allegorical schemes within the pictures. In a long catalogue essay Mark Rosenthal diligently, and even heroically, tries to decode all Kiefer's hidden symbols, sometimes to unintentionally comic effect ("Another theme of the period in which straw is integrated with Kiefer's thoughts on the character of the German civilization is Midsummer Night"). But the allegorical energy increases in direct proportion to the slowing down of Kiefer's pictorial imagination. The buried hall, the ruined meadow, the gnomic object—these may refer at different moments to alchemy, Wagnerian myth, Nordic legend, and even (after Kiefer took a trip to Israel and reworked the allegorical basis of his art) Biblical stories. The allegorical varieties never change the relentlessly repeated pictorial devices.

In addition to Kiefer's big paintings, there are his painted photographs and books. He takes snapshots of studio ephemera and commonplace props—windows, toy ships, rusting bathtubs, tarpaulins, canvases on stretchers—and develops and retouches them. When the photographs emerge, they have become ghost images, all silver and velvet. They combine a foggy, cool dawn or the seeming twilight of a Seurat drawing with a sense of something fevered just visible beneath the surface. Sometimes Kiefer draws in black ink or lets a vein of silver overlay run right through the picture. (There is an astonishingly beautiful work featuring this technique in the catalogue itself.) The photographs sugges something remembered, burnished, retold. They manage to be at once aphasic and nostalgic—as though a ma with a shattered mind were strugglin through the fog of memory to communicate a whole century's history in few everyday objects.

IS there anything sinister in Kiefer' art? It's sometimes said that hi preoccupation with ruin and destruction is not a long-delayed act of grie and expiation but simply an extensio of the morbid love of suffering and rui which has always governed the German romantic sensibility. But th longer one looks at Kiefer's picture the more one comes to feel that thei contact with history is oblique and little rhetorical. His historical imagination is stirred by pictures, not b acts. Kiefer's paintings are not abou the actors in history but about th imaginary stage sets that the actor play in front of. The argument fo Keifer's historical importance is tha the scenery makes the action—tha myths are the fathers of acts—but thi is just intellectual preening. As a matter of historical fact, the German fascination with light and spectacle an deed—the Speer and Riefenstahl sid of Nazism—had been largely leache out by the time the mass killing started The true Nazi imagery was a hash o kitsch, neoclassicism, and evil caricature. In a sense, Kiefer's real subject i not the aftermath of history but th prelude to history—not the forties bu the thirties.

In any case, Kiefer is not primarily German cultural figure. His reputatio is much higher here than it is in Germany. His German audience seems t have been vaccinated, for good or il against the power of his images, in th same way, perhaps, that we are immunized against those images of the infinite landscape of the Far West whic Europeans are convinced move u most. Kiefer is a phenomenon, but he i largely an American phenomenon. Hi paintings have become liturgical objects for people devoted to the religio of art. He has the rare gift of inspirin passionate admiration among thos who are most out of patience with th smug cynicism and easy victorie of the new avant-garde.

Kiefer thinks of himself as an alchemist. And, better than any other work of the decade, his paintings and his photographs illustrate the two kinds of alchemy that have made modern art. One kind is big magic—an attempt to use paint to call back to life the spirits of a closed, tribal world or else to mourn their loss. The other kind is parlor magic—an intimate, improvisatory sleight of hand that uses whatever props happen to be lying around. In Kiefer's art, as so often before in modern art, the big magic ends up as stage effect, while the parlor magic works. The difference is most visible in two of the most arresting images in the show. Both are images of a fall. The big painting "Wayland's Song," with its archaic wing plummeting toward a charred and unwelcoming earth, is a memorable bit of rhetoric about the failure of art to achieve the transcendence of shared myth and universal language: the artist makes wings, and tries to fly, but the act undoes him. The other image, the last in the show, is a photograph called "Fallen Pictures": six empty picture frames, in a haphazard arrangement on a concrete floor in the painter's studio. The photograph has been painted over with emulsion, and the space above the picture frames becomes a looming gallery of deep velvet shadow. As much as "Wayland's Song," this is an image of the death of the romantic faith in the magical power of art: the pictures fallen, the frames empty. But the image steps outside the received encyclopedia of romantic fustian to find its meaning. A snapshot, perhaps inspired by a studio accident, becomes a symbol for the failed ambitions of modern painting, and it gives us back a sense of responsibility for making up our own meanings. The fall in "Fallen Pictures" suggests that there is no way back to the old world of national ritual and shared icons, but it also suggests that the poetry of modern art is the poetry of self-reliance. This is a fall that says a firm and exclusionary "no" but also provides an enlarged and wanly hopeful sense of human capacity, just like the first and greatest Fall.

—ADAM GOPNIK

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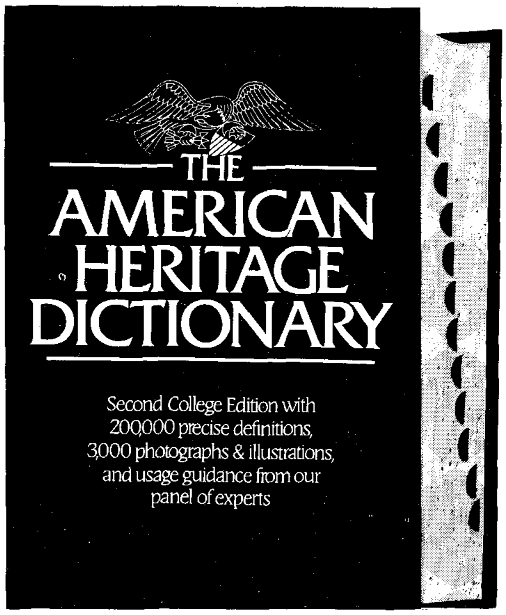
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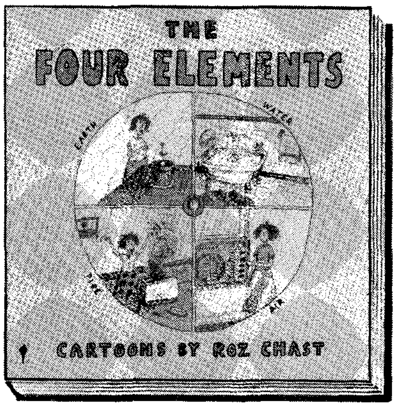

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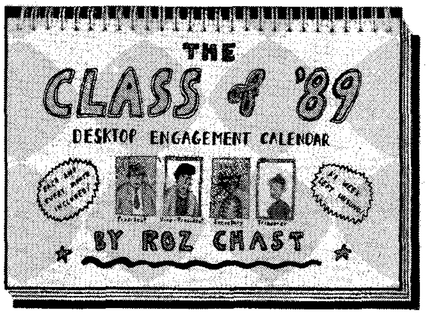

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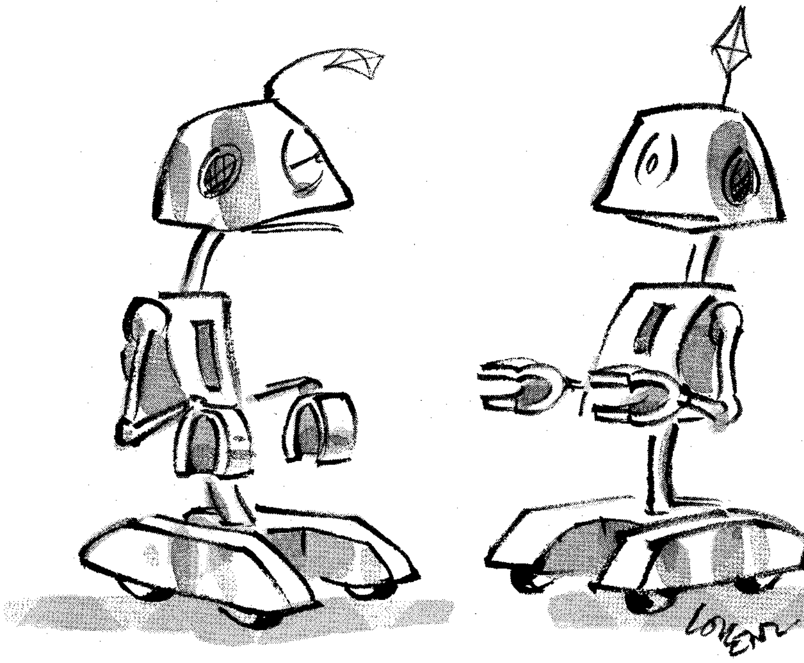
"THY HAND, GREAT ANARCH! INDIA, 1921-1952" (Addison-Wesley; $29.95) is the second volume of Nirad Chaudhuri's autobiography; the first, "The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian," appeared in 1951. The new book is immense; as its title suggests, it tells India's story as well as its author's. Chaudhuri, born in East Bengal in 1897, moved to Calcutta in 1910, to Delhi in 1942, and to England in 1970. He worked as a civil servant, a journalist, a politician's secretary, and a commentator for All India Radio, but these facts do not explain his book's uniqueness. Chaudhuri is an irreplaceable witness because he has absorbed Western high culture without ceasing to be a Bengali Hindu. (He first put on European clothes at the age of forty-four.) He writes, for example, that the start of Gandhi's march to the sea in 1930 recalls Sarastro's admonition "The hour has struck," during Tamino's ordeal in "The Magic Flute," and he describes a Bengali scene as "like one of Constable's landscapes."

Chaudhuri knows that he is a difficult man. He tells us that he was undersized and sickly, a child the family always expected to lose. A brilliant student, he failed his M.A. examination, the first rung up the ladder of academe. In "The Autobiography" he admits he spent a year reading books that interested him instead of the texts he was supposed to study. At the opening of this volume, he tells of his return to Calcutta from his parents' home in Kishorganj, the small country town where he was born, and where he had been recuperating from illness and failure, to live with a brother and look for work. He recalls that during these depressing weeks he first read Zola's "La Terre," and it depressed him further. Soon, however, a cousin who worked in the Military Accounts Department of the Government of India got him a job in his office. When he decided that this job was boring, he quit. He has always been incapable of doing anything that didn't interest him, and amazingly gifted at concentrating on anything that did. While he was still a civil servant, Mohitlal Majumdar, a poet, introduced him to Calcutta's literary circles and encouraged him to write. When Chaudhuri wanted to write about the tradition of eroticism in art, he began studying prehistoric art, and when he wanted to write about the Bengali character he learned the geography, geology, and hydrography of the Himalaya. In the nineteen-thirties, he started boning up for the war he foresaw with "Jane's All the World's Aircraft," and after he discovered the beauty of Mogul architecture he did not rest until he had learned all about Islamic civilization.

In 1928, Chaudhuri joined the staffs of two respected magazines, the Bengali *Prabasi* and the English-language *Modern Review*, and in 1932 he felt ready to marry. His only uncertainty about the bride his father chose was whether she shared his passion for Western music. Most Indians disliked it. On their wedding night, she promised to listen to his records. She immediately responded to Mozart and Beethoven and they lived happily ever after.

Mrs. Chaudhuri is a delightful presence in the book, an educated woman who supplies an entertainingly level-headed balance to her husband's whims, fancies, and intensities. They had three sons, who, the author takes care to let us know, have done well Chaudhuri sometimes talks past his readers at doubting relatives and spiteful colleagues who predicted disaster for the youth who flunked his exam quit a job that promised lifetime security, lived off his family while starting to write, and threw his money away on art books, phonograph records, and toys for his children. Mrs. Chaudhur stood by her husband after he plunged them into distress by leaving *The Modern Review* for a job that promised more money but evaporated in a matter of months. In 1937, he suddenly began amassing jobs: literary assistant to the Sheriff of Calcutta, who had a doctorate in ornithology; part-time radio commentator; secretary to the Indian nationalist leader Sarat Chandra Bose And he kept on writing.

Chaudhuri would have gone on overworking indefinitely if the British hadn't arrested Sarat Bose in December, 1941, on suspicion of his having been in touch with the Japanese. He was imprisoned, without trial, until 1945. Chaudhuri is certain that he was not guilty and was punished because his brother Subhas Chandra Bose had gone to Berlin earlier that year. In 1943, the Germans handed Subhas Bose over to the Japanese, who allowed



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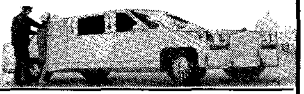

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him to recruit the treasonable, if militarily ineffectual, Indian National Army from among their prisoners of war. He died in a plane crash in 1945, and Chaudhuri tells us he remains a hero in Bengal today. Chaudhuri's portrait of Subhas Bose shows a dedicated but flawed man, a victim of Gandhi's hostility and his own inadequacies, and likens him to such failed national leaders as Kossuth, Mazzini, and Mihajlović. The resemblance I see—especially in their impatience—is to Oswald Mosley. Sarat Bose's imprisonment cost Chaudhuri a third of his income, and he immediately proceeded to quarrel with the director of All India Radio, with the somewhat surprising result that he was offered a full-time job in Delhi writing the news commentaries on the war.

Chaudhuri's abundance of detail accounts for both the book's bulk and its realism—its presence, as we say of musical recordings. He introduces us to Calcutta's editors and writers (in the nineteen-twenties, his closest friend was Bibhuti Banerji, who wrote "Pather Panchali"), to his relatives, and to India's politicians. He gives flesh to historical generalizations about India between the Amritsar Massacre and the communal massacres that accompanied Partition; in the very first pages he recalls trying to bicycle to his office on the day Gandhi had called a general strike, when demonstrators and soldiers shared the streets with crowds "out to see the fun." Although Chaudhuri's obstinate, quixotic, aesthetic temperament does not change in the course of the book, his opinions do. Chaudhuri disliked Gandhi until 1930; then, for several years, he was emotionally caught by Gandhi's civil-disobedience movement. By the mid-thirties, though, Chaudhuri had concluded that "power in Indian hands would be a calamity for the Indian people." One reason was corruption. After the city government of Calcutta was transferred to Indians, in 1924, it became a miracle of creative dishonesty, and Chaudhuri feared that independent India would be Calcutta writ large. He was also repelled by the greed, manipulativeness, and ruthless factionalism within the Congress Party.

Chaudhuri plays fair. He recalls that Nehru "seemed to be totally preoccupied with something else when being spoken to by other people," and re-

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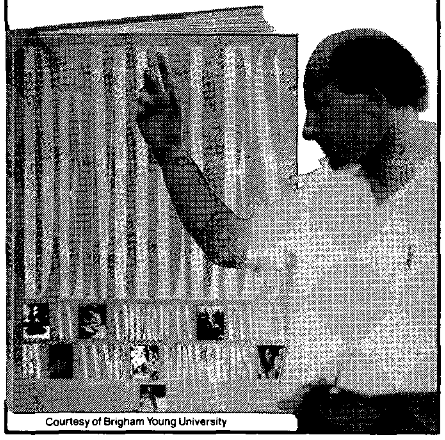

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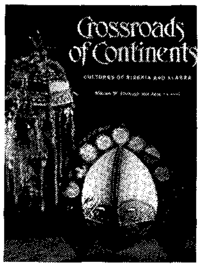

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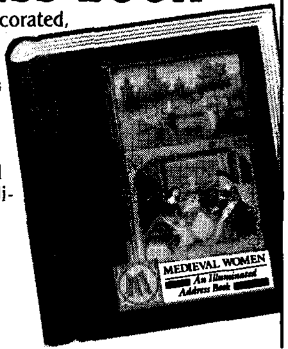

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minds us that he hated the British so intensely that he believed they had instigated the Spanish Civil War; but in recounting the machinations by which Gandhi's men ousted Subhas Bose from the presidency of the Indian National Congress he emphasizes that Nehru acted "honestly, honourably, and above all disinterestedly." Chaudhuri writes extensively on Gandhi, and tells much that Western readers are unlikely to know—about, for example, the various sects of Hinduism and their relation to Gandhi's thought and leadership—and though Chaudhuri finally rejected both, and insists on Gandhi's "insatiable love of power and implacability in its pursuit," he also recalls his expression of "extraordinary innocence and benignity." Gandhi's retrogressiveness repelled Chaudhuri intellectually, and he also believed it inappropriate for a country in need of radical modernization. He was further estranged from Indian nationalists and nationalism during the war, when Indians sided with the Germans and made money from the British. They listened to the Berlin radio to gloat over the bombing of London while serving and profiting from the British war effort, and, in crackpot admiration for Hitler, believed that German tanks flew Indian banners. Chaudhuri became convinced that British rule was "the best political regime which had ever been seen in India, in spite of its shortcomings and positive evils." He was appalled by its "squalid" end, and by the Partition of India, which he characterizes as "the greatest political injury to India in her whole history."

Chaudhuri tells us that after Independence his wife wanted him to move to England and try to start a literary career there, but, for once, he considered the question of financial security. His three boys needed to finish their education, and he stayed on uneasily at what had become the independent government's radio service. Yet his shock at Partition, which divided his home province, impelled him to start his memoirs. He wanted to re-create the Bengal that was, when the influence of the West stimulated a quiescent, traditional society, and modern Bengali culture almost achieved greatness. That volume, published in England, cost him his job in India; its success aroused envy, and it was alleged to be anti-Indian. In 1952, Chaudhuri faced destitution, but his luck held: the French Ambassador hired him to edit the Embassy's English-language bulletin.

When I was a child, I used to visit the Central Park Zoo to admire a Bengal tiger named Dacca; it did not occur to me that a land blessed with tigers was also the home of boys and girls who were going to school and memorizing Keats and Felicia Hemans. Chaudhuri populates Bengal with human beings who, while the Boses were quarrelling with Gandhi, were furnishing their houses and growing fancy roses. And not only Bengal. When the author takes us to Delhi, he shares his everyday discoveries: the small, shabby shops where he expected to do his marketing turned out to be the headquarters of sizable wholesale enterprises, and the Muslims in Delhi loved wet weather so much that their ladies took their walks in the rain.

Through Chaudhuri, we begin to understand that East and West have been borrowing each other's cultural clothes, but wearing them differently. In a fine chapter on Tagore, Chaudhuri tells us that the discovery of romantic love in Western literature left several generations of Bengalis dissatisfied with their placid, arranged marriages and that Tagore's love poetry is as representative of his work as the volume of religious poetry which won him the Nobel Prize in 1913. However, Chaudhuri thinks that pre-First World War Western readers had become satiated by their own worldliness; they sought rarefied spirituality from the East. Fasting is another example. Chaudhuri tells us that Bengal nationalists worshipped Terence MacSwiney, the Mayor of Cork, who fasted to death in 1920 even though "Irish extremism in fasting was a perversion of the time-honoured Hindu practice of applying moral coercion by undertaking fasts." A Hindu fast, he explains, "was a contest of wills, and the party whose will was stronger always won before any tragic results followed."

One similarity struck me repeatedly throughout the book. Although Chaudhuri dislikes the United States, his memories are permeated by the complex of resentment, admiration, and diffidence with which colonials regard their rulers. American history and culture, down to the Second World War, showed the traces (and frequently the scars) of our colonial past. Like Calcutta's intellectuals of the nineteen-twenties, we looked to Eu-ope for inspiration, and feared we were provincial at the same time that we asserted the glories of our native raditions. Chaudhuri recalls that the British in India "always tried to hold up our use of English to contempt and idicule." "Stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni" is another reminder that to ruling peoples subject peoples are clowns. I suspect that Chaudhuri judges his countrymen and he leaders of Indian nationalism too harshly; his own experience of British ontempt must have shown him that being demeaned and derided corrodes one's equanimity and rationality. Perhaps India (and the United States, for hat matter) would have been better off within the British Empire, but Chaudhuri's conviction that Britain's departure was an instance of the decadence that afflicts the West strikes me s what his brother called "over-genralization." So does his chapter "My Faith in Empires."

Chaudhuri's wit is winning. Of Tagore's experiment in education he writes that the poet "wanted to create a niversity which would be all smiles. Actually, it turned out to be all sim-er." His ineradicable studiousness is eguiling. He shares his enchantment t learning a rule of thumb of English pelling in middle age: adjectives formed from Latin verbs of the first onjugation end in "-able," and the rest in "-ible." It is fascinating to see ow Pascal and Rochefoucauld shaped is thought and style. Chaudhuri's ook testifies to the vitality of masterieces that, across centuries, connect men and women who have never met ut who take the same things, large nd small, seriously.—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TRACKS, by Louise Erdrich (Holt; $18.95). In her third, and finest, novel to date, Ms. Erdrich traces the history of the North Dakota Chippewa back to the dark times between 1912 and 1924, when they were plagued by starvation, internal divisions, government agents, and lumber interests. Their story is told by Nanapush, an inventive and mis-

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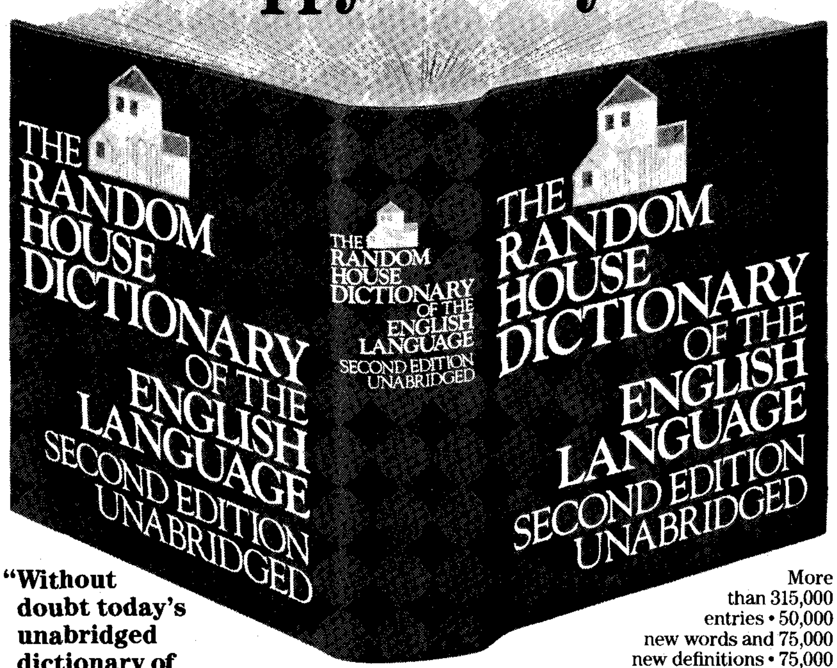
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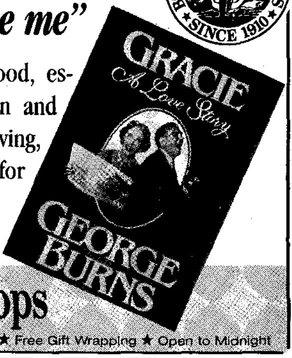

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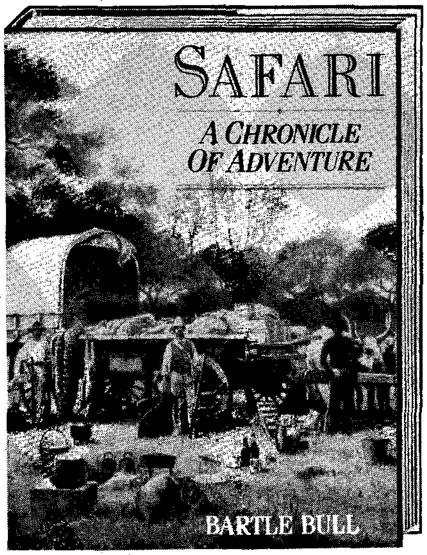

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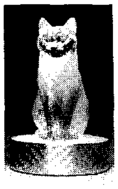
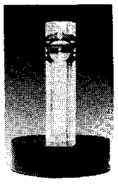

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chievous tribal elder, and Pauline, a lonely orphan who fervently adopts a twisted Catholicism. Nanapush steals wire from the church piano to set a snare for an enemy, but, fond of the local priest, he takes care to cut the strings from either end of the keyboard. Pauline wears her shoes on the wrong feet for penance, believing that Christ's love "is a hook sunk deep into our flesh, a questionmark that pulls with every breath." These two narrators share only their distrust of one another and an obsession with Fleur Pillager, a woman who "laid the heart of an owl on her tongue so she could see at night," and who skates to the land of the dead to play poker for the life of her child. This book is no mere catalogue of past injustices. In it the author captures the passions, fears, myths, and doom of a living people, and she does so with an ease that leaves the reader breathless.

THE SILENCE IN THE GARDEN, by William Trevor (Viking; $17.95). The scene is Carriglas, a once magisterial Anglo-Irish country house, on an island off the coast of County Cork, and the time, though it drifts back to the years before the First World War and on to the years after the Second, is largely the summer and autumn of 1931. There is a kind of heroine, Sarah Pollexfen, a poor relation of the Rollestons of Carriglas, who comes there first as a governess and returns simply as a family member. There is old Mrs. Rolleston. There are her three orphaned grandchildren: Lionel, who farms; John James, who has a back-street woman; and Villana, who is engaged to the village solicitor. There is the bastard son of a kitchenmaid, and a chorus of priests, nuns, shopkeepers, and such. These are quiet lives, but only on the surface. Mr. Trevor leaves the surface unruffled, yet when he takes us below that commonplace serenity we are both anguished and renewed.

GENERAL

SOME DESPERATE GLORY: THE WORLD WAR I DIARY OF A BRITISH OFFICER, 1917, by Edwin Campion Vaughan (Holt; $19.95). This journal, kept by a nineteen-year-old subaltern from the day he landed in France to the slaughter at Ypres seven months later, was discovered fairly recently. Vaughan, fresh out of Jesuit preparatory school, began as a brash young officer, disliked by his men and servants, and with a talent for doing the wrong thing. His account of the war is circumscribed; his view seldom exceeded a few hundred yards around him, and he sticks to telling about what he saw and felt. Yet he seems to have had a gift for descriptive writing: he notes the freaky details of trench life, the aberrant behavior of soldiers, the improbabilities of ground fighting. This is one of the most gripping pieces of writing on combat we have had from the First War. Vaughan shaped up finally, and became a first-rate officer. He ends with the last muster parade of his men: "Out of our happy little band of 90 men, only 15 remained. . . . I returned to my tent to write out my casualty report; but instead I sat on the floor and drank whisky after whisky."

WHAT MAD PURSUIT, by Francis Crick (Basic Books; $16.95). Readers of James Watson's "The Double Helix" may recall that its opening sentence says, "I have never seen Francis Crick in a modest mood." This wonderful autobiographical scientific monograph is, however, just that: Francis Crick in a modest mood. Crick was probably the dominant intellect in the development of modern molecular biology, although one might not suspect it from his book, which recounts his failures as well as his successes, and with as much verve. But then the failures of a scientist of Crick's calibre are nearly as instructive as the successes. The book is full of amusing anecdotes, and is a model of popular science writing.

NOTE: "The Europeans," a collection of pieces by Jane Kramer, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($22.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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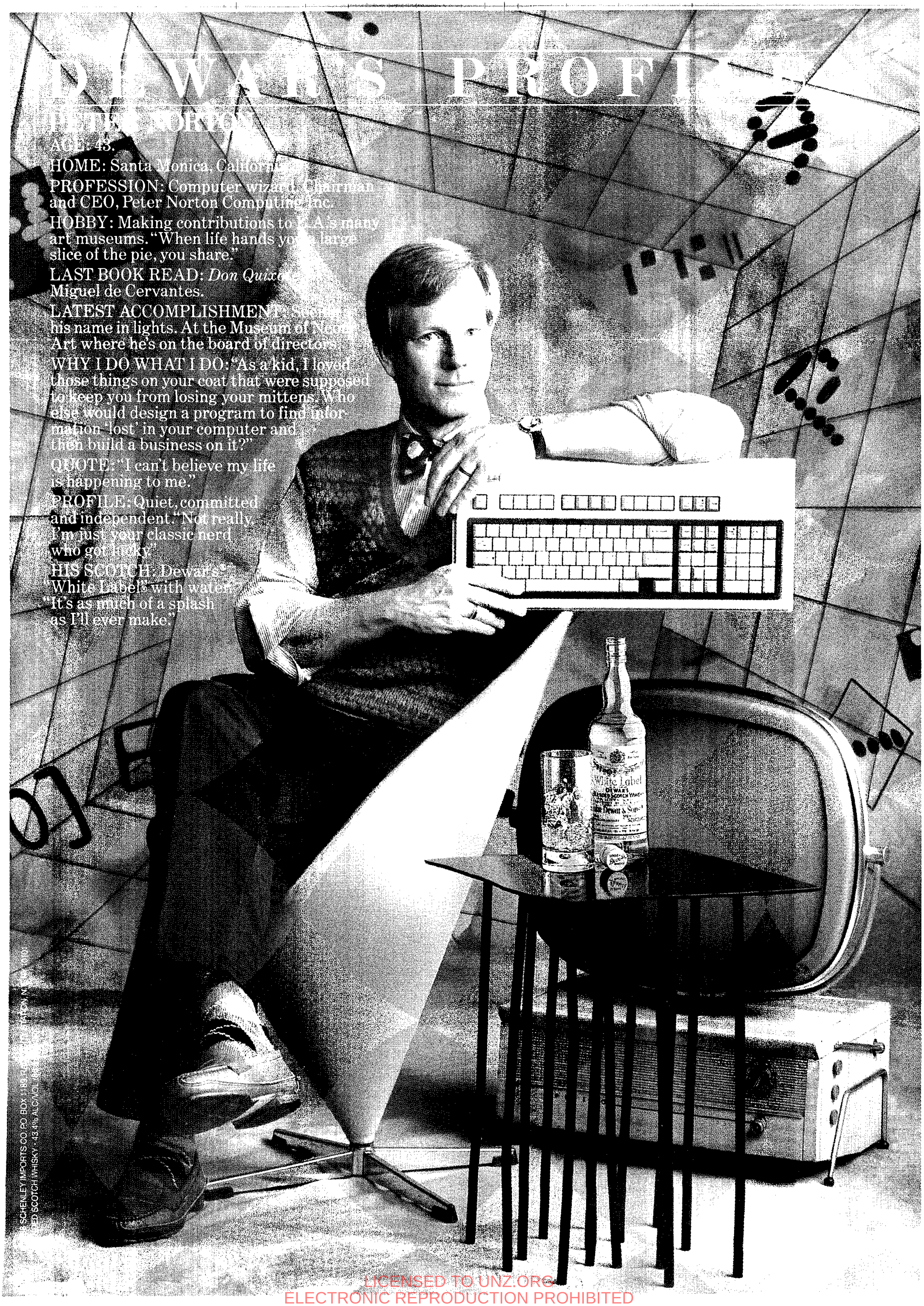
WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Waltham* (*Mass.*) *News-Tribune*]

"The Feeding Relationship: Implications for Emotional and Physical Growth, Obesity and Eating Disorders," lecture by Ellyn Satter, therapist, instructor and consultant in the feeding and eating of children and adults.



DEWAR'S PROFILE

PETER NORTON

AGE: 43.

HOME: Santa Monica, California.

PROFESSION: Computer wizard. Chairman and CEO, Peter Norton Computing Inc.

HOBBY: Making contributions to L.A.'s many art museums. "When life hands you a large slice of the pie, you share."

LAST BOOK READ: *Don Quixote*, Miguel de Cervantes.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Seeing his name in lights. At the Museum of Neon Art where he's on the board of directors.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "As a kid, I loved those things on your coat that were supposed to keep you from losing your mittens. Who else would design a program to find information 'lost' in your computer and then build a business on it?"

QUOTE: "I can't believe my life is happening to me."

PROFILE: Quiet, committed and independent. "Not really. I'm just your classic nerd who got lucky."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label"® with water. "It's as much of a splash as I'll ever make."

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